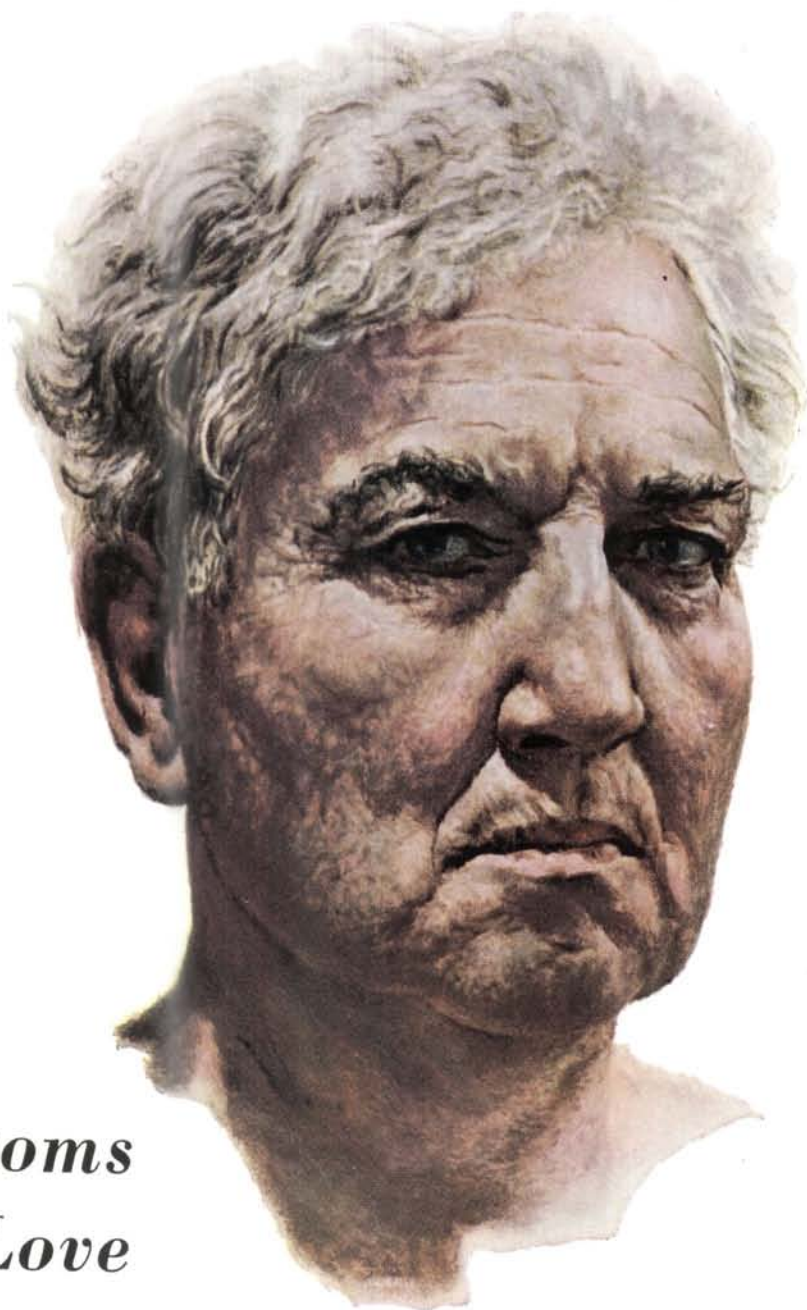


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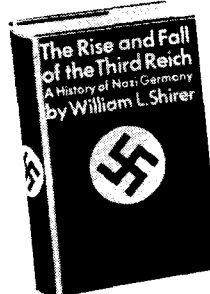


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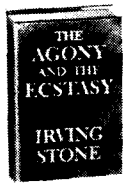
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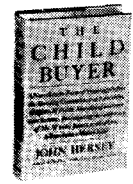
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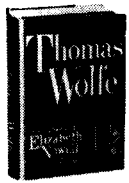
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

THE talks in Paris between President Kennedy and President de Gaulle are likely to be the most critical of the many discussions the Chief Executive is having this spring and summer with heads of government from all sections of the world. This is because the Atlantic Community is the core of freedom, because the North Atlantic Treaty Organization provides the military shield for the Western world, and because Franco-American relations are not at all in good shape. Without a common policy aim between Kennedy and De Gaulle, little can be accomplished; with it, much can be done that has to be done.

On two major issues there is a common Franco-American policy. De Gaulle is as firm as is Kennedy on Berlin; De Gaulle believes, as do Kennedy and West German Chancellor Adenauer, in the long-term necessity of doing everything possible to tie West Germany to the Atlantic Community, so that it cannot be seduced by Soviet blandishments. Both men know that the Soviet Union has it in its power, by a reasonable offer of German reunification, to break West Germany's alliance with the Atlantic Community. But, in both Washington and Paris, the belief is that Khrushchev dares not make any such offer for fear of touching off the disintegration of Communist East Europe, beginning with Poland, as well as a major row with the Chinese Communists. Starting from these two strong points, it is possible for Kennedy and De Gaulle at least to consider the points of difference.

Britain and the Common Market

In the economic field, the new American Administration is fully behind the six-nation Common Market, in which France and West Germany play the key roles. In Kennedy's talks with British Prime Minister Macmillan in Washington, there was agreement that somehow or other Britain

must move toward association with the Common Market six. But the British suspect, with what Washington considers to be good reason, that the French — and that means De Gaulle — do not really want Britain to join.

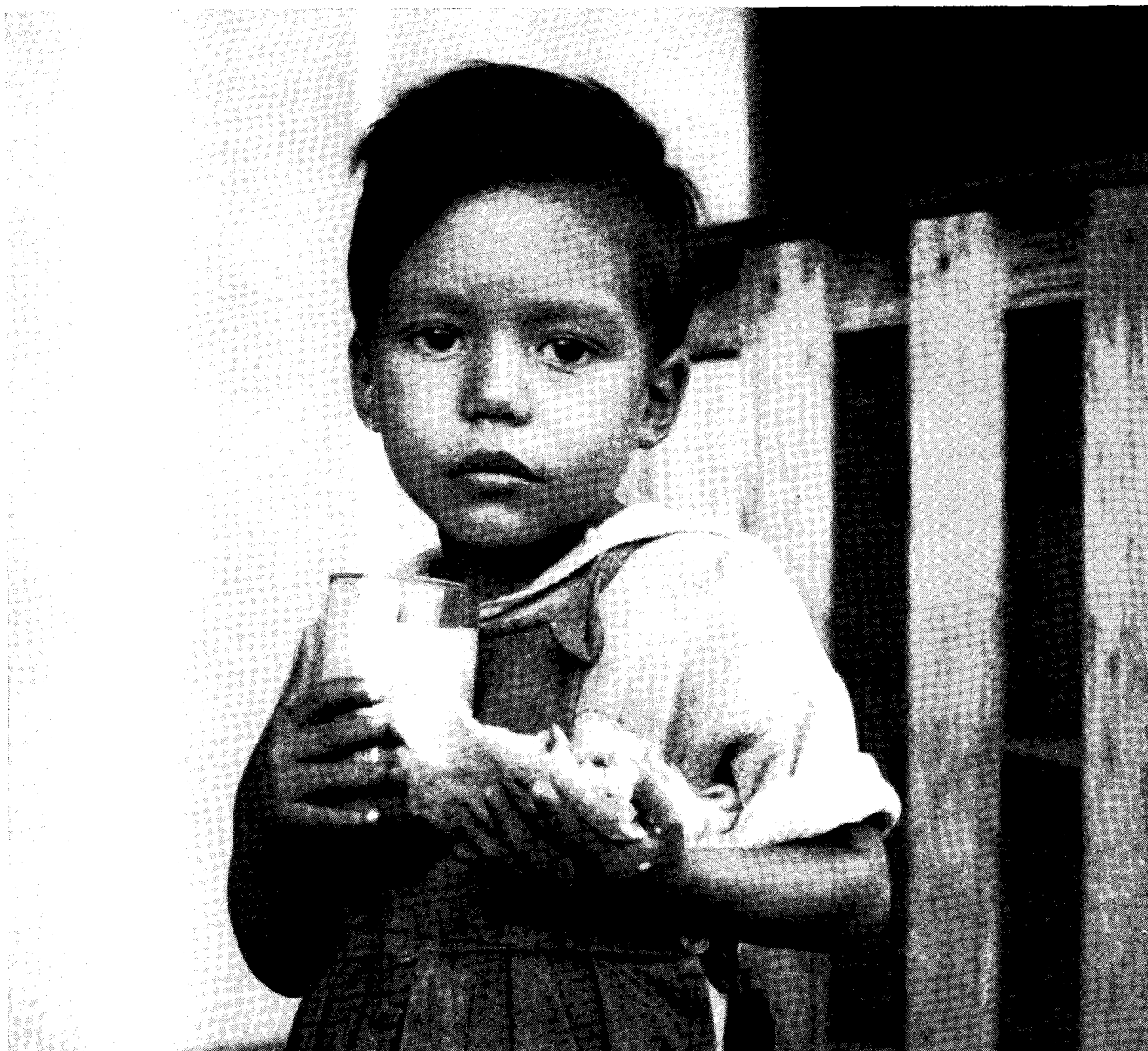
In a sense, there is something of a war of nerves going on. The British would like to join conditionally, with special privileges for their farmers and with special consideration for Britain's relations with the Commonwealth. The French appear to believe that as time goes on and the British are more and more convinced that the Common Market is here to stay, they will lower the level of their conditions to a point close to zero.

That Macmillan is worried was evident from his Boston speech in April, when he said, "The consequences of the economic division of Western Europe are only just beginning to make themselves felt in the political field." The evidence is that Macmillan sought Kennedy's help in persuading De Gaulle. It will be a surprise, however, if any appeal from the President moves the General on this point.

France's nuclear deterrent

The military problem is equally difficult. Kennedy would like to prevent the proliferation of nuclear weapons on both sides of the Iron Curtain. But De Gaulle is determined to have his own nuclear deterrent, and no one is likely to argue him out of it. The question is how to incorporate it into a general Western deterrent along with the British nuclear capability, and to do so in a way which will avoid a demand in West Germany for a similar national capability.

This problem has consumed the working hours of a considerable number of top Washington officials, including former Secretary of State Dean



Enemy Not Anivar Urbina, small citizen of Honduras. But the enemy is there all around him—malnutrition, disease, the intense despair of poverty. Anivar and millions like him face the Enemy from the day they are born to the quick twilight of their lives. They need help now—above all, help to help themselves. They need food, tools, books, medicines and technical know-how. By any standard they know, we have these things in abundance. Whether it be in Honduras, Africa, India, or even in our own country, this abundance *must* be shared. If we Americans help this child and others like him defeat the Enemy, he will never forget us; if we ignore him, or try to bribe him, he will never forgive us. *Which will it be?*

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Acheson. The Acheson report favored but did not actually recommend a NATO nuclear deterrent. But here the problem is how to avoid what is known as "fifteen fingers on the trigger."

De Gaulle's answer is likely to be the scheme he advanced in 1958 to President Eisenhower for an American-British-French *directoire*. Such an inner leadership group in the Atlantic Alliance is, from Kennedy's standpoint, impossible because of the offense it would give to Adenauer. Yet Kennedy is not unwilling to increase the degree of consultation with the French.

For a long time this was resisted in Washington, because of the French taint of colonialism. But De Gaulle's generous treatment of French Africa and his persistent efforts to resolve the Algerian problem have largely removed this taint. Once Algeria is settled and at least part of the French force now stationed there can be returned to fill the French commitment to NATO, it will be easier to resolve the NATO problem itself.

Kennedy's approach

As is evident enough, military and political problems will often merge when Kennedy and De Gaulle get together. The General is con-

temptuous of the United Nations, to which Kennedy has been paying a great deal of attention; hence the necessity for more direct and closer Paris-Washington relations. Kennedy is dissatisfied not so much with the machinery of Western policy coordination as with the level of personnel manning a good deal of it. The President will urge De Gaulle, as he urged Macmillan, to upgrade representation at the NATO council and in the various economic groupings of the West.

The President is keenly aware that the problems in Europe are not only the current ones, but what is likely to happen after the departure of Adenauer and De Gaulle. He cannot say so, of course, but this theme is evident in all Washington planning.

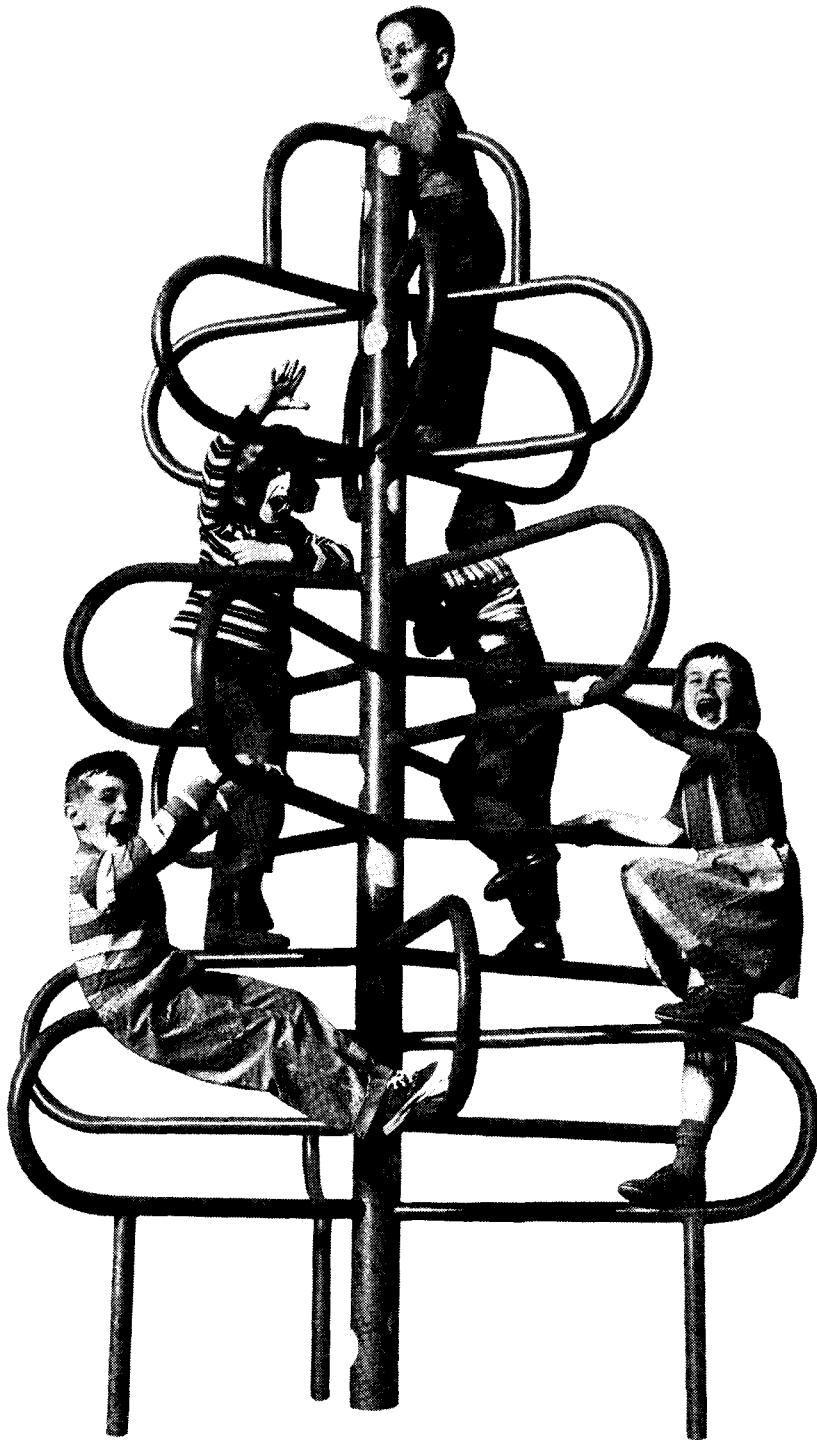
In his talks with De Gaulle and with all the other European leaders he has been meeting, the President is trying to explain away any fears they may have that the United States is paying excessive attention to Africa, Asia, and Latin America. With some callers, such as Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns, or those who are favorable to the Portuguese cause, the President has not been too successful. The Dutch, especially the belligerent Luns, cannot forgive American support for Indonesian independence and the U.S. refusal of support for Holland in the argument over Dutch New Guinea.

The U.S. vote against Portugal in the United Nations debate on Angola is not explainable to the Portuguese, though it is to other allies. Here the Administration argument is that it must stand for movement toward self-government. In Angola there is none, and so the United States voted for the UN resolution; but in British Africa, where there is a great deal of progress afoot, the United States is backing the British.

What Kennedy has been trying to explain to his West European allies, and this he will say to De Gaulle, was best put in a little-noticed interview for British television in late March. There the President said: "Our basic alliance, of course, is our alliance with Western Europe. The Atlantic Community is the hard rock upon which our security rests. That's our anchor, but that ship can only hold its position if the winds from the South are not too unfavorable. So that I think that, in strengthening our ties with Latin America, Africa, and Asia, we are strengthening the Atlantic Community."

The President undoubtedly has created a more favorable image of the United States in much of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. In part, this has been the result of his handling of the problems of Laos, the Congo, and Cuba. But in each case he has been caught between his own desire to ap-

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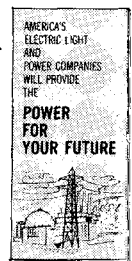
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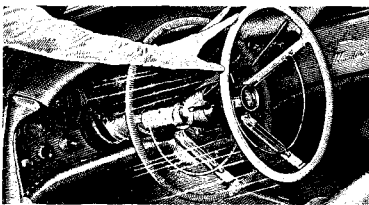
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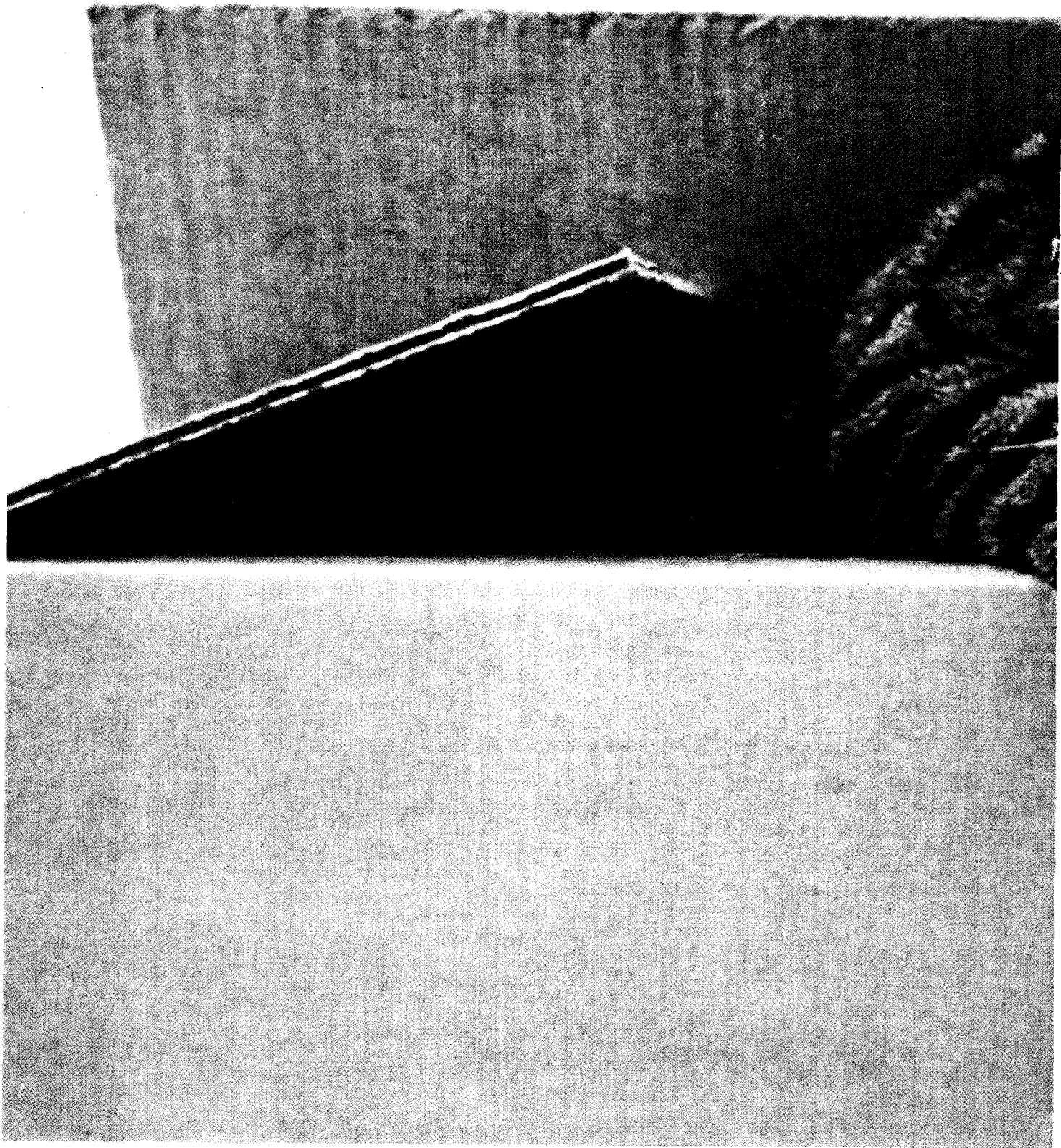


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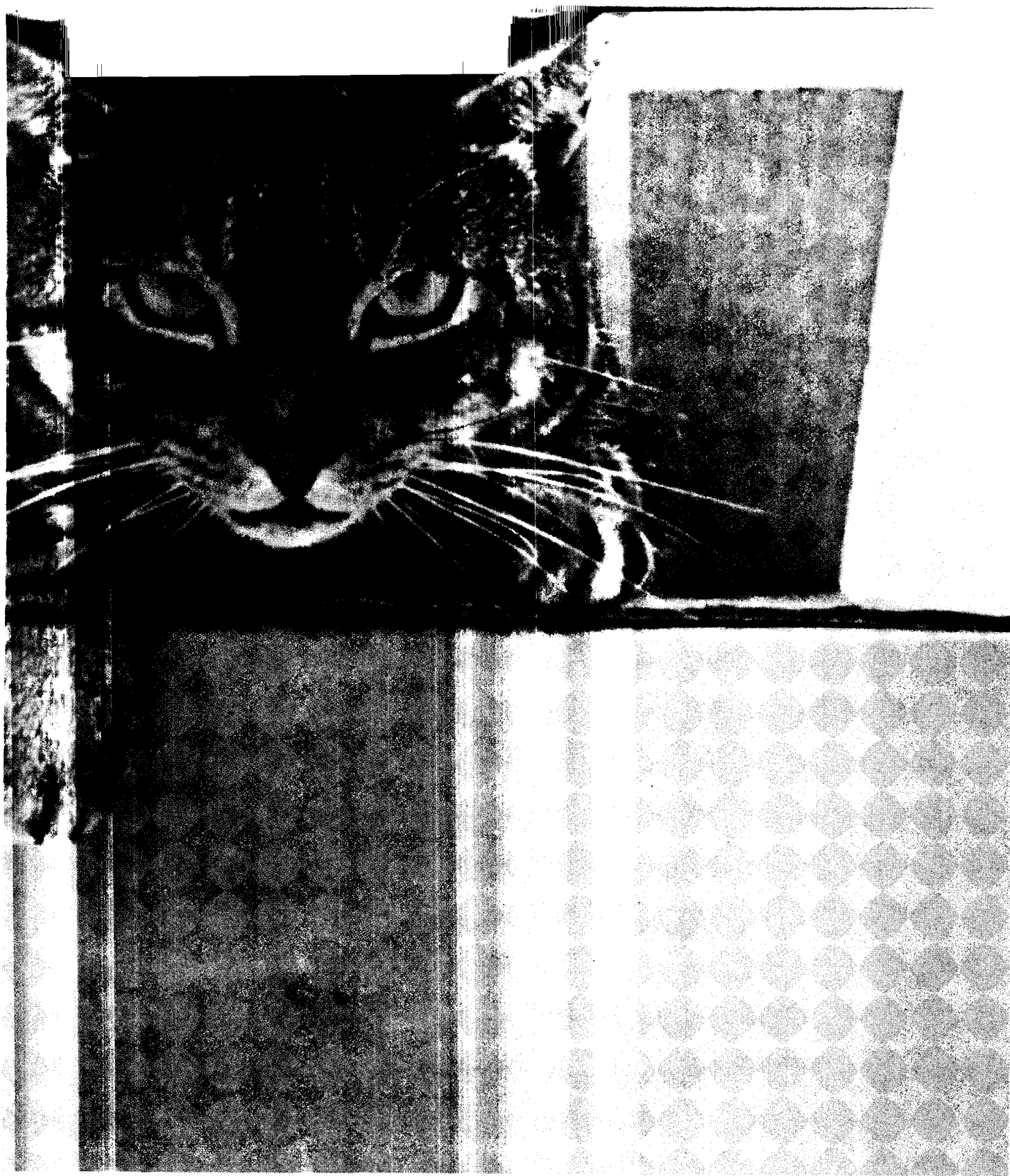
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Report on Washington

prove of the neutralism which the late John Foster Dulles once termed immoral and the necessity of protecting American and free world interests against Communist intrigue.

Is the President too cautious?

The chief criticism leveled at the new President's handling of domestic problems, essentially those affecting the economic growth of the nation, is that he has been too cautious.

It is the President's belief that ours is more a conservative than a radical nation over the long haul, and that this hypothesis has been demonstrated by the election results. As a highly practical politician, Kennedy is a close student of election returns. The Democrats who have been Presidents since the Civil War, with the single exception of Franklin Roosevelt, have won by extremely narrow margins, often with less than a majority of the total presidential vote. Roosevelt's victory, of course, came at a moment of massive national distress. But that was the exception to the great economic success of the United States, which as a general rule has meant big Republican presidential majorities.

Furthermore, Kennedy's view is that the concept that the United States has been a Democratic nation since 1932, and therefore a liberal one, willing to accept advances in the use of government to effect social and economic reform, is more fictitious than not. True, the Democrats have controlled the Congress most of the time since 1930, but the majority, except in the high tide of the New Deal, has always been dependent on the Southern Democrats, whose economics have in fact been more conservative than those of their Northern and Western brothers and who in recent years have grown even more conservative as the South has industrialized.

One may quarrel with this analysis, but it is what the President believes. The result is that he has sent to Congress this year what the liberals in his party consider to be warmed-over proposals from previous years. He has rejected an immediate tax cut — the shot in the

arm which the liberals wanted for the economy — not on the grounds that it would be unwise, but on the grounds that it would be impossible to get it through Congress. Likewise, he has trimmed his requests on a number of other measures, ranging from unemployment insurance and minimum wages to medical care for the aged, in the belief that only by doing so could he get them through Congress. The close votes on some of these measures, the President feels, have confirmed his belief.

It can be argued that leadership can be measured by the willingness of the leader to stand out in front and bring along his followers. The President is convinced he is doing that. But the fact of the matter is that he has curbed his own ideas of what should be done by his pragmatic view of what is possible. One of the results to Kennedy is an embarrassment when he is asked what sacrifices he wants from the public.

Mood of the Capital

The biggest single part of the Washington bureaucracy is the Pentagon. It is doubtful if any Secretary of Defense since the first incumbent, James Forrestal, ever felt he was totally in control. Yet it is heartening to Washington observers that the new Secretary, former Ford President Robert S. McNamara, may turn out to be the master of that vast bureaucratic jungle.

Certainly, McNamara has been a surprise to those who have been skeptical of the ability of any industrialist to meet the demands of the job. The fact is that the Kennedy-McNamara team works extraordinarily well, and that McNamara's quick mind is greatly appreciated by the President.

Together they have put a gag on the far too talkative generals and admirals; they have begun to revamp the direction of military policy and spending from the days of massive-retaliation policies, to build up a conventional-war capability; and, most important, they have begun to meld the thinking of the State and Defense departments on national objectives. The task is far from done, but the start has been encouraging, and it is one of the major accomplishments thus far of the new Administration.

HELP YOURSELF

Thucydides, the Greek historian of the Fifth Century B.C., has been widely admired through the ages for his accuracy and impartiality, for the shrewdness of his psychology and the eloquence of his language. In fact, some people today like to say that Thucydides was "truly modern"—as if that were the ultimate compliment that could be paid to a distinguished citizen of the golden age of Greek civilization!

One of the observations of Thucydides that warms the cockles of our heart is this statement from Book 2 of "The Peloponnesian War": "To admit poverty is no disgrace to a man, but to make no effort to escape it is indeed disgraceful."

Now in the Twentieth Century A.D. in what Professor Galbraith calls our "affluent society," there is less and less real poverty. But the spirit of Thucydides' statement remains true. To admit that you are less well off than you would like to be is no disgrace, but to do nothing to better yourself is.

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THE supreme task of Britain's African policy, as Prime Minister Macmillan, Lord Home, Mr. Macleod, and Mr. Sandys see it, is to ensure that Africa is not split in two, roughly along the line of the Zambezi River, with a black Africa to the north, a white Africa to the south, and an armed border between.

For this reason, South Africa, outside the Commonwealth, is a potential threat to British government policy. South Africa's resignation immediately sharpened the fears of what would happen if Sir Roy Welensky, faced with the ultimatum of an African nationalist majority in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, were compelled to take Southern Rhodesia out of the Federation and join forces with South Africa. One half of the line would then be established.

Multiracialism in Africa

At the same time, South Africa's isolation has made a peaceful solution to the African problem possible. For what happened in March at the Commonwealth prime ministers' conference in London has been taken as a clear victory for multiracialism, and it is not African nationalism that causes most anxiety but African racialism. When Diefenbaker of Canada, Nehru of India, and Tunku Abdul Rahman of Malaya took the lead with Nkrumah of Ghana in opposing membership for South Africa while it practices apartheid, they served notice on all African states coming into independence that their qualification for membership is also multiracialism.

Deliberately underlining this, Macleod immediately flew to Tanganyika. After a day or two of negotiation with Julius Nyerere, he announced self-government for the former trust territory in May and complete independence as of December 28. While Europeans applauded and Africans, Asians, and Arabs jumped in the streets for joy, Nyerere made a speech of which this was the peroration: "We have no great pretensions for Tanganyika, which we know in population is a small country and poor in resources. But we do most genuinely believe that we have great lessons

to teach, and most particularly in our own continent of Africa, by virtue of the tolerance and fellow feeling that prevail in our communities."

Nyerere had been made aware that, while the British are sympathetic to his dream of a federation of Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda, there is one essential condition to it — acceptance of a similar multiracial political concept by his neighbors. There has been desperately little sign of it so far in Kenya.

In such volatile conditions, the role and influence of the Commonwealth, although tenuous, assume awesome importance in British eyes. Sierra Leone, Tanganyika, and the Caribbean Federation will come into the Commonwealth in succession. They will join Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, Cyprus, Ghana, Nigeria, and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In race relations, everything may be gained by Commonwealth unity and vitality, and almost everything lost without it.

It is an understanding of this conviction, and what follows from it, that Great Britain has most wished to receive from the United States Administration. One thing that has followed directly is the new stiffness in Britain's lonely European policy. And on matters concerning Europe, Britain and America have been simply and completely out of touch.

Europe and the Commonwealth

It is possible to prove that Commonwealth preferences mean less and less to Britain. In 1960 Britain's sales to the Commonwealth rose 6 per cent; those of its competitors, 28 per cent. The major gainer was the European Common Market. But Britain cannot now close the door of trade on the Commonwealth.

Britain gives free entry to almost all the exports, agricultural and manufactured, of these developing countries. The European Common Market allows free entry to raw materials and a few



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troops. Somebody was sure to say "You should see all us G.I.'s learning to speak Norwegian at Berlitz." This would be reported to Berlin and the Germans would assume that we were going to invade Norway instead of North Africa.

Berlitz was later informed that the German High Command fell for the plot completely. The tough part of the Army's job came when it had to explain to 300 G.I.'s why they spent six weeks preparing for the land of Sonja Henie and wound up calling on Pepe le Moko.

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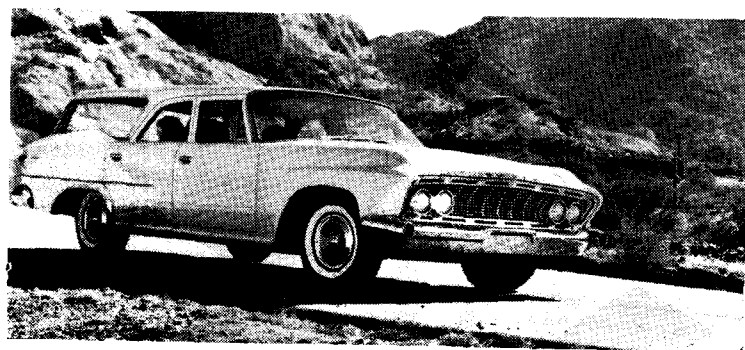
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Report on London

agricultural products, but no manu-
factures. A recent United Nations
survey showed that in the next twenty
years, even assuming maximum aid,
underdeveloped countries will have
to increase their aggregate exports
from \$19 billion to \$50 billion. Of
that total, \$15 billion will necessarily
consist of manufactures. Even if
race relations were not involved,
every available door would need to
be opened.

It was made reasonably clear
early this year that if British mem-
bership in the Common Market
and acceptance of its political im-
plications were the price asked for
opening Europe to the Common-
wealth, Britain would be prepared
to pay it. (Other members of the
European Free Trade Association
would, of course, also have to be
included.) But for Britain to limit
its trade with the Commonwealth,
as France demands, is an impossible
price to pay. With no effective sup-
port for its own solution — associate
membership with its own home
market kept freely open to the
Commonwealth — Britain's di-
lemma is real and painful.

The United States has appeared
to accept a Europe of two trading
groups, united in and around the
North Atlantic alliance, as a rea-
sonable improvement on a Europe
of eighteen separated nations. To
Britain, however, it is not an im-
provement; it is a setback.

In the market of the Six, until
1959 Britain competed on equal
terms with all. But it does so no
longer. Yet, it begins to look almost
as if, for Britain itself, economic
growth and the Six are synonymous.
Britain's trade with its partners in
the European Free Trade Associa-
tion has increased relatively little.
Britain's trade with the Common
Market has increased 7 per cent.
Inside the Common Market, across
the diminishing frontiers, trade
among the six partners has increased
by 25 per cent.

The need for economic growth

Last year's figures show the Brit-
ish predicament in a dramatic light.
There was a deficit of trade of more
than \$1 billion. To pay for its over-

seas aid and for its NATO commit-
ments, Britain's target is a surplus
of \$1 billion. There was no run on
the pound in face of the \$2 billion
gap between need and performance
only because a vast quantity of
money poured into Britain. The
money was drawn by the magnet of
exceptionally high rates of interest,
the continuance of which would
be enough to make economic growth
virtually impossible.

Growth there must be. Exports
must leap forward. Sir Roy Harrod
proposes the reimposition of con-
trols on imports, pointing out that
Britain's liberalization policy has
brought a 70 per cent increase in
imports of manufactures in two
years. NATO expenses weigh heav-
ily in the balance of left-wing Labor
support for unilateral disarmament.
But most economists urge, in their
varying forms, more competition,
better directed investment, an at-
tack on monopolies, acceptance of
the aim of growth, and the reform
of taxation. There is full employ-
ment in Britain, and increased in-
dividual productivity is the only
way to increased output.

Auto slump

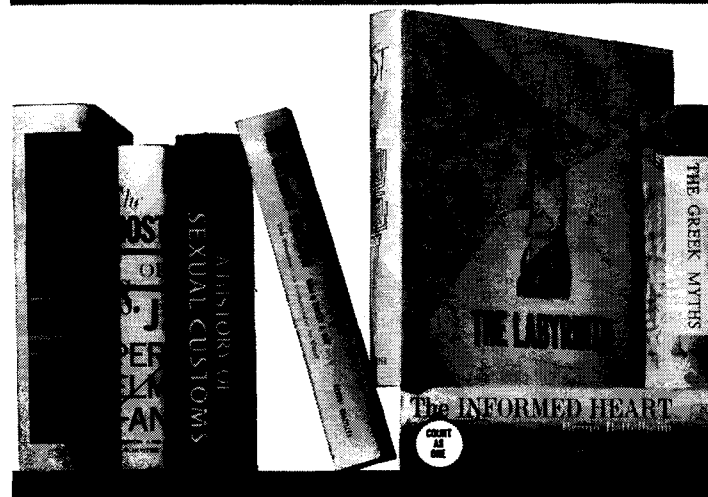
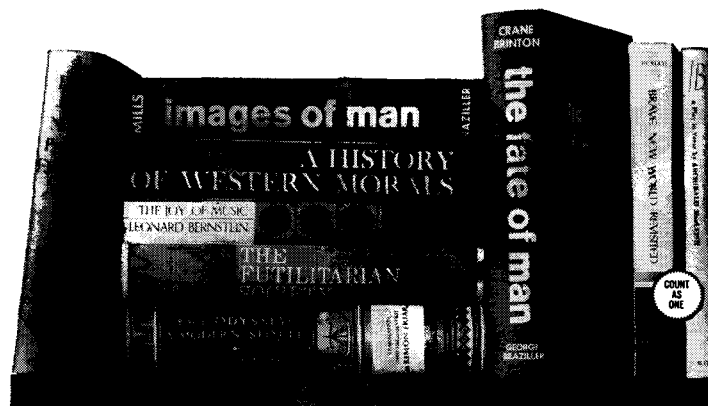
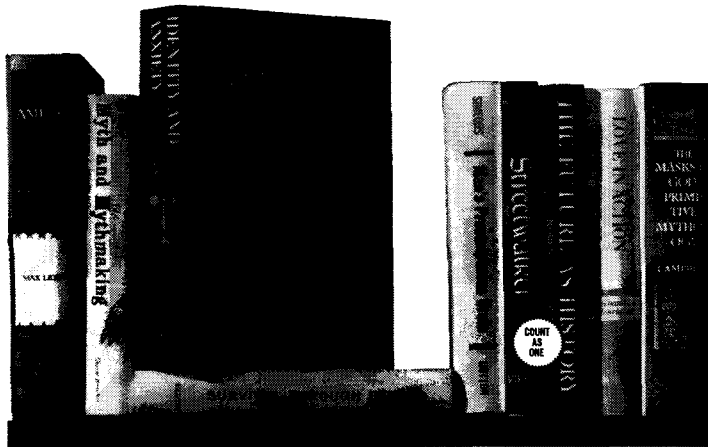
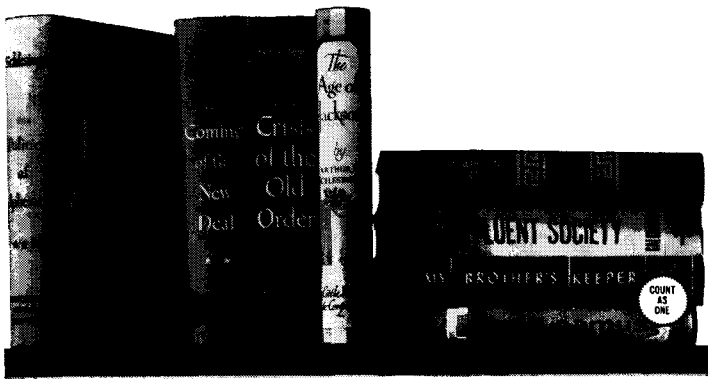
The car industry closed a record
year with a slump. The major cause
was an awesome fall in sales in the
American market. In February,
shipments to the United States to-
taled 800, against 18,000 last year.

The New York automobile show
and the Kennedy Administration's
policy for growth have given hope of
a considerable improvement this
year. But to maintain its own
growth, the British industry must
make 1.5 million cars (output in
1960 totaled 1.35 million) and do
more than regain its American mar-
ket. It will have to find additional
export markets for at least another
100,000 cars. That means a 20 per
cent increase in all other markets
combined. There seems to be but
one market that would offer any
hope of a sufficient boom, and that
is the Common Market.

German revaluation has given
British makers a temporary advan-
tage, for it has at least wiped out
the effects of tariff reductions on
German car prices in Europe. The
advantage will, however, be wiped
out in turn by the further internal

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B61-62

Report on London

tariff reductions planned in the Common Market for this year, bringing the total cuts there down to 40 or 50 per cent. Manufacturers are planning for expansion on the assumption that the political side of their marketing problems will be solved during this year.

Further pressure for a solution will be brought on the government, because all the new car factories are being built in areas of relatively high unemployment — and to government orders. Rootes, for example, is going to build a new mini-car and has been persuaded to do so in Scotland. Unemployment there is from three to six times the national average, ranging from 3.5 to 11.9 per cent. The British Motor Corporation is building a new plant, with jobs for 4000, at Llanelli in South Wales, where 5.7 per cent of the people are registered as out of work. Rover will have jobs for 5000 at Cardiff. Merseyside is promised a car plant too. These are "development districts," and they place

in the car industry their main hope for breaking through at last to their share in the nation's prosperity.

Two things prevent the government from allowing the car industry to make progress in the home market, as it could for a year or so: the paramount need for exports and the continuing lack of the necessary new road system. But at least economists in government have now grasped the importance of road communications. In the last ten years, the ton mileage of goods transported by roads has increased by 48 per cent. Ten million vehicles are now in use. Plans for the construction of roads costing £200 million (one third of what motorists, as motorists, annually pay in taxes) are in hand.

London's traffic problems

London has few really major projects yet. Parking meters spread like mushrooms, it seems, overnight to fresh streets, followed by a specially recruited corps of traffic wardens who are a good deal more inflexible than the police. Yellow lines are painted along the gutters

in streets where no stopping is allowed at any time. Clearways, where waiting is forbidden in working hours, are scheduled. The police tow away two hundred cars a day. But the London County Council's road program envisages spending only about ten pounds per vehicle in the London area in the next five years.

London does have one exciting development under way, to which it seems either pathetic or irreverent to give the name "the Piccadilly-Knightsbridge underpass." This involves the reconstruction of Hyde Park Corner, Europe's busiest traffic circle, and alterations to Park Lane, Marble Arch, and the Hyde Park carriageway. Out of the changes, London will get an enlarged Speaker's Corner, where, near Marble Arch, the art of open-air oratory is given legal sanctuary. Hyde Park Corner itself will become a miniature park, with lawns, shrubs, flowers, and benches, and the processional route from Buckingham Palace through Wellington Arch to Marble Arch will be splendidly enhanced. From Westminster to Bayswater and Kensington, there will be almost a single park.

The green belt

For London, in spite of the motorcar, sees itself increasingly as park land. A shock ran through the nation when, one hot summer's day in 1959, a man was arrested for loitering and causing an obstruction when taking the air on the sidewalk outside his own front door. In the East End a green belt a mile and a half long is now being run through Stepney and Poplar from the docks to Victoria Park, the great place for mass meetings of strikers, and a park as big as Hyde Park has already been laid out for the people of North Camberwell.

But it is in Charles I's Richmond Park that is to be found the curt notice that seems somehow symbolic of both the strength and weakness of the British sense of discipline in the world today. Here deer, sheep, motorists, horsemen, hikers, picnickers, and dogs mingle absolutely freely. A notice at the gate says: "Dogs May Not Chase Deer." In Richmond Park, this notice is sufficient.



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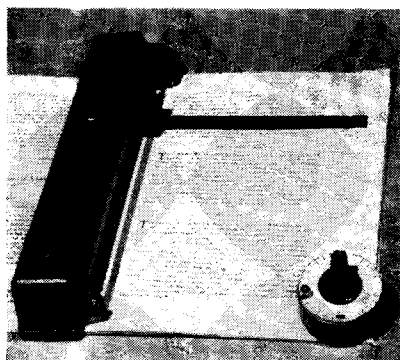
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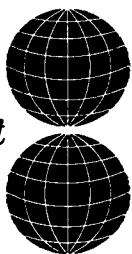
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The Atlantic Report CENTRAL AFRICA



THE Central African Federation, officially known as the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is an eight-year-old experiment in racial partnership aimed at coordinating the interests of both black and white, as well as its small Asian and mixed-race minorities. It covers a half million square miles of south-central Africa and combines advanced, self-governing Southern Rhodesia with its two northern neighbors, the protectorates of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia.

Ideally, an industrialized south would be fed with minerals from the north and labor from Nyasaland to maintain a high development rate. However, the idealism of 1953 has been largely lost in the cataclysms created by the winds of change bearing down from the equator in the last two years. Now the Federation seems doomed — and with it man's greatest experiment in race relations — unless vast sums of development capital are poured as soothing oil into the present gale-driven seas of racial distrust and unrest.

Sir Roy Welensky, the burly, impatient, and outspoken federal Prime Minister, has repeatedly warned the West, and particularly Britain, of the dangers facing the non-Communist world in Africa. In his own country, he has attacked white settlers for losing faith in the future and black politicians for wanting too much too soon. Lately, his disagreements over London's Africa policy have brought distinct threats of a Boston Tea Party in the Federation if pressures from white interests become sufficiently violent. Welensky accuses Britain of appeasement on a Munich scale.

Welensky took over the reins from the father of federation, Lord Malvern, six years ago, when there were only breezes of impending change in most of Africa. The two white leaders based their policy of racial partnership on the dictum of Rhodesia's empire-building founder, the diamond magnate Cecil John Rhodes, that there should be "equal rights for all civilized men."

Left alone, Sir Roy had seemed to most overseas critics to be too slow in applying the formula of

partnership. However, Welensky had no control over many vital factors which remained under the authority of the three territorial governments, including African education and agriculture, the livelihood of most of the Federation's eight and a half million Africans.

In his own assembly, Welensky has the overwhelming support of the fifty-nine members, including twelve Africans, and has not been faced by divisions on racial lines. But in the three territories, politics are developing on just such lines. The opportunities for Africans to defeat whites at the ballot box are few, except in Nyasaland, because most African leaders, contending that franchise qualifications are too high, have told their people not to register for the vote.

Deeply critical of the Belgian government for its "abdication" in the Congo, Welensky is supported by most of the country's 310,000 whites when he cites the cowardice of the West in facing up to the moral issues involved in its battle against Communism as being the dominant factor in white grants of premature independence. However, few of the Federation's whites have faced up to the moral responsibilities involved in their own lands.

The Monckton commission

For half of last year, an august commission under one of Britain's shrewdest ex-Cabinet ministers, Lord Monckton, studied the Federation under a microscope. The commission's job was to chart constitutional advances for the Federation and its three constituents. The commission decided that throughout the Federation, and particularly in Southern Rhodesia, there should be a much greater sharing of power between black and white, with the abolition of racial discrimination.

In 1959, severe rioting broke out in Nyasaland, whose people, led by chiefs unable to obtain the usual guidance from British civil servants for the first time, had never accepted federation with the settler-dominated south, despite its economic advantages. Last June, the irresponsible arrest of Southern Rhodesia's African political leaders led

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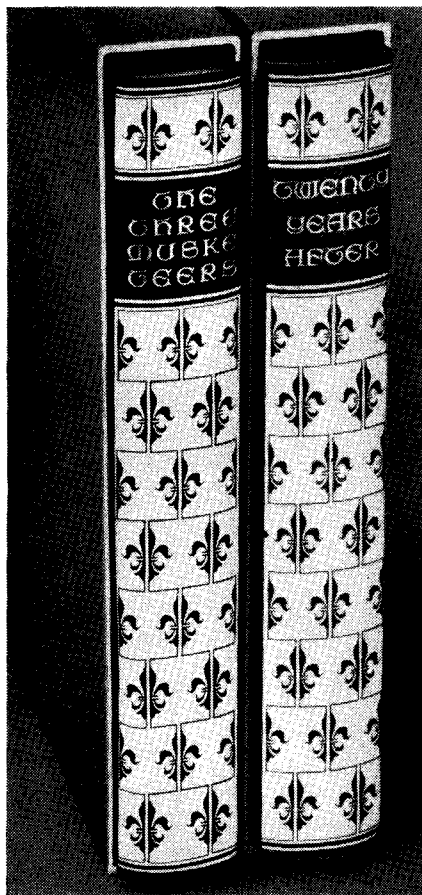
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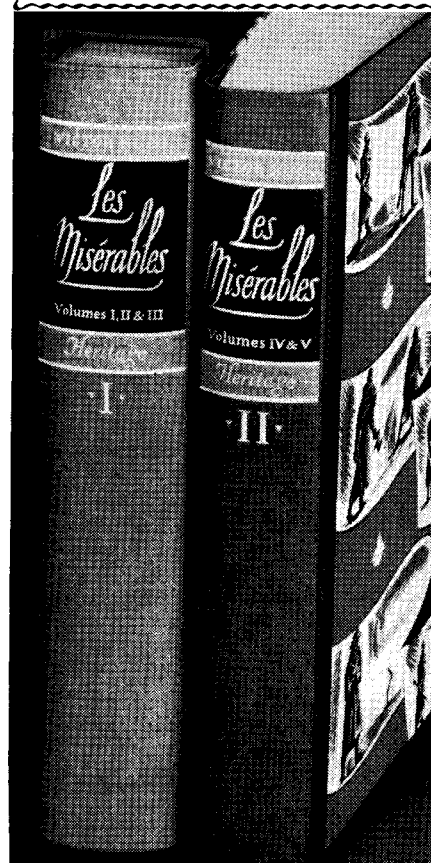
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Report on Central Africa

to the destruction of its 74-year-old record of unbroken racial peace. In the aftermath of these demonstrations against white supremacy, Nyasaland last August won a new constitution. In elections next month, secession-demanding politicians will certainly come to power. Later this year, a similarly pro-secessionist party, under the leadership of Kenneth Kaunda, is sure to gain the real power in Northern Rhodesia, after a struggle to keep its power-hungry supporters on a course of nonviolence.

Whites versus blacks

The most far-reaching changes in the Federation in the past year have occurred in Southern Rhodesia, largely as a result of widespread white charges that the Prime Minister, Sir Edgar Whitehead, was badly out of touch with African opinion. In a calculated gamble with the feelings of his more conservative supporters, Whitehead, who, unlike Welensky, has only a bare house majority, agreed with London on a new constitution for his country that will ensure substantial African representation in his assembly. The issue of the constitution goes before Southern Rhodesian voters this month for approval, and Whitehead may easily receive a setback, because fewer than five thousand nonwhites will have a vote, despite his aggressive campaign to register them and partially offset white domination of the polls.

Southern Rhodesia is the core of the white minority problem, and to prove to whites that he is their guardian, Whitehead pushed through commensurately strong measures to enhance the white sense of security. These included an anti-vagrancy law, which enabled the police to remove some of the reservoir of 50,000 jobless from the towns, and a new public order act whose sweeping powers were quickly labeled totalitarianism by a surprisingly large body of whites. To enforce these laws, Southern Rhodesians are expecting to bear heavy tax increases for the police reinforcements entailed. The federal government is also recruiting new units for the army. Nearly nine million will be required for the new forces of law and order.

The Federation's African population is divided almost equally among the three territories, but Southern Rhodesia has two thirds of the whites, 220,000, most of whom are true settlers with a stake in the land. Fifty thousand wandering and scattered primitives in the remote parts of the Zambezi Valley are the country's sole example of the uninhibited tribal savages of the last century. In varying degrees, all the rest of Southern Rhodesia's Africans have become Westernized because of the vast extent of the country's white settlement.

Nyasaland has the lowest white population, ten thousand, and the lowest rate of development, with an average income of only \$45 yearly. The handful of white settlers there, however, makes a major contribution to this unbountiful territory's income through its investments in plantations, mainly tea, coffee, and tobacco. With insufficient opportunities in their own country, Nyasalanders have built up a solid reputation as migrant workers. Today 10 per cent of Nyasaland's total population works outside its borders.

The copper belt

Since the discovery of Northern Rhodesia's fabulously rich copper seams forty years ago, the copper belt has become the mecca of Central Africa. Gradually, an affluent group of stable African miners has emerged, with far more interest in the annual copper bonus (sometimes 25 per cent of annual wages) than in politics. But their wages, ranging up to \$300 monthly, are not even remotely representative of average incomes, which are only slightly higher than in Nyasaland.

The need to think about their own future has made most of the Federation's whites aware of the attainments of their African charges. In many instances this has resulted in regaining a sense of mission. Some Africans are being offered places in white trade unions, and white artisans are passing on their skills more readily. The main lead in this field has been taken by the two Northern Rhodesian copper giants and the state railways. The greatest risk, as most whites will admit, is that these changes may have come about too late and that the African peoples will accept no compromises.

While this process of adjustment to change is being accelerated among whites, African moderates are having a hard battle to summon enough support to meet changing white opinion halfway. Many African politicians have moved steadily left, and despite the examples of Julius Nyerere in Tanganyika and President Tshombe in Katanga, leaders like Kenneth Kaunda, of Northern Rhodesia's United National Independence Party, and Joshua Nkomo, head of Southern Rhodesia's National Democratic Party, are gradually abandoning moderation.

The need for capital

In their annual conference, last year, the Federation's businessmen called on the governments to borrow money to finance public works schemes to help provide employment for the 75,000 new wage earners coming on the labor market every year. In Southern Rhodesia, where the government is striving to raise African wages to a minimum of \$65 a month, unemployment may well be aggravated as employers discard unproductive workers in an attempt to balance rising wages by an increase in productivity.

Southern Rhodesia's progressive trade minister wants the federal government to borrow \$13 billion over the next ten years to boost the economy, and thereby absorb unemployment with a resultant lessening of tension. Many whites believe that international agencies should help to provide the development funds, since failure of the Federation's partnership policy might lead to widespread racial conflict.

World Bank, American sources, and independent banks helped provide the capital for the giant main-spring of future industrial expansion, the Kariba hydroelectric scheme, which began sending along power to industry last year. Costing \$250 million, the plant will provide all the power the Federation can use for at least twenty years. British government loans and guarantees have helped in many ways, particularly with the creation of vital communications. However, Britain has recently stated that it cannot increase its contributions to Africa, despite the very high standard of living of its own people and its moral obligations to African territories.



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Report on Central Africa

It is private industry — mostly British — which has provided the vast majority of the capital used in the Federation to increase the standard of living of Africans, give them a livelihood, and, indirectly, supply the taxes that have financed primary education and safeguarded health. However, not only has private investment from abroad almost dried up, but withdrawals of capital caused such a grave balance-of-payments position that the federal minister of finance imposed severe restrictions on currency outflow early this year. Although there are prospects of new overseas investments worth some \$70 million being established in the Federation shortly, business and government believe that only vast financial aid can really restore confidence in the federal economy.

Against a background of rapidly emerging Africans wanting to combine their growing economic power with political superiority, a wasteful battle is being fought between die-hard white settlers and ambitious African politicians. The die-hards cannot forget their fathers' stories of the black savage of seventy-five years ago, believe they are entitled to what they hold, and refuse to acknowledge the changes brought about by their own educational programs.

The African leaders, some of whom condone violence, consider themselves just as well qualified for independence as their northern neighbors, feel intensely the need to prove themselves, and have learned from neighbors the importance of utilizing the support of the masses. Personalities have inflated values in the Federation, as they do in other parts of Africa. Their frequent trips to London and Washington have made some of them almost as well known as Welensky and Whitehead.

Undoubtedly the best-known African is Nyasaland's Dr. Hastings Banda, for thirty years a doctor in a London suburb until his country's African National Congress called for him three years ago to settle a crisis of leadership. An unpredictable mixture of compromise and bitterness, Banda was imprisoned for his part in 1959's Nyasaland disorders, yet paved the way for his eventual

accession to power by accepting a compromise over his country's future. However, Dr. Banda is sworn to the breakup of the Federation.

Northern Rhodesia's outstanding African leader is a teacher, Kenneth Kaunda. With a mission upbringing, Kaunda refuses to condone violence and preaches the lessons of Gandhi's nonviolence. While Kaunda and Nkomo have generally carried out their promises to keep their supporters on the path of nonviolence, extremist white leaders in both Rhodesias have frequently made statements which can only be counted as inflammatory. Perhaps worse, the Sunday edition of a South African-controlled press monopoly in the Federation has regularly headlined instances of black disorders, both in and out of the Federation. In contrast, the African press has been remarkable for its sense of responsibility in educating readers to accept the need for patience.

Integration comes slowly

Widespread white illusions that there are no well-educated, well-mannered blacks are being slowly shattered by the sight of immaculately clad Africans attending meetings in city centers. There have been frequent appointments of Africans to the boards of government commissions and other bodies, and a number of press references to African success stories in business and the professions. Sixty-five per cent of the lucrative transport business in Southern Rhodesia is in African hands, for example, and some black contractors and traders have assets running into the million-dollar class. Thoughtful whites, particularly in business, have seen the urgent need for mutual progress. After last year's frequent disorders in the south, Rhodesians held an inspiring multi-racial meeting, whose liberal resolutions are slowly being put into practice by Whitehead's government.

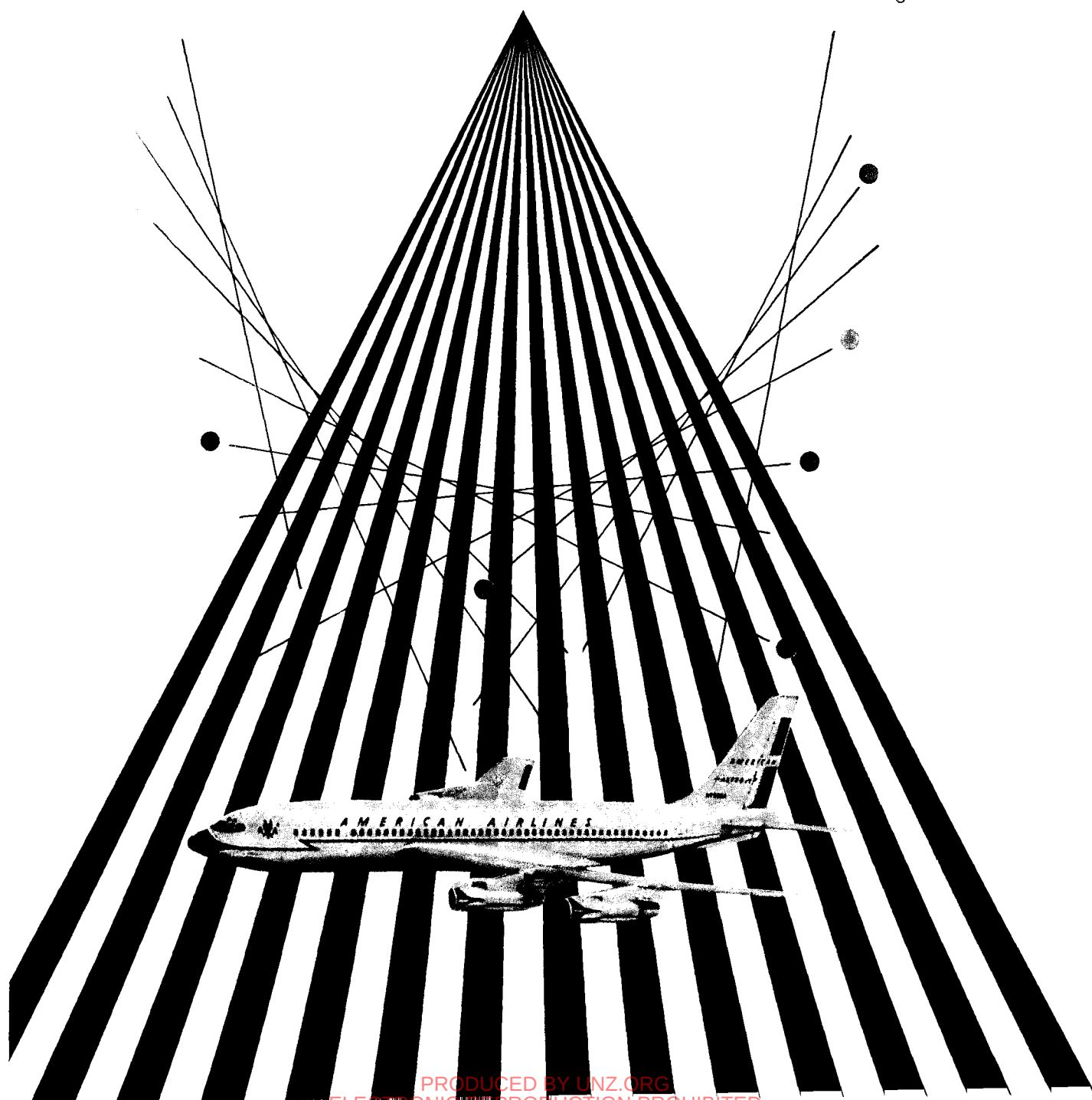
If the Federation can stand the internal turmoils of its three member states in mid-1961, Welensky has a date in London this fall to discuss the constitution of the Federation. Most Rhodesians believe the conference will considerably weaken Welensky's power, in spite of independence threats, and many consider that, in any case, the Federation is virtually finished now.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The memorial to F.D.R.

SIR:

Thank you for publishing Mr. Justice Frankfurter's recollections of a conversation he had with President Franklin D. Roosevelt anent a suitable memorial that might be erected in Washington ("The Memorial to F.D.R.," March *Atlantic*).

Shortly following the press release descriptive of the winning design in the competition for a memorial to the late President, I addressed a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt criticizing the design. Mrs. Roosevelt replied, thanking me for my comment and interest, and added, "I am sorry to say I have nothing to do with the memorial to my husband. It is a government undertaking and I had no say in the selection of the design for the monument."

One of my friends, for whose judgment I have the greatest respect, wrote that the winning design is "a piece of avant-garde impudence which will look grotesque to the next generation."

GILMORE D. CLARKE
New York City

The medical care pork barrel

SIR:

I should like to register strong disagreement with Dr. David D. Rutstein's article "The Medical Care Pork Barrel" (March *Atlantic*). This pessimistic dismissal of the Kerr-Mills approach to the health needs of the aged is unwarranted and premature.

Dr. Rutstein's article is primarily a projection of what might happen under Kerr-Mills legislation. However, I note that Dr. Rutstein's foresight does not include an assessment

of future medical care costs and procedures under the Social Security tax approach he obviously favors.

In his analysis of the aged's medical needs, Dr. Rutstein ignores the fact that almost 50 per cent of those over 65 now have voluntary health insurance and that some 90 per cent are expected to have coverage by 1970. He also fails to mention that more than 19 million Americans participate in pension plans, an important income supplement in later years. Surely these factors must be considered when planning a permanent, nationwide program.

Kerr-Mills legislation was drafted to provide a mechanism for financing health care geared to the individual's needs. In contrast to the rigid, free-for-everyone Social Security approach, it offers flexibility to meet the economic and social changes expected in the coming decades.

In defending the Social Security method, Dr. Rutstein makes two untrue assumptions. He describes Social Security as "based on the insurance principle" and blithely predicts that the program will be self-supporting. Social Security has been defined by federal agencies and the Supreme Court as a compulsory tax; it is not a form of insurance. In line with this definition, there are no minimum reserve requirements for the Social Security Trust Fund, which would finance the aged's health care. At present, Social Security has assets of \$20 billion, opposed to future obligations exceeding \$350 billion. The addition of medical care benefits for the aged (including millions willing and able to provide for themselves) could, in a few years, throw the entire system

into a financial tailspin. It would certainly mean a raise in the Social Security tax far beyond the 9 per cent scheduled for 1969.

Dr. Rutstein's blanket assertions about the "degrading" means tests, legal loopholes, and political machinations are sensational but groundless. The drafters of the bill deliberately established liberal provisions for administering means tests. The bill states, in part: "A state may, if it wishes, disregard in whole or part, the existence of any income or resources, of an individual eligible for medical assistance."

The doctor also forgets that many service programs — including Social Security, union strike benefit programs, public housing, non-service-connected-disability veterans' benefits — recognize the need for fiscal responsibility and have built-in means tests.

Dr. Rutstein argues that one cannot estimate the benefits covered under the Kerr-Mills approach. This is irrelevant, since the purpose of the law is to pinpoint when individuals really need help. At this moment the law becomes operable, furnishing full medical care for those in need.

The proposed Social Security bill (King-Anderson bill) sets very definite limits on health care benefits, restricting them to limited hospital, nursing home, and home nursing care. The recipient must still pay all expenses beyond his benefit period, plus his doctor's fees, drug costs, and the deductibles specified in the bill. It allows for no appraisal of the individual's real needs; everyone is eligible for a handout.

The American Medical Association is aware that many Americans

prefer the Social Security over the Kerr-Mills approach to the health needs of the aged. It also sincerely believes that if these people realized the disastrous effects this addition to Social Security would have on the system itself, our economy, and the high-quality medical care we enjoy today, they would hold a different opinion.

E. VINCENT ASKEY, M.D.
*President, American Medical Association
Los Angeles, Calif.*

DOCTOR RUTSTEIN REPLIES:

The projected estimate of an increase in voluntary health insurance coverage for the aged from the present 48 per cent to "some 90 per cent" is simply impossible. The elderly cannot afford to buy even the pathetically superficial coverage of most of the policies available to them; 55 per cent of persons 65 years of age and over had a total cash income in 1959 of less than \$1000 per annum, and the Federal Reserve Board's Consumer Finance Survey early in 1959 demonstrated that 56 per cent of aged heads of households with incomes less than \$3000 per year had liquid assets of less than \$500. Moreover, a very small proportion of the rural population and of minority groups is now covered by voluntary insurance, and there has been no recent progress in extending coverage to them. But even if the elderly person has the usual voluntary health insurance coverage, he soon discovers that if he develops a serious illness, his policy covers only a fraction of his large medical bill.

That portion of the Social Security Act which Dr. Askey quotes is based on the insurance principle. It always has been self-supporting; tax funds have never been added. As recently as 1959, the Advisory Council on Social Security Financing, appointed under the provisions of the law and including within its membership leading industrialists and insurance executives, stated, "The method of financing of the Old Age, Survivors and Disability Insurance Program is sound, and, based on the best estimates available, the contributory schedule now in the Law makes adequate provision of meeting both short range and long range costs . . . the Council finds that the present method of financing the Old Age, Survivors and Disability Insurance Program is sound, practical, and ap-

propriate for this program." Dr. Askey's statement, "Social Security has assets of \$20 billion, opposed to future obligations exceeding \$350 billion," is misleading, because he must know that for any insurance company, current assets are always less than the total value of insurance in force. Comparable figures for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for 1960 are: insurance in force, \$94.2 billion; current assets, \$17.9 billion.

As far as the legal interpretation is concerned, when the Supreme Court held in 1937 that the old age benefits system was constitutional (*Helvering v. Davis*, 301 U.S. 619, 641), Justice Cardozo for the Court stated, "The hope behind this statute is to save men and women from the rigors of the poorhouse as well as from the haunting fear that such a lot awaits them when journey's end is near." This view was reiterated as recently as 1960 in *Flemming v. Nestor*, 363 U.S. 603, 609. The Court stated that "The Social Security system may be accurately described as a form of social insurance."

I am pleased that Dr. Askey supported the main thesis of "The Medical Care Pork Barrel" in his statement, "The drafters of the bill [Kerr-Mills] deliberately established liberal provisions for administering means tests."

I agree with Dr. Askey that the Kennedy Administration bill (King-Anderson) provides insufficient coverage. Let Dr. Askey remedy this by persuading the American Medical Association to support a Social Security bill with complete coverage.

Finally, Dr. Askey's letter avoided the major point at issue: should Americans be permitted during their working lives to insure themselves against the large medical care costs of old age, or must they first be bankrupted by illness to have their medical care paid for out of general taxation in a welfare program?

SIR:

As a new subscriber to the *Atlantic*, following Dr. David Rutstein's article, I am seriously reviewing the wisdom of my decision in subscribing.

Dr. Rutstein evidently represents that segment of our profession which has lost sight of the purposes of organization of these United States and is content to work on salary or too timid to practice independent

medicine. This nation was founded on man's choice for individuality, but today we have been so infiltrated and propagandized by those who insist we must all become part of the herd that even that last bastion of individualism, the medical profession, is under attack.

T. A. DIPPY, M.D.
Winter Park, Fla.

SIR:

With Dr. Rutstein's article, the *Atlantic* again renders service to its readers through an article well composed, stripped of abstruse dicta, and forceful and convincing in its simplicity.

HERMAN J. COANE
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR:

If there is a financial problem among our elderly, a logical approach would be to establish a sound and adequate universal pension program, adequate to provide our elderly citizens with a decent total income in their retired years. Let us preserve for them their right as free citizens to purchase their medical care as well as their groceries when and where they choose.

HERBERT H. KERSTEN, M.D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa

SIR:

As we are nearing retirement, my husband and I have given this subject lots of thought, and we agree with Dr. Rutstein. We now have a very good private plan, but it will be canceled on retirement, and it is practically impossible to get an adequate private plan for older people.

MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER
Mount Vernon, Wash.

SIR:

Might there not be less "blind opposition" from the A.M.A. on this issue if a course in the social and economic aspects of medicine were the rule in medical schools? This could include the politics of organized medicine. In all fields of endeavor, progress in technology has outstripped that in social relations. Medicine is no exception.

L. A. ELDRIDGE, JR., M.D.
Rensselaerville, N. Y.

SIR:

As a student nurse working with these apprehensive elderly patients,

I can certainly agree that Congress needs to act promptly in order to aid those who are already in financial destitution.

RAMONA L. WESRUP
St. Cloud, Minn.

SIR:

The myopic leadership of the A.M.A. hierarchy, including most state and local societies, has seldom been right on any political issue. Actually, its thinking has hastened rather than hindered the socialization of medical practice. I am weary of its false and misleading propaganda. Therefore, Dr. Rutstein's article is refreshing.

LEON SOLIS-COHEN, M.D.
Philadelphia, Penn.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

I was sorry to read in Edward Weeks's "Peripatetic Reviewer" (April *Atlantic*) that the Ipswich marshes are threatened with damage and disfigurement by power lines.

We just happened to drive through that region a few days ago and were thrilled by the survival of the historical towns and natural seacoast. It's a glorious "coming home" feeling! New England is home territory for all the rest of the country, and we all hate to lose any of it.

MRS. ARTHUR H. JORDAN
Bala-Cynwyd, Penn.

SIR:

In reply to David Riesman's article "Where Is the College Generation Headed?" (April *Atlantic*), we are disenchanted with the "causes" themselves, not necessarily with our abilities to promote them. The fall of the Absolute has taken the driving force from most of these causes. So we retire to positions adequate to pursuing what we feel is the last of the purposes, human love, which we refuse to scrutinize as we did the others.

WILLIAM P. GLOUCE
San Fernando Valley State College
Northridge, Calif.

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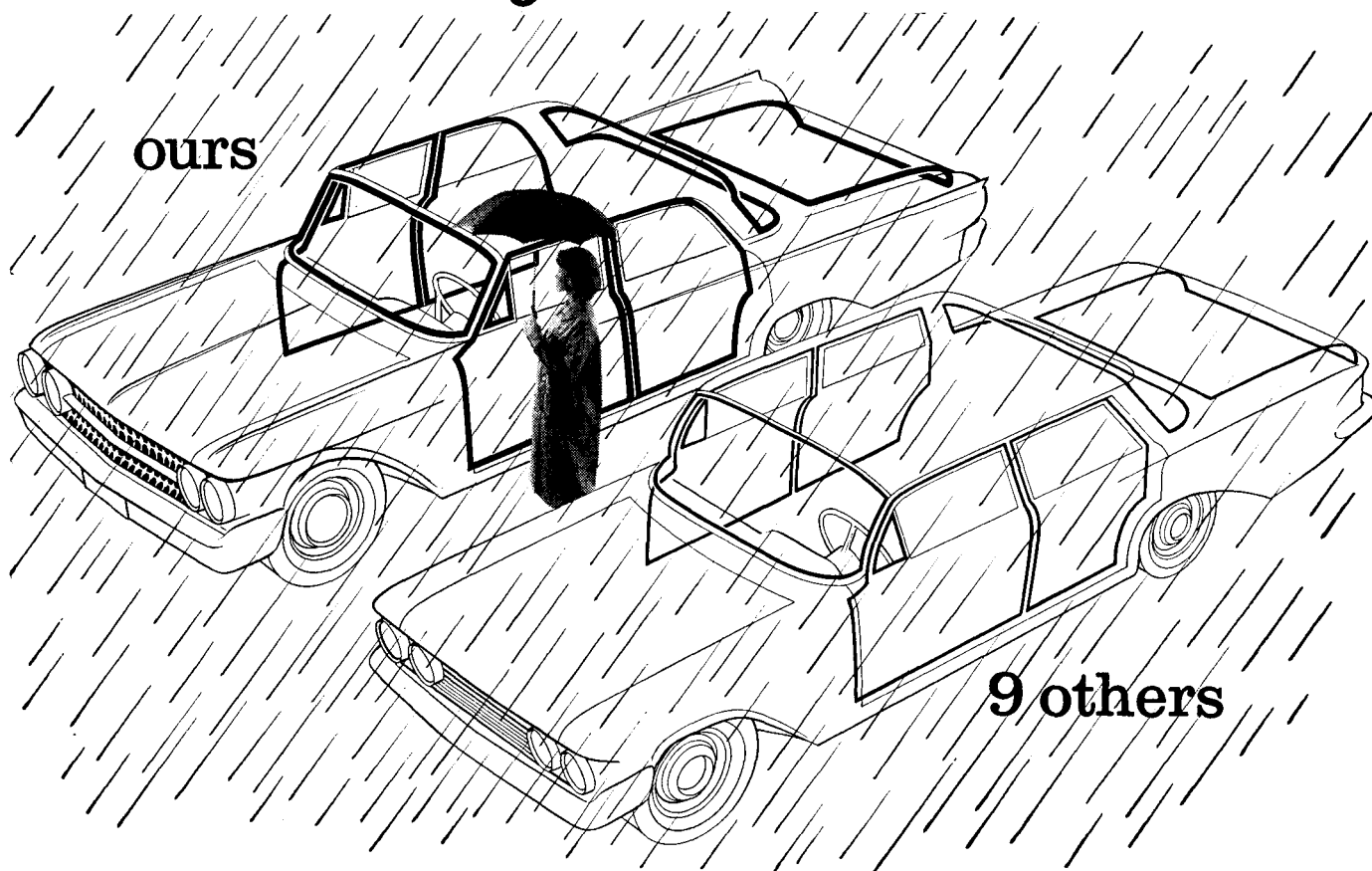
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PICKING THE NEW JUDGES

BY ERWIN N. GRISWOLD

A lawyer who was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1929, ERWIN N. GRISWOLD is a teacher and a judge of men whose opinion is widely respected in this country and in England. He has been Dean of the Harvard Law School and Langdell Professor of Law since 1950.

DURING his first year in office, President Kennedy will have the opportunity to appoint more than one hundred new federal judges. This is a greater number than any other President has ever appointed in a full four-year term of office. As far as the domestic scene is concerned, this may well be the most important thing our new President does. These judges hold office for life, and the influence of the appointments now made will be felt for twenty or thirty years to come. In our governmental system, the federal judiciary plays a peculiarly important part both in the ordinary administration of justice and in resolving the questions which arise between governments, state and federal, and their citizens, and between the state and federal governments themselves. The federal judge is a leading figure in the community; he sets a tone which can be widely influential in the administration of justice.

A bill to increase the number of federal judges has been pending for the past four or five years. But a Democrat-controlled Congress would not pass it while a Republican President was in office. The block has now been removed. In many cases, the positions have been needed for a long time, and the work of the federal courts can be speeded and improved when the positions have been filled.

It is not enough to provide new judgeships. How they are filled is of crucial importance. Here is at once a great opportunity and a great risk.

Federal judges are nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. These are essentially political acts, and that is as it should be. Self-government is one of man's highest responsibilities, and the political process is fundamental in implementing self-government. It has been urged that the selection of judges be taken out of politics. But that is impossible. On Capitol Hill one hears that the judges, particularly the District Court judges, are in fact named by the senator or senators from the state in which they are to sit, and there is necessarily a large element of truth in that statement. For the President cannot act alone, and he knows that his nominee must be acceptable to the Senate. But by the same token the senators cannot act alone, because a nomination must be made by the President before the Senate can act. In this situation, there must be much give-and-take. Despite the requirement of senatorial approval, the basic responsibility is the President's, and he and his advisers can go very far to see that high standards in regard to judicial appointments are maintained. In the nature of things, he can have more influence on the maintenance of high standards than the senators can.

In England, judges are, in effect, selected by the Lord Chancellor, and legend has it that politics plays no part in the process there. Whether this is strictly true or not, it is clear that great effort is made to raise to the bench lawyers who have

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demonstrated outstanding qualifications at the bar. The emphasis is on personal character and on high professional performance. Political service, activity, or acquaintance is not an appreciable factor.

We do not have the English system, but it does provide an exceptionally high standard with which to compare our own. It is too much to ask, I suppose, that our judicial appointments should be nonpartisan, but I have never understood why political loyalty should be inconsistent with maintaining the highest standards in making judicial appointments. There are plenty of lawyers of high caliber in both parties. Even though most appointments now made will be of Democrats, is that any reason why the Democrats appointed should not be the best qualified?

"Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth." Those words were spoken by Daniel Webster at the funeral of Joseph Story, who was a justice of the Supreme Court for more than thirty years and one of our finest federal judges. Men of integrity with firm, fair minds can make an immeasurable contribution to the public welfare as judges in the federal courts; weak men with petty minds can do incalculable harm. The judge, of course, must be "learned in the law." This need not be approached in any pedantic sense, but he should be more than a merely routine lawyer. The judicial task is a demanding one, and the judge must have the intellectual capacity, as well as the patience, to preside through a long trial and keep many details in order. He should especially be experienced in dealing with people — experience which he may have obtained as a trial lawyer or in the many other ways which bring an active lawyer into contact with people and their problems. Along with experience, he must have wisdom, that indefinable capacity to see things in terms of their substance, to meld together all of the elements of a situation, legal and factual, and get to the heart of the problem. Above all, he must have character. This includes not merely ordinary honesty and vigor, but also courage — courage to see the right and courage to act accordingly, without fear or favor.

The judge's task is often a lonely one, and no one should be placed in a federal judicial office who is not able to stand alone if need be. A potential judge needs to remember that President Truman (not an unerring picker) once remarked: "If you can't stand heat, stay out of the kitchen."

In recent years there has been, perhaps, an increase in the tendency of some lawyers to seek appointment to the federal bench; to push themselves, to organize support, and to bring political influence and pressure to bear on their own behalf. This is most unfortunate. These are not

offices which should be sought; and, generally speaking, the man who actively seeks a federal judgeship is not the man most qualified to fill it. If the President and the Attorney General merely sit back and resolve the pressures which are brought upon them, they will not do the best job. They should actively seek out the most qualified persons for these posts, use their utmost powers of persuasion in gaining their acceptance, and rarely take no for an answer.

THE best place to obtain good information about lawyers and their qualities is from other lawyers. In recent years the Committee on the Judiciary of the American Bar Association has worked closely with the Department of Justice in screening persons who are being considered for judicial appointment, and this has worked well, though usually in a negative sort of way. It has helped to protect us against what might have been the worst appointments; it has not, however, very often led to the making of good appointments. Attorney General Robert Kennedy has given assurance that he will continue to seek the advice of this committee in making recommendations to the President. In this way, professional opinion can be brought to bear in the selection process. Of course, the Attorney General is in no way bound by what he hears, but this can be a most useful and valuable source of information.

The Attorney General plays an important part throughout this process, but the task is a large and complicated one, and he needs the aid of the Deputy Attorney General. We are very fortunate in having a first-class man in this post, Byron White, himself an able, respected, and experienced lawyer from Colorado. In some cases there will be great pressure from a senator for the nomination of a person who, whatever his other qualifications may be, is unfitted for this important office. When this happens, the President and the Department of Justice must not yield. But they must also find a way to work out of the impasse. This means that they must come up with another person of outstanding qualifications who will be acceptable to the senator. Great care must be taken to avoid hurt feelings or loss of face. This is really one of the highest and most useful skills of the politician. No Attorney General can be a good Attorney General unless he has it.

Most of these tussles go on behind the scenes, but a few of them have come out into the open. A memorable occasion was the interchange between Attorney General Mitchell and Senator Schall of Minnesota in the early 1930s. In bringing this to a satisfactory conclusion, by the appointment

of Judge Gunnar Nordbye, Attorney General Mitchell not only held out for high standards by refusing to accept an inferior candidate whom the senator wanted for political reasons, but also had the skill and wisdom to come up with another candidate of high qualifications whom the senator was eventually persuaded to accept. More recently, the appointments of Judge Edward Gignoux in Maine and of Judge Henry J. Friendly to the Court of Appeals in New York were brought about by similar exercises of tact and skill in the Department of Justice.

There have been great appointments to the bench of the United States District Courts in the past, and what we need now are more appointments of this caliber. As examples, mention may be made of Thomas D. Thatcher, who was appointed by President Coolidge and later served as Solicitor General of the United States and then as a judge of the New York State Court of Appeals; Robert P. Patterson, who was appointed to the District Court by President Herbert Hoover and who was later on the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and then Undersecretary of War and Secretary of War; Morris A. Soper, who, after serving as Chief Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, was appointed to the District Court in Maryland and then advanced to the Circuit Court of Appeals; Charles F. Amidon, who served with distinction on the District Court for North Dakota for many years; and, at an earlier time, Judges Oliver Perry Shiras of Iowa and Rufus Foster of Louisiana.

Men like these can be found for the new openings, as they were found in the past. But it will not just happen; and it will not happen at all unless a conscious and determined effort is made to seek them out and persuade them to serve. Only by such an effort can we be spared the burden of the drones, and worse, who have been appointed in the past, some of whom almost any lawyer can

name. Judge Martin T. Manton, convicted of corruption in office while serving as a judge of the United States Court of Appeals, can serve as the prime example of these. It is not so much corruption that we should fear, since that, fortunately, is relatively rare. Plain lack of qualification — intellectual, professional, and temperamental — is more common. To ensure quality, the appointing authorities must set the very highest standards and then see to it that they accept nothing less, regardless of the pressures, whether they be political, personal, or expedient.

In his early appointments to office in the executive branch of the government, President Kennedy has shown that he recognizes competence and character, and he seems to understand that his Administration will be made or broken by the people whom he appoints to office. The President cannot control the judges after they are appointed, for they must be independent of him if they are to be good judges. The President cannot remove them from office, as he can in the case of most executive officers. Thus, his responsibility for judges is absolutely crucial at the time of their appointments.

Mistakes will be with us for a long time, while good appointments will add enduring luster to a President's reputation. Every lawyer remembers that Judge Learned Hand was first appointed a United States District Court judge in 1909 by President William Howard Taft.

An able, upright, and independent judiciary lies at the heart of good government under our system. The one and only point where these qualities can be assured is at the time of appointment. These offices are not political plums. They are posts of great power, requiring tremendous intellectual capacity, wisdom, ability, and professional experience. The nation is entitled to have the places filled by the best available men, and President Kennedy should not settle for less.

THE CAPTIVITY OF MARRIAGE

BY NORA JOHNSON

A novelist, happily married and the mother of two daughters, NORA JOHNSON is herself the daughter of Nunnally Johnson and the author of THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT and A STEP BEYOND INNOCENCE, just published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint. She and her husband make their home in Manhattan.

WIVES are lonelier now than they ever used to be. In older, gentler times, when age still had its privileges, the old folks never harbored any guilt feelings about being a drag on the young. They either moved in, reasoning that it was high time they were supported for a change, or else they lived nearby. People moved less, and families stuck closer together. Grandma, never having become emancipated, was always around for advice and help. (Today grandma is likely to be off fund raising or taking courses at Columbia.) I know a Polish area in Chicago where everyone in the family lives within a few blocks of the others, and there are usually two generations in each house. They may have other problems, but loneliness isn't one of them.

The young college-educated mother with a medium amount of money is the one who reflects all the problems at once. In spite of her hopes for fulfillment through her children and contentment with woman's great career, she vaguely feels that she is frittering away her days and that a half-defined but important part of her ability is lying about unused; she is guilty about her feeling of futility because of her belief in the magic medicine

of love. This is the housewife's syndrome, the vicious circle, the feeling of emptiness in the gap between what she thought marriage was going to be like and what it is really like.

Let's take a look at a fairly typical young mother. She married her husband because she loved him, and she still does. She has two children and is pregnant with a third. Whether in city or country, she is more or less surrounded by gadgets which free her from drudgery. If she is lucky, she has a cleaning woman once a week. She and her husband have enough money for a fairly comfortable life, but for time alone together are dependent on baby sitters and possibly a grandma who will help out in a pinch.

If the young mother is in the country, the children play in the yard, and she watches them from the window; if she is in the city, she takes them out once or twice a day, pushing a carriage and pulling a tricycle. Talking to her friends on these outings is her solution to loneliness. Her day is full of a thousand pressures, some miniature, some large. Two of the main worries are illness and money. If everyone in the family is healthy for two weeks at a stretch, she counts herself fortunate. Every cold goes the rounds of the family, and she sometimes feels that she supports the pediatrician singlehandedly.

During the healthy periods she strives to improve her home, cook a new dish, do something about her looks, give a dinner party and a children's birthday party, go to the theater with her husband, catch up on her reading, have coffee with a friend. Her life vacillates between being very organized and completely disorganized, because she has the struggle of all women: to keep the house clean and in repair without being a shrew about people's messing it up. Because children are natural makers of havoc, she constantly strives to maintain the delicate line of balance.

Usually, when the first child starts school, she is drawn into community or P.T.A. work of some kind. If she is normally conscientious, she feels she should do something, but if she is normally realistic, she knows she doesn't have time. So she does it anyway. Joining things as a virtue is a hangover from college, where well-roundedness and abundant interests were considered rungs on the ladder to heaven.

The demands of her family and community cause her to feel, as one woman put it, like a pie with not enough pieces to go around. Depending on whether or not she is gregarious, she longs for time to talk to her friends or time to be alone; I should say, the busier she is, the greater her urge to be by herself, to feel unique and separate again. Great numbers of friends are a luxury she can no longer afford; old friends often diminish in importance, which she is sorry about. But there is a limit to her capacity for giving affection, and maintaining old friendships at their original intensity requires an effort she hardly has the energy for. Besides, she is often forced into unwanted and demanding friendships with the next-door neighbor, the boss's wife, or the ladies' club chairman, and she must learn to cover up her real feelings. (To her surprise, she often ends by liking these women.) Another group of demanding relationships is required with her in-laws, and if she gets along well with them, she is lucky. If her husband now lacks the mystery and fascination of the wedding night, he is now more loved and appreciated. The occasions when they have time alone together are among her precious jewels.

In spite of this full life, the old illusions of what life was supposed to hold, the restless remnants, the undefined dreams do not die as they were supposed to. Probably every educated wife has found herself staring at a mountain of dirty diapers and asking herself desperately, "Is this all there is?" And at the same time she is embarrassed by her dissatisfaction; she, of all people, with her intelligence and realistic view of life, should be able to rise above it. But the paradox is that it is she who is least able to. She lives for a better day. Things will be easier when this baby is born, or that one toilet-trained, or the children are all in school; and she will have time to be pretty and intelligent and young again. The mistake is in thinking that everything is going to solve itself by magic. What our girl must do, as she stares at the diapers, is to accept some of the truths about marriage and motherhood that her education and society conspired to keep from her, and go on from there. And if she would appreciate what she has, she must do it now, not next year or five years from now.

The first truth is that marriage does not automatically equal security and contentment. An unmarried friend of mine told me once that she did not see how any problem in marriage could be as bad as one outside of it, because if you had your man, anything else could be easily straightened out. We had a long argument about whether the heart sank more over a sick child or a departed boy friend, and neither of us won. She is one of a good many girls who think that three dates a week, secretarial jobs, and the responsibility of

keeping themselves clothed are a nerve-shattering, frantic business, and who look forward to marriage and motherhood as a long, relaxing rest cure. "Getting married and settling down" is a valid notion for men, as it has been throughout history, but not for potential mothers. The day the doctor confirms one's pregnancy is the day to start bracing oneself for the really hard work. (I cannot convince my unmarried friends of this, but, of course, that is as it should be, or many babies might never be born.)

The truth is that, with the birth of the first child, marvelous changes take place. From that moment on, mama is no longer the center of attention; the baby is. Mama and papa will give — and willingly — and the baby will take. They will assume responsibility, earn money, employ their energy, change their lives, if necessary — all for the baby. This is no light undertaking, but the business of life is starting now, and every day of mama's life proves it to be so. And here her struggle starts. She wants to give everything to the baby; she wants equally to hold on to herself, her intelligence and uniqueness, while the baby constantly tries her patience, her strength, her nerves, and roots out of her the deepest emotions she has ever known in her life. This is a whole new process, and not one that provides built-in security.

IT is a mistake to assume that marriage is a cure-all, a miraculous bit of psychiatry that is going to banish all the old problems overnight and, like phenobarbital, put disturbingly violent instincts to sleep. The benediction of church and state is not enough to still the quality of excitement that comes from strangeness and the idealization of a still-unknown experience. These things, after all, were part and parcel of sex before marriage, and half its value. Sex in marriage makes up in intimacy what it loses in mystery, but this does not mean that mystery is no longer attractive. The most embarrassing lust for the least likely person can exist in the best-adjusted P.T.A. member in town. Whether or not anything is done about it is another story, but probably most of the time nothing is. We take marriage very seriously; our Puritan heritage is still very much with us; and we fear the wages of sin. Besides, the communities of young married couples are built for decency and togetherness, and the woman who considers taking a lover simply has no place to go.

All of the notions about peace being intrinsic in the state of marriage have to do with the happiness-togetherness cult, the great American dream, the return to the hearth. The peak of all earthly satisfaction is said to be found in the family, pop-

ping corn together in matching pajamas, not in hard work and self-denial, or even in the self-knowledge that came with the Freudian age. In our unending search for panaceas, we believe that happiness and "success" — which, loosely translated, means money — are the things to strive for. People are constantly surprised that, even though they have acquired material things, discontent still gnaws.

An Englishman said to me recently, "You Americans live on a much higher plane of expectancy than we do. You constantly work toward some impossible goal of happiness and perfection, and you unfortunately don't have our ability just to give up. Really, it's much easier to accept the fact that some things can't be solved." He is right; we never accept it, and we kill ourselves trying. The feeling of futility of the housewife is based on a history of high expectancy, a faith in external things, and an inability to see that the rewards are found within oneself. It is a paradox that the achievement of a home and family is so often regarded by women as the consummate solution for human ills, when actually the responsibilities it entails are enough to reduce some people to nervous wrecks. Marriage, entered upon maturely, is the only life for most women. But it is a way of life, not a magic bag of goodies at the end of the road.

The fact is that marriage and motherhood bring forth deeper and more staggering emotions than any experience before marriage. There is nothing soothing or secure about the feeling, familiar to all mothers, of wanting to murder one's child and really feeling capable of it, and then the next moment dissolving into the deepest love and repentance. There is nothing soothing about the insane annoyance that one can feel at some irritating habit of a loved one, or at loathing the knowledge of what he or she is going to say; one feels trapped by a total inability to see — mystery gone forever. It can be painful to find oneself isolated, in marriage, with problems that have always been shared with mother or girl friends, and to realize that there are some things that even one's husband cannot be told. This is the hard lesson of discretion. And there is nothing soothing to participants or onlookers about the spine-chilling habit of some couples who goad each other to a fever pitch of irritation, with repeated fingernail rasps on each other's well-known sensitive spots — all in the name of playful affection. It is frightening to see how close emotions are to the surface and how little it takes to make destruction.

And it is equally frightening to know suddenly how complete love is and how much one gives to it, to see how little one can really stand when someone in the family is sick, and to know how quickly

one can be torn apart by nothing at all. A young mother said the other day, speaking of young mothers in general, "It always amazes me how vulnerable we are and how we, who are supposed to be so responsible, are such preys of our own feelings." In a family of love, one must become infinitely flexible to withstand the continuous jounce of emotion. This is the muscle that develops, not superefficiency or physical strength, and it is the weariness of this muscle that causes young mothers to want to run away and hide in a solitary place where nothing can jar the heart.

THE second truth is that a girl does not need a college education to take care of babies and keep house. I recall a lot of talk at college among engaged girls that bringing up children is a vastly complicated business which makes full use of a mother's brains and energy, and that no man on earth has a position as responsible and delicate as that of being totally in charge of the education of minds, souls, and bodies of two or three important human beings.

Well, for one thing, mother is not totally in charge, though she may like to think so. The influences of father, school, doctor, friends, neighborhood, city, or country are equally important. Besides, mother is not really in charge of herself enough to be in charge of her children. What the children learn is what mother *is*, not what she thinks she is. For another thing, the job is hardly complicated and delicate, at least at first. It is the simple, nerve-wracking, mindless, battering-ram process of trying to teach a savage to use a fork. It requires bloodless patience, a deadly will, enormous physical stamina, and a stable disposition, but no precision instruments. It takes strength and determination.

For the fact is that motherhood makes the heaviest demands in what might be called the areas of least experience. I would be surprised if there were a single college-educated mother who has not been struck by the total uselessness of her liberal education when it comes to housewifery. Instead of distilling pearls of knowledge from a large body of facts, she must now master a whole new set of domestic facts: how to roast a chicken, remove gum from the rug, take a child's temperature, keep the shine on the Sheraton table, iron a blouse, or even change a tire or build a bookcase. Some of these necessities are positively shocking. The care of dirty diapers and the job of keeping the oven clean call for a strong-minded unfastidiousness; even more does the whole process of having a baby, which is certainly nature at its rawest. Learning all of these things calls for a day-to-day resource-

fulness and is a new and rather frightening responsibility.

Choosing a house and everything that goes into it, and a school, and a competent doctor are decisions that the young mother makes without adequate knowledge, and she can ill afford mistakes. If her husband is sympathetic, he helps her with these decisions. If not, she gropes her way along and takes the blame when that lovely color for the living-room walls turns out to be bilious salmon pink in the sunlight. And this calls for a brand-new virtue, too; the ability to adapt oneself completely, in about thirty seconds flat, to an entirely new viewpoint. Around a house, no achievement is very permanent, and the day can turn inside out before one's eyes. The salmon-pink walls must suddenly be repainted, the baby sitter suddenly fails, the clean living room is no longer clean, the elevator in the apartment building breaks down, and mother and baby carriage are trapped for the day on the seventh floor.

THE third truth is that there are only twenty-four hours in a day. The pressure to join is apparently very heavy in the suburbs: in New York, and, I suppose, other large cities one can do as one pleases. Joining things is one solution to the vaguely frustrated, my-mind-is-rotting feeling. As at college, it is often considered a virtue in itself for a group of women to get together and form a committee, to do something useful, to pursue culture or play bridge. If the activities get out of hand, they can run mother and father into ulcers. Besides, joining things contradicts the real need, which is to be alone and feel unique again, to be less urgent and more cerebral.

It is important to have a solid grasp of time. The makers of household appliances say that they have given the modern housewife great amounts of free time, such as her mother and grandmother never had. This, of course, is nonsense. The truth is that mama is freed from the hard work that used to be done by grandma's maid. The free time comes in dribs and drabs, fifteen minutes here, half an hour there. The bogey of the young mother is in believing that she is simply abounding in leisure and so she really ought to cram in a few more activities and be a better wife than ever.

The young mother also seems to feel that she ought to have a few more children. This is a fairly recent development and quite a change from our parents' generation, when married couples had one or two children at the most. Women who had more were deprecatingly referred to as brood mares. Now that women have stopped

trying to prove how emancipated they are, some of them think that a lovely family of six is a step toward utopia. Other women, for some private neurotic reason, are only happy when pregnant or nursing a baby; the rest of the time they feel useless. And some women just stumble into pregnancy. Even in these advanced times, there are a great many women, B.A.'s included, who, though hardheaded enough about most things, occasionally forget the facts of life in the romance of the moment. (A small and admittedly inconclusive survey in my neighborhood revealed that half the children in the park were unplanned.) However, the explanation for large families apparently lies in some notion that the world is cold, lonely, and dangerous, and children will make it less so, or shield us from it. It is a strange notion for such a practical generation in a dangerous world; one would think it would be exactly the opposite.

Young wives, particularly those who feel that their minds are rotting and their backs are aching, should remind themselves that maturity is more than simply accepting one's present condition and somehow muddling through until things are better. The beginning of wisdom comes with looking at one's life from the viewpoint of eternity and realizing that the hard years are part and parcel of loving and having children, and that rather than just getting through them, the thing to do is appreciate them. The happiest women are the ones who can do that. No magic is going to happen when this child is out of diapers or that one in school. Things certainly get easier as children get older, but this does not solve the personal problem.

Young mothers need time more than anything else, time for whatever fancy suits them. Time to have lunch with a friend and talk over the problems of the world; time to see a play, browse in a library, or simply sit and stare out the window. A lot of women feel vaguely guilty about doing these things, as though one got points of virtue for simply staying around the house. But the restoring effect of simply going off by oneself is more important than they realize. It restores joy to our lives and reminds us that we are not only part of a family but part of a community or a city or a society. This wider view gives us a feeling of personal importance and causes us to greet our children with greater affection than usual when we come home, because we have been reminded that we are the ones who know the world and sort out its complexities for them, who clarify its diffusiveness for them, and who gradually lead them out into it.

Time is an expensive commodity, and it must be bought. This is perhaps the most forceful lesson

of marriage, and the housewife constantly chooses between buying a little more time and resisting. Should she walk eight blocks to the A&P and carry home the groceries, or phone Gristede's? Should she send the shirts and sheets to the laundry, or do them herself? Should she buy a cake or bake one? There is, it seems, no such thing as a cheap timesaver. This somewhat dreary discovery is hard to take, as are a good many of the facts of life. Her choices depend upon her budget.

It is precisely at this point that the young wife must decide about her life and what she wants of it, whether a job or some more education or more social life or theaters or just the leisure to "loaf and invite the soul," as Whitman said. Now the expensively bought time must be absolutely free and clear, which means hiring someone to take care of the children rather than someone to clean the house. A cleaning woman saves work, but she does not magic away the children. A baby sitter does magic them away, so mother can clear out. This is the precious time, the time spent alone or away in the rest of the world. The money can be saved by being persistent about never phoning Gristede's, but taking the children to the A&P, by doing the laundry at home, by making the old coat do for another year.

Doing housework with children around can be exasperating if one is particular, but part of the plan for buying time is to be less particular about cleanliness and tidiness and to let the children help. At the age of two they become frighteningly helpful, but they should not be discouraged; one should just be tactful until they are about four, at which time they are capable of doing such things as making their beds, drying dishes, polishing their shoes, and more or less picking up their toys. They may not do these things very well, but if they learn early that such things are expected of them, life will be pleasanter for everybody.

Hiring a baby sitter may seem like an obvious suggestion, but a great many women resist it; they would rather buy another machine, or they are defeated by the misery of the children at the moment of departure. One must be strong-minded about this sort of thing. I recently heard of some people who gave up a ski weekend because at the moment they were walking out the door with their suitcases, the children broke into such heart-rending sobs that the parents stayed home. They

might have been surprised — and slightly hurt — to realize that, if they had gone, the crying would have stopped within ten minutes. I do not see that the present crop of children — one out of ten of whom is emotionally disturbed — is benefiting much by the constant harassment of their mothers, and when mother never gets out of the house, she is very likely to take it out on the children.

If a mother loves her children, she will not feel guilty about leaving them occasionally, and disciplining them, and generally keeping them under control. If the children are under control, then mother's life will be too; and there will be none of the frittering away of days when nothing gets done because mother cannot pull herself together to go out, to make the beds, to eat lunch, or to do anything, and the children are allowed to stay up until ten o'clock.

The point is that time, even if one has three preschool children, is infinitely more important than a spotless house or new clothes or a dishwasher. And even if the time is expensively bought, it must be freely used. As Sinclair Lewis said, the real truth of a human being isn't found in his feelings about God, or life, or love; it is found in the way he fills twenty-four hours a day. It is a rigorous test. It is a test that is taken alone, for there is no help anywhere in the planning of a day. And the only way to do it is to know how little time there is and how fast it goes, and how fast the mental muscle, the desire to learn or create, can weaken beyond the point of repair. If one has a skill or an interest of any kind, the time to use it and cultivate it is right now, not in the magic future.

It is asking a lot to expect women to push themselves in this way and to make the hard years, from one point of view, even harder. Of course, the women who find complete satisfaction in their families and who can use their creative instincts around the house are beyond this entire discussion. But for the great number who cannot, the rewards are only found, as always, in hard work. If the dearly bought time can be made to pay off in solid cash, so much the better. But even if it cannot, the mental muscle is being kept in use, the ties with the world are strengthened, and this means that the time spent with the house and family is more appreciated. If one has been generous to oneself, one can be twice as generous to one's family.

SERVICE TO THE MUSE

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Poet, novelist, and historian, ROBERT GRAVES has lived with his family on the island of Majorca for some time past. In February of this year Mr. Graves was elected to the poetry chair at Oxford University by a record vote of the berobed dons who assembled in the Sheldonian Theatre. Mr. Graves's immediate predecessors were C. Day Lewis and W. H. Auden; he will hold the chair for the next five years; and the clarity and discipline of his own poetry are well evinced in the pages which follow.

THE meaning of poetry varies from age to age and from nation to nation. When, last year, a primitive agricultural tribe in the Cameroons appointed my niece its court historian and introduced her to the tribal poet, she told him: "My uncle is a poet too." "Ah," he exclaimed, "your family connection with my trade delights me. What sort of dances does he compose?" Which reminded her that English (as opposed to Anglo-Saxon) poetry starts with ballads, and that "ballad" once meant a dance refrain. But among cattle tribes of the same region, a poet's main tasks are to celebrate heroic feats of the royal house and extol his chieftain's generosity; and the same custom (derived from Anglo-Saxon scalds) survives today in the Poet Laureate's birthday ode.

All verse compositions can be loosely called poems. Verse has a hypnotic quality which gives it a thousand uses: magic incantation, national anthems, advertising slogans, epitaphs, various sorts of *memoria technica*, proverbs, hymns, lampoons, popular lyrics, solemn drama. But poetry as I understand it — without offense intended to dance makers, scalds, or hymn writers — means one thing only: service to a Muse.

The original significance of this word has long been blurred by dishonest or facetious usage. The Muse, or Mountain Mother, whom the preclassical Greeks worshiped on Parnassus and other sacred peaks, seems to have inspired the poet in much the same sense as the *loa* gods of Haiti now "ride" their devotees. And, although by Homer's time her invocation had become a mere formality, subservience to the Muse has ever since been avowed by counterfeit poets in the service of politics, learning, or the church. True possession has occurred

sporadically down the centuries as a phenomenon that can neither be provoked nor foreseen.

That a long dethroned Goddess still exerts such power is, of course, denied by the Christian Establishment. It is also scoffed at by most scientists: they find no room in their factitious universe even for Jehovah, whose priests had roughly driven the Queen of Heaven from her seat on Mount Zion in the sixth century B.C. Nevertheless, anthropologists allow primitive gods *de facto* recognition as the alleged sponsors of abnormal psychic phenomena; and even sociologists feel anxious about a culture which, having agreed that the age of prophecy ended with John the Baptist's death, must thereafter make do with civics and ethics. Moreover, the reverence now officially paid to poets — private citizens, unendowed by the state, and not even qualified by any prescribed academic diploma or degree — implies a tacit acknowledgment of the Muse's power. Why else did President Kennedy ask Robert Frost, a true poet and a notorious non-Christian, to read a poem at his Washington inauguration?

I am not here proposing a revival of Muse worship, with temples, high priestesses, and liturgies; for poetry cannot be ecclesiasticized. I am discussing the nature of poetic impulse. To employ West African terms, a goddess or god is an abstraction unless she or he has a *sunsum* as well as a *kra* — *kra* meaning natural divine power, *sunsum* meaning an agreed personality. In Haitian voodoo, brought over from West Africa, a *sunsum* becomes so formalized that the devotee "ridden" by, say, the love goddess Erzulie or the death god Baron Samedi uses certain traditional gestures, tones, and mannerisms recognized as the deity's

own. We have insufficient evidence to decide whether the Hebrew prophets, when they spoke as mouthpieces of Jehovah, adopted his *sunsum* or merely his *kra*; but it is clear from the Bible that genuine divine possession could be distinguished from false. So it still can be in cases of poetic trance where the poet is ridden by the Muse. Such trances are apt to excite strange and memorable images, highly personal rhythms in variation on accepted meters, and a language of peculiar syntax that transcends in emotional force the most considered rhetoric.

The Muse's *sunsum* may vary with the language she speaks, but her *kra* remains constant. She first possesses some woman of what I call "royal nature" — "royalty" and "reality" are the same word — and it is the woman as goddess who entrances a poet, prompting him to celebrate her immortal attributes. Sometimes she speaks from her own mouth in the Goddess's name, but such women poets are rare. And attempts to worship a god of poetry have always failed. Apollo is a god of the intellect, not of intuitive truth; of meter, not of rhythm; of novelty, not of timelessness.

I can set no value, high or low, on the poem sequence here printed. Results are often nugatory even when the trance has been real; and for me, as for others of my profession, the only true poem is always the one still left unwritten. Yet at least these are not occasional pieces of the sort evoked by minor disturbances: they arose from a profound obsession which interrupted all routine work and made me neglect to answer letters or keep my diary posted. Few of them went into fewer than seven drafts, but the passionate trance persisted while, by continuous amendment, they drew nearer and nearer to the image of truth that I held in my mind's eye. So perhaps the Goddess's *sunsum* may be found in these archaic images, in the uncontemporary scene, and in the tightness of verse.

At moments of extreme poetic tension, a great sea of delicate, resonant, abstract words borrowed from Norman-French or ecclesiastical Latin draws away from the English poet, in waves, as it were, disclosing:

Deep in their troughs a ribbed sea-floor
To break his bones upon . . .

namely, the hard, dark base of Anglo-Saxon speech. This has happened once or twice here.

Apple Island means Elysium or Avalon, where the poet sails after death to live forever with his Muse, carrying the halved apple, her gift, whose center is the five-pointed star. The Muse figures in this sequence as the Sea Goddess who gazes into

the lunar mirror, as the rain-bringing Moon Goddess, as the Goddess of the midsummer-scented myrtle tree, as the Love Goddess Aphrodite of the white sea spray who visits Anchises in his shepherd's hut, as the Goddess Athene who created the peaceful olive. Again, she is the Libyan Queen Mother whose silver scepter, shaped like a knot of wisdom, means "My decisions cannot be undone," and who thereby (this being also the true lover's knot) confirms the poet in the irrevocability of their bond. The double ax, her symbol of power among the ancient Cretans, represents a waxing and a waning moon: love and death. The M sign on the poet's palm, cross-hatched by lesser lines of affliction, spells Myrto, Myrrhine, Maia, Mariamne, Melpomene, and many others of the Muse's Greek titles. She does not always appear as a beautiful woman, but sometimes as a smiling, teasing little girl, or as a ghastly Gorgon, or as the cruel falcon Circe, or as the primeval water snake, or as the coal-black Hag of the Mill ("Menja" to the Norsemen) who in Ireland plagued her poet Suibne. And nothing that she does can be foreseen, though the solar year — its broad fellow spoked with the months — wheels serenely on from spring to fall, and from fall to spring once more.

Do not believe that the ancient tradition and language of poetry are obsolete, that the technological age has buried them deep, that the only poets who now have historical importance are such as amuse the intellect with hints and spasms of sense, despise meter, rhythm, syntax, reject their cultural birthright, and allow themselves neither nostalgia for the past nor hope for the future. This view comes, I believe, no nearer the truth than that poems can be academically manufactured after a judicious study of approved poetic instances.

I may be biased by my choice of environment, a backwater in Western civilization from which I emerge only seldom to review our astonishing epoch; yet am more convinced at each sortie that the present "neo-Alexandrianism" of poetry — a critical term, by the way, which dishonors such Alexandrians as Callimachus, Theocritus, and Apollonius Rhodius, who had the root of poetry in them, so let us call it "neo-Byzantinism," a closer parallel — has reached a dead end. Against this, on both sides of the Atlantic, is directed a growing awareness of the resurgent Queen of Heaven: an awareness sprung from a disgust of the unnatural, unimaginative, unblessed lives which the application of technology to domestic circumstances now forces people to lead, and which neither synthetically manufactured nor purposely disoriented verse can sweeten or recommend.

SYMPTOMS OF LOVE

BY

ROBERT GRAVES

SYMPTOMS OF LOVE

Love is a universal migraine,
A bright stain on the vision
Blotting out reason.

Symptoms of true love
Are leanness, jealousy,
Laggard dawns;

Are omens and nightmares -
Listening for a knock,
Waiting for a sign:

For a touch of her fingers
In a darkened room,
For a searching look.

Take courage, lover!
Could you endure such pain
At any hand but hers?

THE SHARP RIDGE

Since now I dare not ask
Any gift from you, or gentle task,
Or lover's promise — nor yet refuse
Whatever I can give and you dare choose —
Have pity on us both: choose well
On this sharp ridge dividing death from hell.

UNDER THE OLIVES

We never would have loved had love not struck
Swifter than reason, and despite reason:
Under the olives, our hands interlocked,
We both fell silent:
Each listened for the other's answering
Sigh of unreasonableness —
Innocent, gentle, bold, enduring, proud.

THE VISITATION

Drowsing in my chair of disbelief
I watch the door as it slowly opens —
A trick of the night wind?

Your slender body seems a shaft of moonlight
Against the door as it gently closes.
Do you cast no shadow?

Your whisper is too soft for credence,
Your tread like blossom drifting from a bough,
Your touch even softer.

You wear that sorrowful and tender mask
Which on high mountaintops in heather-flow
Entrances lonely shepherds;

And though a single word dispels all doubts
I quake for wonder at your choice of me:
Why, why and why?

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FRAGMENT

Are you shaken, are you stirred
By a whisper of love?
Spellbound to a word
Does Time cease to move,
Till her calm gray eye
Expands to a sky
And the clouds of her hair
Like storms go by?

APPLE ISLAND

Though cruel seas like mountains fill the bay,
Wrecking the quayside huts,
Salting our vineyards with tall showers of spray;

And though the moon shines dangerously clear,
Fixed in another cycle
Than the sun's progress round the felloed year;

And though I may not hope to dwell apart
With you on Apple Island
Unless my breast be docile to the dart —

Why should I fear your element, the sea,
Or the full moon, your mirror,
Or the halved apple from your holy tree?

THE FALCON WOMAN

It is hard to be a man
Whose word is his bond
In love with such a woman,

When he builds on a promise
She lightly let fall
In carelessness of spirit.

The more sternly he asks her
To stand by that promise
The farther she flies.

But is it less hard
To be born such a woman
With wings like a falcon
And in carelessness of spirit
To love such a man?

TROUGHS OF SEA

"Do you delude yourself?" a neighbor asks,
Dismayed by my abstraction.
But though love cannot question love
Nor need deny its need,

Pity the man who finds a rebel heart
Under his breastbone drumming
Which reason warns him he should drown
In midnight wastes of sea.

Now as he stalks between tormented pines
(The moon in her last quarter)
A lissome specter glides ahead
And utters not a word.

Waves, tasseled with dark weed, come rearing up
Like castle waves, disclosing
Deep in their troughs a ribbed sea-floor
To break his bones upon.

— Clasp both your hands under my naked foot
And press hard, as I taught you:
A trick to mitigate the pangs
Either of birth or love.

THE LAUGH

Your sudden laugh restored felicity —
Everything grew clear that before would not:
The impossible genies, the extravagants,
Swung in to establish themselves fairly
As at last manageable elements
In a most daylight-simple plot.
It was the identity of opposites
Had so confused my all too sober wits.

THE DEATH GRAPPLE

Lying below your sheets, I challenge
A water snake in a swoll'n cataract
Or a starved lioness among drifts of snow.

Yet dare it out, for after each death grapple,
Each gorgon stare borrowed from very hate,
A childish innocent smile touches your lips,
Your eyelids droop, fearless and careless,
And sleep remolds the lineaments of love.

THE STARRED COVERLET

A difficult achievement for true lovers
Is to lie mute, without embrace or kiss,
Without a rustle or a smothered sigh,
Basking each in the other's glory.

Let us not undervalue lips or arms
As reassurances of constancy,
Or speech as necessary communication
When troubled hearts go groping through the dusk;

Yet lovers who have learned this last refinement —
To lie apart, yet sleep and dream together
Motionless under their starred coverlet —
Crown love with wreaths of myrtle.

THE INTRUSION

Going confidently into the garden
Where she made much of you four hours ago
You find another person in her seat.

If your scalp crawls and your eyes prick at sight
Of her white motionless face and folded hands
Framed in such thunderclouds of sorrow,

Give her no word of comfort, man,
Dissemble your own anguish.
Withdraw in silence, gaze averted —
This is the dark edge of her double ax:
Divine mourning for what cannot be.

IN SINGLE SYLLABLES

Since I was with you last, at one with you,
Twelve hours have passed. Can I now swear it true
That love rose up in wrath to make us blind,
And stripped from us all powers of heart and mind,
So we were mad and had no pulse or thought
But love, love, love, in the one balefire caught?

You pass, you smile: yet is that smile I see
Of love, and of your all-night gift to me?
Now I too smile, for doubt, and own the doubt,
And wait in fear for night to root it out,
And doubt the more; but take heart to be true,
Each time of change, to a fresh hope of you,
That love may prove his worth once more and be
Fierce as the tides of spring in you and me,
And bear with us till dawn shall break, though soon
With dreams of doubt to vex us at high noon.

PATIENCE

Almost I could prefer
A flare of anger
To your dumb signal of displeasure.

Must it be my task
To assume the mask
Of not desiring what I may not ask?

On a wide bed,
Both arms outspread,
I watch the spites do battle in my head,

Yet know this sickness
For stubborn weakness
Unconsonant with your tenderness.

O to be patient
As you would have me patient:
Patient for a thousand nights, patient!

HAG-RIDDEN

I awoke in profuse sweat, arms aching,
Knees bruised and soles cut to the raw —
Preserved no memory of that night
But whipcracks and my own voice screaming.
Through what wild, flinty wastes of fury,
Hag of the Mill,
Did you ride your madman?

THE CURE

No lover ever found a cure for love
Except so cruel a thrust under the heart
(By her own hand delivered).
His wound was nine long years in healing
Purulent with dead hope,
And ached yet longer at the moon's changes . . .
More tolerable the infection than its cure.

TO THE MUSE GODDESS

Goddess of Midsummer, how late
You let me understand
My lines of head, life, fate
And heart: a broad M brand
Inerasable from either hand.

THE SECRET LAND

Every woman of true royalty owns
A secret land more real to her
Than this pale outer world:

At midnight when the house falls quiet
She lays aside needle or book
And visits there unseen.

Shutting her eyes, she improvises
A five-barred gate among tall birches,
Vaults over, takes possession.

Then runs, or flies, or mounts a horse
(A horse will canter up to greet her)
And travels where she will;

Can make grass grow, coax lilies up
From bud to blossom as she watches,
Lets fish eat from her palm;

Has founded villages, planted groves
And hollowed valleys for brooks running
Cool to a landlocked bay.

I never dared question my love
About the government of her queendom
Or its geography,

Nor followed her between those birches,
Setting one leg astride the gate,
Spying into the mist.

Yet she has pledged me, when I die,
A lodge beneath her private palace
In a level clearing of the wood
Where gentians grow with gillyflowers
And sometimes we may meet.

SELDOM, YET NOW

Seldom, yet now: the quality
Of this fierce love between us —
Seldom the encounter,
The presence always,
Free of oath or promise.

And if we were not so,
But birds of similar plumage caged
In the peace of everyday,
Could we still conjure wildfire up
From common earth, as now?

TURN OF THE MOON

Never forget who brings the rain
In swarthy goatskin bags from a far sea:
It is the Moon as she turns, repairing
Damages of long drought and sunstroke.

Never count upon rain, never foretell it,
For no power can bring rain
Except the Moon as she turns; and who can rule her?

She is prone to delay the necessary floods,
Lest such a gift might become obligation,
A month, or two, or three; then suddenly
No relenting but by way of whim
Will perhaps conjure from the cloudless west
A single raindrop to surprise with hope
Each haggard, upturned face.

Were the Moon a Sun, we could count upon her
To bring rain seasonably as she turned;
Yet no one thinks to thank the regular Sun
For shining fierce in summer, mild in winter —
Why should the Moon so drudge?

But if one night she brings us, as she turns,
Soft, steady, even, copious rain
That harms no leaf nor flower, but gently falls
Hour after hour, sinking to the taproots,
And the sodden earth exhales at dawn
A long sigh scented with pure gratitude,
Such rain — the first rain of our lives, it seems,
Neither foretold, cajoled, nor counted on —
Is woman giving as she loves.

ANCHISES TO APHRODITE

Your scepter awes me, Aphrodite,
The knot-of-wisdom in your grasp.
Though you have deigned my couch to warm
And my firm neck in love to clasp,

How am I more than a man-lion
To you a goddess, the world's queen?
Ten thousand champions of your choice
Are gone as if they had not been.

Yet while you grant me power to stem
The tide's unalterable flow,
Enroyaled I await your pleasure
And starve if you would have it so.

BY BRADFORD SMITH

A Vermonter who has on two separate occasions been Professor of English at the University of Tokyo and who served with the O.W.I. as chief of Central Pacific operations during World War II, BRADFORD SMITH has just returned from the Northeastern frontier of India, where he has gathered at first hand the appalling evidence of what Red China has done to Tibet.



THE swirling flakes had blotted out the high line of the sharp-peaked Himalayan range behind us. Through the gray wall of snow loomed the shapes of two men with long Tibetan robes of dark maroon and high-peaked hats with big flaps flying. As they came closer, we could see something humped at their backs. They set their burdens down in front of the Dalai Lama's sister and knelt at her feet. The burdens were orphans. Would she take them into her home for children? The home, which we had just visited, was incredibly overcrowded — a couple of summertime bungalows built years ago by the British, with facilities which might on an emergency basis have been adequate for fifty or sixty, now trying to cope with 250 youngsters. But, of course, Mrs. Tsering Dolma took them in. What else could she do?

We all went into the main room, about thirty feet square, where nearly two hundred children, tightly packed in even rows, squatted on the floor. (The older children had gone to the other bungalow.) Their round little faces were raised expectantly toward their teacher. When he gave the sign, they broke into song. The clear childish treble came with unexpected force, and the music — a Buddhist prayer — poured out of them with joy like that of bird song, but so loud and clear that it echoed inside our heads.

This was Dharmasala, on a lower rim of the Himalayas in India's North Punjab. These chil-

dren — crowded so that the small ones sleep four or five on a narrow string cot and the rest on thin straw mattresses on a stone floor, with barely enough clothing to keep warm and a diet very different from the high-protein foods of Tibet — these were the lucky ones. Those still in Tibet are being used as conscript labor by the Chinese, or have long since been snatched from their parents and taken into China on the promise of being educated, apparently in order to de-Tibetanize them, make use of their labor, and perhaps return them to Tibet years hence, after they have been fully converted by Communist training. The mass kidnaping began in 1952, after China's forceful take-over of Tibet in 1951. Some children were heard from for a while; others, not at all. Many Tibetans at last escaped into India without knowing what had become of their children.

What has happened to Tibet during the past ten years makes a story as sickening and as heart-breaking as the acts of Hitler at their maniacal worst. Hundreds of Tibetans, both men and women, were stripped and given physical examinations which concentrated on the sexual organs. They were then strapped down and subjected to brutal, as well as surgically inexcusable, operations, resulting in the loss of sexual potency. Lamas and landowners were tortured in the most ingenious and disgusting ways before being finally destroyed — sometimes buried alive or strung up,

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so as to ensure a lingering death. Frequently Tibetans were made to beat or kill the lamas. The alternative was to be killed themselves. Monasteries have been sacked, sometimes shelled; holy books and images, destroyed or carted away. Food supplies, including those in the granaries, which have traditionally kept the people alive through the long winters, have been carted off to feed Chinese soldiers or simply shipped into China. Farmers have been robbed of their beasts of burden, and in cases where the animals died from overwork, the owners were made to carry the loads.

Here is one bit of evidence taken from a Tibetan who escaped into India, and it is by no means the worst:

"The Chinese called the people together and killed two lamas before them. Both were shot at, but they did not die. Then boiling water was poured over one and he was strangled. The other was stoned and hit on the head with an ax. The Chinese said that they were exploiters of the people, and the time had come to see whether the lamas could save their own lives, let alone those of the people."

This sort of thing has been happening since 1951, when China forced the signing of a document cynically called an "Agreement on Measures for the Peaceful Liberation of Tibet." In the very act of promising autonomy and cultural freedom, the Chinese swallowed the country. Appeals to the United Nations went unanswered. Finally, in 1959, unable to make any effective resistance, the Dalai Lama fled into India, where he was given asylum on the promise that he would not indulge in politics.

At the time of the invasion there were about four million Tibetans. Only a few thousand have succeeded in escaping — about 20,000 into Nepal, 3500 into Bhutan, 30,000 to 40,000 into India and Sikkim. They are still coming over the high mountains. Toni Hagen, representative of the International Committee of the Red Cross, recently flew by helicopter up to the foot of Mount Everest, where he found 6000 newly arrived Tibetans in a village of 2200 Sherpas. All were in danger of starvation, unless food supplies could soon be flown in. By difficult passes and long treks Tibetans kept coming into India, Sikkim, and Bhutan as well, until the snows stopped them.

The news they bring is that China is carrying on its systematic exploitation. Chinese now outnumber Tibetans three to one in their own country. Many are soldiers, but farmers have been sent in too. A railroad has been pushed into Tibet from China — it will be completed from Lanchow to Lhasa in a few months — and military roads are rapidly spreading out in strategic directions. A lama who escaped into India reported in 1959

that the Chinese provoked the Tibetan people by saying that Ladakh, Bhutan, and Sikkim had the same language and culture as Tibet, and added that these regions were really part of Tibet. Sooner or later they were to be amalgamated with Tibet proper.

India awoke a year or so ago to the fact that China had indeed been reaching out in that direction and had already occupied thousands of square miles of mountainous territory in Ladakh, which had always been regarded as Indian. Border negotiations dragged on for months and have ended in a complete stalemate, with the Chinese still in possession.

Word has filtered across the mountains that the Chinese are moving toward Bhutan and Sikkim, which are in fact culturally and religiously tied to India. The Chinese are trying to make friends of Sikkimese and Bhutanese in Tibet, teaching the languages to their own military officers, conscripting soldiers and sending them to the border, where roads, airfields, and military bases are taking shape. Nearby monasteries are being converted into barracks. With all this activity, the Chinese are still shipping grain out of Tibet, where famine has already begun. Bhutan, with its small population and its ability to raise large amounts of grain, is an irresistible attraction to the Chinese.

India's fear of provoking China is apparent in the way it treats Tibetan refugees. While refusing aid from the United Nations High Commission for Refugees and assuming full responsibility, it has temporized and muddled along with makeshift programs which are no solution to what is obviously a long-term problem. For, unless some other government invites them, the Tibetans are in India to stay.

At present, some 700 are getting training in crafts and small industries, while around 1200 have been sent south to Mysore to hack farms out of the elephant- and leopard-infested jungle. Two schools in the Punjab mountains, run by Tibetans themselves, take care of about 500 out of the 4000 children. The remaining refugees are in tent camps in the hilly northern regions of Punjab and Assam, where they are working on the roads and drawing rations from the Indian government. Some of the children in these camps get a certain amount of schooling; others get none.

TYPICAL of these camps is one in a remote area near the Nepal border. In the distance rise the snow-capped high mountains, climbing to 26,000 feet, through whose passes the refugees had to find their way into India. We reached the camp after a two-day trip ending with a forty-mile jeep ride

over a road that had been cut out of the mountainsides. The camp itself, at an altitude of only 7000 feet, is built along a rather steep slope forming the summit of what is here a small hill.

We got out of the jeep, dusted ourselves off, and began to climb the slope. Ahead of us stood rows of low huts built of roughly split rails from nearby native oak. The rails, driven into the ground, had been topped with a roof of poles and straw. Wide chinks appeared between the gnarled palings, and I wondered how the residents had fared through the winter.

As we walked up the slope, word of our arrival went ahead of us, and people began to gather outside the huts, placing their hands together in the Indian gesture of greeting. All ages turned up, from babies at the mother's breast to old and weathered people whose skin had gone leathery and who had lost many of their teeth. Most of them wore the traditional long robe, though some of the men wore trousers beneath. All the women had heavy jewelry of silver or brass at their necks or girdles, and some had put on the attractive striped aprons which with embroidered boots complete a proper Tibetan costume. But much of the clothing was ragged or dirty. These people, 900 of them, had walked as much as 400 miles, mostly through difficult mountain passes, to get to India.

A young woman standing at the opening into her house looked at us with an intelligent smile. We asked through an interpreter whether we might step in. It was dark inside; the only light came from the chinks and from the open doorway. Around the sides, a layer of small, sharp stones had been placed on the dirt floor, and on this the bedding. In one corner, a few pots, and a fire in the middle of the floor, over which the housewife was cooking a rare delicacy — pork luncheon meat from Canada, one of the surplus foods which had found its way even to this remote place.

On a rough shelf a couple of images of Buddha in silver frames had the place of honor, with several small brass pots full of water and an equal number of oil lamps in front of the images. These could not hide the gloom and squalor, yet they were both brave and pathetic.

We stooped and went out and on up the ridge, the crowd growing thicker. In this arid, mountainous place there was no land for grazing or farming and nothing the people could do to earn a living. We passed an old man squatting under a little roof of boughs, swinging his prayer wheel and mumbling a continuous prayer. We stopped to watch a woman weaving with the simplest kind of frame and shuttle, just as her ancestors must have woven a thousand years ago.

The largest crowd was waiting for us in front of

the only two-story building in the camp, and from the upper window an old lama with a benevolent, calm face peered out to see what was happening. A spokesman came forward dressed in Tibetan robe and Panama hat, fished something out of an inner pocket, and laid it across my hands. It was a yard of wide surgical gauze. In Tibet the symbol of greeting used to be a scarf of thin silk, but he had done the best he could. He had once been a sort of business manager in a lamasery and had fled with 150 of his people.

"Why did you leave Tibet?" I asked.

"Because the Chinese were taking our children away. And because they came and told us to do this, do that, and mistreated our lamas."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"We want to go back to our own country when it is restored to us. Meanwhile, whatever His Holiness tells us to do, we will do."

But, what? I asked the district commissioner how many Tibetans he thought might find work and a place to live in his area. "None," he said. "We haven't land enough for our own people. Or jobs." Sympathetic, intelligent, and full of good ideas, he still could see nothing but short-term road jobs for Tibetans.

"How about sheep herding?" I asked.

"No grazing land to spare. Besides, Tibetan sheep won't live here. They die in the wet weather. We've tried several times to breed them."

"Couldn't they herd local sheep?"

"Inferior wool, no market."

The greeting from our Tibetan host over, we were now invited into the two-story building ahead of us. We climbed a set of outside stairs, stepping into a room lighted only by the little oil lamps in front of a row of framed images. Above them rested piles of big oblong packages tied up in cloth — sacred books, brought all the way from Tibet. The attending lama took one down and opened it; first a pair of boards tied with a long thong, then three separate cloths. Inside lay a pile of unstitched sheets of fine paper, handmade from bark and covered with beautiful brush strokes.

But the big surprise lay in the room beyond, where the old lama with the benign face awaited us. At one end of the room stood a sort of palanquin, brightly painted and ornamented and surrounded with lamps. Toward the top I noticed a small window. From behind me someone caught the daylight with a mirror and sent it to the pane. A face leaped into view — smooth, impassive, like a Japanese No mask.

"It is a holy man," our interpreter whispered.

"When he died many years ago, he said he would come to life again. His body is softening now. The time is coming." They had carried him, too, over all those dreary miles and lofty passes.

We climbed on up the slope to a scrap of flat land just big enough to contain a circle of squatting children, who were shouting the multiplication table in Hindi. Learning an Indian language would, of course, be a great help to the refugees, but most of the adults know only Tibetan. Nor, aside from a few basic skills, such as weaving or shoemaking, known to the few, had they anything to offer in a labor market already glutted.

Since this is so, they must be retrained, resettled, educated if they are not to remain an enclave of dependent refugees and beggars.

LIKE other people who are having their first exposure to a different sort of civilization, these Tibetan refugees are often excitingly educable. I spent an hour or two one sunny morning teaching English to a small class of teen-agers. We squatted in a circle on a bare piece of ground, our only equipment a few cheap picture books and a small, old-fashioned slate with a sliver of chalk. They learned quickly and eagerly. As for the small children, who for lack of anyone to guide them just mill around most of the day, they are a charming set of round-faced cherubs. They surround the visitor, hungry for attention, struggle good-naturedly for possession of his hands, and are delighted to be lifted, touched, regarded. When lunch comes, they squat in little circles about the yard. A long-robed Tibetan woman drops food into their tin cups. The smaller children go at it with fingers and spoons, smearing it impartially over their mouths, faces, and clothes.

One group of children has gone to Switzerland, where a house has been built for them in the Pestalozzi Village, which accommodates several other nationalities. The Tibetans go to school with the others, but can preserve their own language and customs as well. Another group is studying agriculture in Denmark. When I talked with His Holiness, the Dalai Lama, it was apparent that he would welcome other opportunities for children to study abroad. When I told him how teachable I had found the youngsters, he smiled and said: "A friend of mine from Europe says, 'They all have large round heads stuffed with brains.'"

About 2500 lamas are now in exile, many of them in Assam, where the *Rimpoches*, or teachers, are instructing about 1500 junior lamas.

I asked His Holiness whether there was something in Buddhism which accounted for the dignity, fortitude, and cheerfulness I had found in his people in the face of disaster.

"Yes," he said, "it is the idea of karma — that what comes to us is not only inevitable but also

the result of our own actions in this life or in others we have lived. Therefore, we have to accept it. Some Buddhists think it better to suffer than to be happy, because this is the path to betterment. But our Tibetan Hinayana Buddhism has tended to emphasize the compassionate Buddha."

Tibetans surely merit our compassion. How does it happen that their plight has raised so little interest in the world?

Some help has come from the United States. It has included food, clothing, medicines, and support for schools and training centers. But, as yet, there is no all-out program to educate the young and retrain the mature so that they can earn their livings, establish homes, care for the old or weak, or set up centers where something can be preserved of the culture China is systematically destroying. To do this for 40,000 is not an impossible job for a country the size of India, but political considerations have stalled a real program. Many Indians are as badly off as the Tibetans, or in worse straits. If too much is done, the inflow of Tibetans may increase.

In Nepal, the situation is different. The government, realizing that caring for 20,000 refugees calls for skills and experience it does not possess, has accepted aid from the International Committee of the Red Cross. A special plane able to fly at high altitudes and land on the few small fields has been brought from Switzerland to get desperately needed food to points where the refugees can reach it. There are no roads in Nepal beyond Katmandu Valley. Even a small plane can deliver in one hour for about \$170 what it would require twenty porters to bring after sixteen days of walking at a cost of \$390. But unless two more planes can be financed immediately, thousands will starve. Plans are also being made to resettle the refugees in upland areas where they can continue as herdsmen and do some cultivating, but resources are needed to carry out the plans.

It seems certain that refugees will continue to cross the borders in the years ahead. The difficult terrain, the uncertainty of what may await them after the long trek, and the surveillance of the Chinese may limit the numbers, but it is likely that thousands will come. Until now the fear of Chinese displeasure has prevented a proper program. But, as the Indian leader Jayaprakash Narayan said at the Afro-Asian Convention on Tibet: "The question of Tibet's freedom is as much an international question as that of Algeria or Kenya or the Congo." The United Nations High Commission for Refugees should be in the picture. India, for fear of offending China, has not wanted it. But by now it should have become clear that China will not need any excuse to do exactly what it likes in Tibet or on India's borders.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN FARMS

John Philip's Jest with Booze

BY WALKER LEWIS



A graduate of Princeton and of Harvard Law School, WALKER LEWIS began his career as a lawyer in Baltimore in 1928 and has identified himself closely with that city ever since. He here recalls for us some of the odd points of law that arose during the prohibition era and describes the efforts of one Baltimore congressman to ascertain conclusively "just when a beverage ceases to be nonintoxicating and becomes intoxicating."

IN THE 1920s, when this brief history opens, 3 West Franklin Street, Baltimore, was a three-story town house squeezed in between the Rochambeau Apartments on its east and a solid row of nondescript brick buildings on its west. The only breathing space was a little courtyard, dark and undistinguished. Undistinguished, that is, except for one thing, the lively imagination of Congressman John Philip Hill, whose wife had inherited the property from her mother.

John Boynton Philip Clayton Hill was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1879. His place of birth, it seems, was a whim of fate. Years later, when drumming up votes in the Third Congressional District, he marched into an East Baltimore home, stopped an astonished housewife in the midst of her sweeping, and declared with a grandiloquent gesture, "Madam, I might have been born in this house if my mother had not been away visiting at the time." It is said that he managed to find more Third District homes to be almost born in than there were beds for George Washington.

In 1900 he tied for top honors at Johns Hopkins and in 1903 graduated from Harvard Law School with such éclat that he was asked to teach government at Harvard, which he did. After a year he came to Baltimore, and in 1910 was appointed United States Attorney for Maryland, an office which he held until he left with the National Guard for service on the Mexican border.

Cartoon by Clive Weed.

After World War I, from which he emerged as a lieutenant colonel, politics absorbed him. In 1920 he was elected to Congress as a Republican from the normally Democratic Third Maryland District. In this period, the most inflammatory of all political issues was prohibition. The fact that Maryland was one of the few states that rejected a local enforcement law showed the temper of a majority of its citizens. On this issue John Philip Hill could hardly have been a more loyal son of his own state. He was a wholehearted, dyed-in-the-wool, 100 per cent antiprohibitionist.

Prohibition was the most philanthropic political phenomenon that we have ever experienced. Its sole motivation was the alleged benefit of others. No one wanted prohibition for himself; it was always for the good of someone else.

The backbone of prohibition was in the rural areas, but it was designed for the salvation of city people. Righteousness demanded that city dwellers be parched dry for their own good, even though farmers were to remain free to convert their apples and fruit juices into time-honored beverages.

Section 1 of the Volstead Act defined "intoxicating liquor" as any beverage containing more than one half of one per cent alcohol, but a neat little amendment was tacked onto the punishment section, stating that "The penalties provided in this Act against the manufacture of liquor without a permit shall not apply to a person for manu-

facturing nonintoxicating cider and fruit juices exclusively for use in his home."

The avowed purpose of this amendment was to spare farmers from a pitiable plight. Representative John A. Moon, of Tennessee, pointed out that "If a farmer should permit a keg of sweet cider to ferment and contain more than $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of alcohol and did not throw it away immediately on knowledge thereof, he would have to pay fines or have to go to jail and probably lose his farm."

Farm lovers all over Congress suddenly discovered that the making of cider from nonsalable apples was essential to the national economy. And in the general spirit of thinking of the other guy, a tearful plea was made for citizens of Italian and Greek birth, "whose custom it is to make a small quantity of wine for consumption in their homes."

Thus were cider and fruit juices exempted from penalty if made in the home for domestic consumption, provided only that they were nonintoxicating in fact, whatever that might mean. Unlike other potations, they were not arbitrarily limited to one half of one per cent. The exception had broad support from the agricultural areas. It has been authoritatively stated that the Volstead Act could not have been passed if it had outlawed the pious enthusiasm with which farmers salvaged their bruised apples and other fruit. On the other hand, righteous regard for the souls of city dwellers required that beer and other urban beverages be kept strictly below one half of one per cent.

FROM the very first, John Philip Hill's heart bled for the city dwellers. In addition, it bled for John Philip Hill, and no one was quicker than he to sense the campaign possibilities. In Congress he became a thorn in the flesh of the Drys. He challenged Wayne B. Wheeler to debate. He kept up a stream of needling correspondence with Prohibition Commissioner Roy A. Haynes. He denounced the minions of the Anti-Saloon League. At every opportunity he pilloried the outrageous discrimination in favor of the farmers.

From a political standpoint it paid off magnificently. In January, 1923, a debate in New York with Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, drew not only a capacity house but also headlines. In April a mass meeting turned out in Cumberland for Hill's denunciation of George W. Crabbe and the local Drys. In July more headlines heralded his attacks on Roy A. Haynes. It was heady stuff, but by autumn Hill really hit his stride. In the Baltimore *Sun-papers*, the back page customarily carries the most important local news. For a time John Philip Hill made the back page his home.

On Wednesday, August 22, 1923, it sported a large picture of him with the following story:

Congressman John Philip Hill today served formal and solemn notice on the Prohibition Commissioner and the Collector of Internal Revenue for Maryland that on or about noon, September 7, he will begin producing nonintoxicating fruit juices for use in his home. His intention is to get from the prohibition department a definition of "nonintoxicating" as used in the Volstead Act.

"When the new regulations concerning the manufacture for home use of cider and similar fruit juices were issued," he said, "I expected to find the definition in them. But after reading them carefully I find that 'nonintoxicating' is defined simply as 'nonintoxicating.'"

"So I'm going up in the country and get some grapes and go down on Baltimore Street and get a press, and I'm going to start making grape juice. I have written the Prohibition Commissioner to ask him just when I should stop fermentation. In his answer I expect to learn after two years of inquiry just when a beverage ceases to be nonintoxicating and becomes intoxicating."

On Wednesday, September 5, the paper carried a back-page picture of John Philip embarking on a hydrometer hunt, in the capacity of "private citizen and seeker for truth."

On Thursday, another picture showed him with baskets of Anne Arundel County grapes. "In making my grape juice," he said, "I will follow the directions of the Department of Agriculture." But he could find no hydrometer that would register the alcoholic content of fruit juice. The Bureau of Standards in Washington advised him to distill and measure a known amount, but this was against the law. He had been told that an ebulliometer would do it. This was a costly instrument, however, and the Prohibition Enforcement Unit had the only one available. "What's a poor man to do?" he demanded.

On September 7, the paper reported that the great experiment to learn the truth about prohibition had begun. With his stanch ally in science, Captain W. H. Stayton of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, Hill had waited fifteen minutes for government agents to show up, and when none arrived he proceeded to squeeze his grapes, amid photographers' flashes.

"Tomorrow," said John Philip, "I'm going to take samples of my stuff and ask the Prohibition Department for an analysis. Then, after ten days I'm going to ask another test, and so on until I am ordered to stop fermentation. In ninety days I'm going to bring over the Judicial Committee of the House and ask them to sample my nonintoxicating fruit juices."

On September 8, the headline read:

HILL'S GRAPES BUBBLING AND HE AWAITS RESULTS

On September 10, Congressman Hill was reported in Southampton, Long Island. "But," said the paper, "His Spirits Go Marching On."

On September 18, it was reported that samples tested by Penniman & Browne, Chemists, registered an alcoholic content of 6.31 per cent. John Philip so advised Prohibition Director Haynes and penned a further appeal: "My grape juice is still fermenting and the alcoholic content is daily becoming greater. I therefore request an immediate answer."

Haynes and his minions purported to remain stonily aloof. But on September 27, just after an official pronouncement that the Prohibition Unit would have no part in Hill's shenanigans, two agents arrived at his home with an ebulliometer. It was a device for measuring boiling point, but after John Philip had helped the agents do this with every sample in the cellar, it was discovered that they did not have the chart needed to translate boiling point into alcoholic content.

On September 28, the back page headlined that Haynes was awaiting a report on Hill's wine. But it seemed that the congressman had already got inside information. There was said to be 11 per cent in one sample, and John Philip was loudly proclaiming 12 per cent as the permissible limit. He wrote Attorney General Daugherty. He laid the matter before the Council of Governors. He placed a call to President Coolidge.

It was a woman who decided that matters had gone far enough. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant U.S. Attorney General in charge of prohibition enforcement, directed the district attorney for Maryland to take action. At first, U.S. Attorney Amos W. W. Woodcock demurred. He and John Philip Hill had been brother officers in the Maryland National Guard, and he knew that Hill hoped for the publicity of an indictment. But orders were orders, and on October 4, the evening *Sun* reported that the matter would be submitted to the grand jury.

Colonel Woodcock did not seek an indictment but instead obtained a court order padlocking John Philip's cellar. It was the first such proceeding known to have been taken against a private dwelling, although it was standard practice to padlock speakeasies under the nuisance provisions of the Volstead Act. In keeping with this procedure, an order for a temporary injunction was signed by U.S. District Judge Morris A. Soper. This was on Thursday, October 11, and on that afternoon the back page of the evening *Sun* carried a picture of John Philip Hill applying red, white, and blue seals to his cellar door, each bearing a profile of President Abraham Lincoln.

The ensuing period was one of discouragement. For more than a month, few newspapers had gone

on the streets of Baltimore without John Philip Hill's name or picture on the back page. But there was reticence about matters pending before the courts, and the publicity dried up. Besides, the injunction proceeding seemed to have been put on ice. The court was reluctant to be used as a steppingstone in Hill's progress toward reelection, and the district attorney could think of hundreds of things he would rather do than try the case. Hill's attorney, Arthur W. Machen, Jr., was one of the most astute and forceful lawyers of his day. But strain and struggle as he might, he never could get a date set for a full-scale trial.

And so the wine experiment was left, temporarily, in a stalemate. To one of John Philip Hill's temperament, this was galling. But even aside from all the publicity, he had gained at least one victory. On September 7, 1923, Roy A. Haynes, goaded beyond endurance, had answered a letter of Hill's in a way that made the front page in Baltimore and many other cities and was summarized by the evening *Sun* of September 18, in the following headlines:

HAYNES ADMITS DRY LAW
DISCRIMINATES IN FAVOR OF FARMERS

SAYS IN REPLY TO HILL'S QUERY
MEASURE WAS NEVER INTENDED TO
CHECK THEIR ALCOHOLIC RIGHTS

VAGUENESS OF RULE INTENTIONAL
TO ALLOW MAKING WINES AND CIDER

MUST BE FARMER TO ENJOY
THIS PRIVILEGE, IS INFERENCE,
AND CITY DWELLER WHO
USURPS IT IS LIABLE TO ARREST

This, of course, is just what John Philip had been maintaining all along.

In June, 1924, Hill sailed for England to address the antiprohibition conference in London. After his return it was apparent that the ocean voyage had exerted a benign influence. He had, he said, decided to become a dirt farmer and raise apples in the back yard of Franklin Farms. "I shall go to work at once to convert the land adjoining my home in Franklin Street into a small farm and make for myself a press in accordance with the recommendations of the Department of Agriculture."

The "land adjoining my home" was a small brick-paved courtyard, inhabited only by stinkwood trees and trash. Except for an entrance-way leading in from the sidewalk, it was enclosed on two sides by Mr. Hill's house, on a third by the frowning battlements of a seven-story apartment building, and on the back by a high brick wall.

But on September 8, under the aegis of John Philip's green thumb, it was transformed. The stinkwoods had miraculously become apple trees, their boughs laden with forbidden fruit tied on with string. Here and there in tubs stood smaller trees which had been apple from birth. An old-fashioned cider press occupied the center of the stage, and in the background loomed a freshly painted barn through whose windows peered contented cows. Although convincingly bovine, one of them wore thick horn-rimmed spectacles; the other sported a large cigar.

Hill's agricultural miracle drew admirers like a magnet. The great Henry L. Mencken, himself no lover of prohibition, was an early visitor and inspired, if he did not write, the following tribute in the evening *Sun*:

Under the spreading apple tree Congressman John Philip Hill stood today and watched the birth of Franklin Farms.

As proof of Mr. Hill's wizardry in enticing trees to grow, there stands this afternoon an orchard of seven healthy trees, their branches drooping beneath the weight of cider apples. The brick wall in the rear has become a red and white striped barn and over the door is the legend "Franklin Farms."

Mr. Hill's painstaking fidelity to nature has gone even further. On either side of the barn door is a window and from each window leans a fragrant breathed cow, so lifelike that one expects a contralto "Moo" at any moment. By some freak of nature they resemble George W. Crabbe, Superintendent of the Maryland Anti-Saloon League, and Prohibition Commissioner Roy A. Haynes. When Mr. Hill's attention was called to this he evidenced a surprise which was equaled only by his profound interest in the phenomenon.

To a casual observer, the cows seemed to have been sired by the cartoonist of the Baltimore *Sun*, but this was indignantly denied. "Nature's ways are wondrous to behold," said Mr. Hill.

On September 8, Franklin Farms was formally dedicated, amid musical renditions of *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*. On September 9, Farmer Hill, in overalls, started making cider, and on September 16, the evening *Sun* reported:

HILL WILL STAGE PARTY TO FORCE HAND OF HAYNES
PLANS TO INVITE FRIENDS TO DRINK 2.75% CIDER

Mr. Hill estimates that tomorrow at noon his cider will contain 2.75% of alcohol. He will then pasteurize it to stop fermentation and on Saturday night will invite in his friends to drink.

On Wednesday, the paper explained that Hill planned to pasteurize his cider by immersing jugs of it in 140-degree water, and on Thursday reported:

CONGRESSMAN WORKS ALL NIGHT
TO KEEP APPLE JUICE IN BOUNDS

"Anybody who wants to help me force Prohibition Commissioner Haynes to testify for 2.75% beer and is willing to take a chance of arrest is invited to my party Saturday," Hill said.

"The cider will be labeled '2.75% cider, legal for the farmer.' There will also be some beer marked, 'Less than 1/2 of 1% beer, legal for the city man.'"

EACH day the headlines grew, and by Saturday everyone in town was Hill's friend, eager to taste his cider. Sixty-five gallons disappeared in about as many minutes, along with a few swigs of near-beer and mountains of doughnuts. In spite of rain, the turnout had been so enormous and so highly publicized that it could not be ignored. Not by Haynes; not by Wheeler; not even by Coolidge. On Tuesday, September 23, the headlines ran:

WOODCOCK TOLD TO TAKE ACTION ON HILL PARTY

MRS. WILLEBRANDT, ASST. ATTY. GEN.,
ORDERS INVESTIGATION

There was no dillydallying this time. On September 24, Hill was indicted by the grand jury, and on September 30, he was arraigned. He pleaded not guilty, and his lawyers, Arthur W. Machen, Jr., and Shirley Carter, asked for an immediate trial, but Judge Soper wanted no campaigning in his courtroom and set the case for November 10, after the election.

Franklin Farms proved as fruitful of votes as of apples. On November 4, Hill swamped his Democratic opponent, Dr. George Heller, by almost two to one.

On Monday, November 10, the trial got under way in the very court in which for five years Hill had himself been the chief prosecuting officer. Presiding was Federal Judge Morris A. Soper, who had been appointed to the U.S. District Court in 1923. Judge Soper was regarded as a bulwark of prohibition. But no one could have handled a trial with greater dignity and impartiality. Hill had been indicted for manufacturing and possessing intoxicating wine and cider, and for maintaining a public nuisance at his home at 3 West Franklin Street. Judge Soper was to find the nuisance charge unsupported by the evidence, and even at the outset it was apparent that the crucial issue was whether Hill's wine and cider were intoxicating. On this, Judge Soper held that the one half of one per cent limitation was not applicable, and that the wine and cider were not illegal unless they were intoxicating in fact.

What, then, was in fact intoxicating? Hill's witnesses described prodigious feats of drinking with-

out intoxication. The government, on the other hand, produced people who tottered at the mere mention of alcohol. One was the eminent and respected Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins fame. He testified that even the minutest drop must be considered intoxicating.

Another government witness, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, also testified that any alcohol whatever is intoxicating. He had been chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture for thirty years, and in puffing up his professional qualifications for the benefit of court and jury, the district attorney brought out that he held a degree from the University of Berlin. This was all the lead that Mr. Machen required. Soon he had Dr. Wiley reminiscing happily about beer parties as a feature of German student life. He had often drunk beer all night, he said, without missing any classes the next day. And he recalled with special pride winning a prize by walking a straight line after thirteen quarts of beer.

It was clear that the element of time had also to be considered, since the wallop of an alcoholic beverage depends on how fast you drink it. To the defense, the appropriate pace was that of a Kentucky colonel contentedly sipping a julep on his wisteria-covered veranda; to the prosecution, it was a question of whether one would drown before becoming inebriated. The choice was between the parlor and the pigsty.

On this issue, Judge Soper was something less than helpful to the defense. He instructed the jury that intoxicating liquor is liquor "which contains such a proportion of alcohol that it will produce intoxication when imbibed in such quantities as it is practically possible for a man to drink." This definition makes it difficult to wink at the intoxicating qualities of 11 per cent wine.

At times it was puzzling to know just who was being tried. Mr. Hill's admirers had presented him with a huge basket of pink and yellow chrysanthemums, and he looked more like an honored guest than a prisoner in the dock. Also, his lawyers were not only corporation counsel of great eminence, serving without fee, but whenever possible, they took the offensive. They demanded the introduction of the Hill-Hayes correspondence, and they kept offering in evidence bulletins of the Department of Agriculture on the fermentation of cider and the processing of grapes. The government had to struggle fiercely to have such embarrassments excluded.

Finally, the shouting and the tumult died, and at 1:47 p.m. on Wednesday, November 12, John Philip's fate was entrusted to the jury. For a time the crowd in the courtroom lingered, expecting a prompt verdict. When the jury failed to return, the spectators drifted away, and the participants

grew tense. Mrs. Machen had brought Hill a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*. He said that this gave him consolation, but soon seemed to lose interest. Perhaps he recalled that it had been written in jail.

Night came, and still no verdict. It would be a close thing, and for the first time, perhaps, John Philip saw yawning before him an abyss which the excitement of the prior proceedings had tended to obscure. A conviction would almost certainly mean his expulsion from the House of Representatives. Hill's persistent needling and ridicule had infuriated every Dry in Congress. During the earlier wine episode there had been an organized movement to censure or impeach him for deliberate violation of the prohibition law. It failed chiefly because his padlocking had left the issue of guilt in suspense. If he were now convicted, it was easy to foresee the result. The Drys had the votes, and it was only a question of how they would go about it.

When Judge Soper went home for the night, he left word that if the jury came to an agreement it should leave a sealed verdict. The night wore on without it. Finally, after seventeen hours, the jury left a paper with the clerk and went out for breakfast. Apparently, it was the tantalizing smell of bacon from a restaurant across the street that got the wheels of justice off dead center. At 10 a.m. the court reassembled and the verdict was opened. It read, "Not guilty of the matters in which he stands indicted."

Congratulations poured in from all sides.

There was even a poem for the occasion, entitled *Johnfillup's Victory*, which ended:

Twelve honest men and true the court did choose
To try Johnfillup for his jest with booze,
Twelve honest men heard learned doctors say
A single drop of wine will make you gay,
Twelve honest men discussed for weary hours
The arrant nonsense of the Volstead powers.
Twelve honest men who knew the strength of thirst,
Gave their opinion and were then dispersed.
They ruled a townsman, and a farmer too,
Were not intoxicated by home brew,
A simple wine, of merely ten per cent,
Was just and fair and was the law's intent.

My flat is tiny, there's no home brew space,
But if some friend will send to me a case,
An ancient beaker to the brim I'll fill
And drink the glory of Johnfillup Hill.

What passes for progress has long since reduced the house to rubble and converted Franklin Farms into a parking lot. The roar of traffic has replaced the squeak of the cider press. But to the initiated, a special aura still lingers. Such a one need only stand there in the autumn moonlight, and the passing rumble will conjure up the deep-throated laugh of John Philip Hill sampling his vintage.



DAN JACOBSON

As with many South Africans of English extraction, DAN JACOBSON is deeply disturbed by the isolation of his native land. Mr. Jacobson was born in Johannesburg in 1929, graduated from the University of Witwatersrand, and came to Leland Stanford on a fellowship. The author of five volumes of fiction, the most recent being his novel, EVIDENCE OF LOVE, published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, he now lives with his wife and sons in London.

THE ISOLATION OF SOUTH AFRICA

ON May 31 of this year the Union of South Africa declared itself a republic, and on that day it ceased to be a member of the Commonwealth of Nations. At the conference in London of the Commonwealth prime ministers in March, Dr. Verwoerd, the South African Premier, formally withdrew his application for continued membership in the Commonwealth after the declaration of the republic. His decision to withdraw followed upon days of tense and protracted argument over South Africa's racial policies, during which the nature of the Commonwealth and the future of South Africa were perhaps more closely examined than ever before. In South Africa itself, the course of the conference was followed by a degree of intentness and public anxiety comparable to that which marked the country's entry into World War II in 1939.

The Commonwealth as an institution is a subject on which many Americans admit to some confusion; and this is hardly surprising, for it is a subject on which many people inside the Commonwealth are confused too. So loose and obscure is the Commonwealth link that it is far easier to define what the Commonwealth is not than what it is. It is not an empire. It is not an alliance. It is not a treaty organization. It is not British; it is not monarchical, for several of the countries in it are republics. It includes countries which are undoubtedly parliamentary democracies and oth-

ers which are nothing of the kind — one thinks here of Pakistan, or even of Ghana. Now that South Africa is going out of the Commonwealth, many people are saying that the essence of the Commonwealth is its multiracialism; nevertheless, it manages to accommodate a country like Australia, which maintains an impenetrable barrier against immigration from any nonwhite country.

In fact, the reason for the existence of the Commonwealth cannot be found in any single high-minded principle or ideal of politics or society, but in the history that brought all these countries into association with one another. Every country in the Commonwealth, apart from Britain itself, was once one of Britain's colonies. These former colonies are now fully independent in every way, but they continue to recognize the Queen as head of the Commonwealth. All Commonwealth citizens are entitled to come into Britain without formality, to live and work there for as long as they like, and to enjoy all the privileges of British citizenship while they are there. And every year the premiers of the Commonwealth meet in formal conference to discuss problems affecting one another, and world affairs generally.

The advantages of this association may not appear to be great, but it is no small thing, politically, as Asia and Africa move into the post-imperial phase of their history, that the Asian and African members of the Commonwealth

Photograph by Emil Schulthess. Courtesy of Black Star Publishing Company, Inc.

should have chosen voluntarily to continue a cordial association with their former political rulers. It seems to me something to be grateful for, the world being as disrupted, angry, and dangerous as it is, that the Commonwealth brings together for regular consultation on equal terms the governments of countries which are rich and poor, black and white, highly developed or only now entering into the industrial society.

I would not really choose, however, to define the value of the Commonwealth in terms of politics and power. I would say, rather, that for the individual citizen of any Commonwealth country, the value of the relation is a psychological or moral one. On both the personal and the public levels, the very existence of the Commonwealth is a sign that its peoples have accepted the fact that they are all creatures of chance and history and that this is nothing to be ashamed of. For people who were too long thought of contemptuously as "natives," or even for those white settlers who have been disdainfully dubbed "colonials," there is a great temptation to look upon the past purely as a source of shame and rage, and therefore as something to be broken away from as abruptly as possible. But we cannot break from our pasts, either as individuals or as nations, and if we try, the effects are often disastrous. What we can do is to attempt to learn from the past, and it is for this reason that the Commonwealth relation, in its aspect of self-acceptance, seems to me to make for health and creativity.

But the relation is valuable because of the help it offers to the peoples of the Commonwealth, both in their view of the past and in their view of their present selves. Most of the countries in the Commonwealth are newly established; many of them are poor; all of them, even the wealthiest and oldest, even Britain itself, can be said to be in search of a sense of national identity and purpose. And in that search for national identity (which, for the citizen, is a search for personal identity too), the Commonwealth relation is unquestionably helpful, even liberating. Every citizen of the Commonwealth can feel himself to be a citizen not only of his own country, but of a larger group of nations, and as a result the intellectual and physical possibilities the world offers to him seem very much larger than they would otherwise be. I know from my own experience that, long before I had left South Africa to come to Britain, I felt the relation between my own country and the other countries of the Commonwealth, Britain especially, as something living, as a kind of promise. And what I felt then, I know that West Africans and Pakistanis feel now. The Commonwealth keeps open certain lines of communication, along which can move ideas, books, controversies, cul-

tural contrasts and similarities, and, of course, thousands of people. They pass, they meet each other and are enriched by the meeting.

I HAVE dealt at some length with these aspects of the Commonwealth relation because I think they are of significance in discussing the circumstances of South Africa's withdrawal. If one is to understand the Afrikaner Nationalists, the ruling group in South Africa, one must attempt to see them as the heirs and descendants of a people — the Boers — who throughout their three hundred years of history have made one attempt after another to sever themselves not only from the physical domination of Britain but from those continuing moral and intellectual traditions of Europe (and America) which we associate with democracy, equality, and political liberty. Confusingly, this struggle by the Boers could at one time be presented as a struggle for liberty; after all, during the Anglo-Boer War at the beginning of this century, when the two original Boer republics were crushed by the British, everyone of liberal sentiment in Europe and America was on the side of the Boers. But liberty, for the Boers, was always a racial principle, never a human one, as it was for the liberal thinkers of the West. To the Boers, liberty meant liberty *for the Boers*, but never liberty, too, for the Negroes, whom the Boers fought and subjugated, even while they fought against being subjugated themselves by the British.

And this dual struggle is being carried on by the Afrikaner Nationalist movement in political terms today. Dr. Verwoerd talks of "positive apartheid" and "separate development for the Bantu," but for him liberty remains liberty for the whites only; it is never to be extended to the blacks. And Great Britain, the other old enemy of the Boers, has become an enemy in a new sense, by withdrawing from Africa and helping in the creation of viable black states. It is doing so precisely because those ideas of political liberty and racial equality have proved to be irresistibly potent. They have been potent at home, in making it impossible for any sensitive Englishman to feel anything but embarrassment about the "imperial mission" or the "white man's burden," and they have been potent among the former colonial peoples, who learned from their overlords that the state of subjection was a shameful one. So that, even faster than the European withdrawal from Asia and Africa, there arose the tide of local nationalism and anticolonialism.

When Europe was expansionist and imperialist, it was still too "liberal," even then, for the Boers. So they cut themselves off from it, as much as they could. And to this day, the Afrikaner Na-

tionalists' ideas, at their most respectable, are those of a hundred years ago; at their least respectable, they are not ideas at all, but merely delusions and fantasies. But while it was all very well for the Boers to seek isolation from European power and ideas when there were no other powers or ideas to consider, today there *are* other powers in Africa, black powers; not yet great, except in terms of aspiration, but powers nevertheless. What can Dr. Verwoerd, who believes in liberty for the white man only, say to these new powers? How can he not struggle, suddenly, to restore the links with Europe which he and his movement had been so anxious to sever for so long? But the Europe with which he would have liked to be linked, the Europe of a hundred years ago, no longer exists. Hence the three days of anguished negotiations, with Dr. Verwoerd unable to move forward to compromise with the Afro-Asian states, *or to draw support for his stand from the older "white" states in the Commonwealth*. And the negotiations ended, as they had to, with the country's final, formal exclusion from the community represented at the conference table. In a sense, this was the ultimate victory of Afrikaner Nationalism, but it had to be pressed into surprisingly reluctant hands.

OF COURSE, Dr. Verwoerd has publicly expressed no fear, no doubts, no hesitations. From what one knows about him, it is to be suspected, alas, that he does not feel any hesitation about the ultimate rightness of the path he has chosen, even though for reasons of expediency he may have sued and bargained in London. And one fears, too, that for the overwhelming majority of his followers, Dr. Verwoerd's are the only policies imaginable. Few of the Afrikaner Nationalists seem to have Dr. Verwoerd's total imperturbability in the face of increasing discontent among the Union's Africans and an increasingly hostile outside world; but, in an extraordinary way, their own fears merely make them admire all the more, and follow all the more blindly, the man who never admits to a moment's anxiety or self-doubt. I would say quite definitely that for the present there is no prospect whatsoever of Dr. Verwoerd's being voted out of power, and that this withdrawal from the Commonwealth has drawn his followers even more closely behind him than before.

It must be remembered, of course, that elections in South Africa are a "whites only" affair, and that among the whites, the Afrikaners are in a great majority. Furthermore, among the Afrikaners one is looked upon as something little short of a traitor if one is not a supporter of the Nationalist

Party. There are many thousands of such "traitors," but even in alliance with the English-speaking opposition there are not enough of them to vote the government out of power. For assurance, the vote is heavily loaded against the cities and in favor of the rural constituencies, where the Nationalist Party has always been strongest.

The position of the English-speaking South Africans is really most anomalous. The English-speaking community is the wealthiest in South Africa (it is estimated that 90 per cent of locally invested capital is in its hands); it is by far the most highly educated and sophisticated group in the country. Yet, during all the years of Nationalist domination, the English community has not had a single representative holding any office in the government. During that time the government has been pursuing policies which have been deliberately aimed at extirpating the British influence from South African life.

Why have the English-speaking South Africans offered so little opposition to the government? The answer is perfectly clear. The English-speaking community is wealthy and comfortable; it enjoys what is perhaps the highest standard of living in the world. That standard of living has not yet been directly affected by anything which the Nationalist government has done, though the country's economic development has been much retarded by the lack of overseas confidence in it. It is difficult, however, under such physically comfortable circumstances, for people really to become deeply agitated over political issues. But this is not the only reason for their quiescence. The English-speaking South Africans know that they can get rid of the Nationalist government only if they form an alliance with the blacks. This is something they are not prepared to do. Most English-speaking South Africans share the color prejudices of the Afrikaner Nationalists, though on the whole they are much less prone to form these prejudices into a dogma or ideology. They feel that their position is constantly being attacked and undermined by the Afrikaner Nationalists, but they would rather endure those attacks than suffer the truly revolutionary change in the structure of the country which an alliance between themselves and the blacks would necessarily bring about. It is for this reason that the talk of "secession" by the English-speaking province of Natal, for example, remains mere talk. And even this latest blow which Dr. Verwoerd has dealt at the self-esteem of the English group is not going to transform their bitter grumbling into action.

In fairness to the English-speaking community, there are a number of other points to be made, however. I think it would be true to say that the Nationalists would like South Africa to resemble

the Portuguese African territories to the northeast and northwest of the Union. These territories have been governed by a combination of despotism, silence, and sheer inertia. The combination is a formidable one, and it is one which could keep the South Africa situation frozen indefinitely. It is because of the presence of the English-speaking in South Africa that the Portuguese type of rule is one which the Nationalists will never really be able to employ. Dr. Verwoerd can try to be as despotic as he wishes, but he cannot hope for silence about his despotism, for the English-language press is alert and liberal in its inclinations. Dr. Verwoerd would gladly accept economic and political inertia as the price for white supremacy, but the capital, energy, and skill of the English-speaking community continue to turn South Africa into a modern, highly industrialized society. And the more industrialized the country becomes, the more palpably nonsensical is the talk of "separate development for the Bantu." Finally, it must be said that the Liberal and Progressive parties generally draw what support they have from the English-speaking group. Both these parties are small in number, but they are doing as much as they can to keep open the lines of communication between black and white in South Africa, and between South Africa and the emergent states to the north — those very states which were instrumental in driving South Africa out of the Commonwealth. It is not surprising that on the issue of Commonwealth membership the white liberals in South Africa were hopelessly divided. Many insisted that it would help their cause if South Africa were branded a pariah among the nations; others felt that no good could possibly come of a move which was bound to increase the country's moral and intellectual isolation.

There was no similar division among the African leaders, who claim to speak for the voteless, voiceless black majority. Every one of the African leaders who was able to speak on this issue was insistent that South Africa should be driven out of the Commonwealth. The reason for this unanimity is that the African leaders are beginning to believe that external pressure upon South Africa is likely to be the most effective — or at any rate, the least bloody — method of driving the Nationalists out of office, and they see South Africa's expulsion from the Commonwealth as a first step in what they hope will be a cumulative process of isolation, boycott, embargo, and, ultimately, diplomatic or even military sanctions.

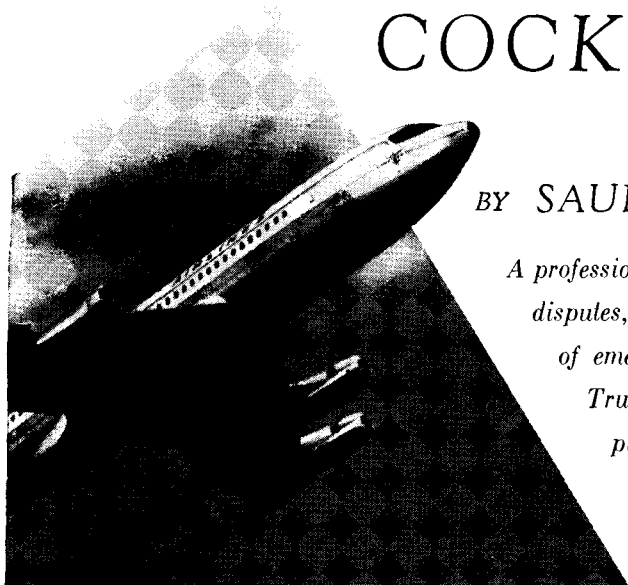
I believe it most unlikely that such a campaign could be successful unless it were accompanied by persistent and effective opposition by the African masses inside South Africa itself. The series of

strikes and riots which followed upon the Sharpeville shootings last year showed that it is possible for the Africans to make the country very difficult to govern, but the way the strikes and riots were put down showed, too, how much beyond the power of the Africans it is for such opposition to be sustained for any length of time. At the moment, it seems to me that the Africans in South Africa are too weak and too disorganized to offer the kind of resistance which would threaten the government from within and at the same time call down the wrath of its enemies abroad. The South African government does its formidable best to keep the Africans weak and disorganized. The leaders are thrown in jail or banished to the rural areas; the African political parties are banned; the movement of every African is rigidly controlled by the pass and curfew systems. No one who has been to South Africa will underestimate the strength of the Verwoerd regime or will imagine that it will be easily removed.

Nevertheless, time is clearly on the side of the Africans. Even ten years ago it would have been inconceivable for South Africa to be forced out of the Commonwealth because of its racial policies. But today the Afro-Asian states are strong enough to have more or less insisted upon it and to have had the support of other states in the Commonwealth. The Africans in South Africa cannot but take heart from knowing that people of their color are not merely concerned about them and willing to help them but already wield a certain power in the affairs of the world. What has happened in London is bound to stimulate the growth of a sense of national consciousness among the Africans in South Africa, and, as I have already suggested, the more internal opposition there is to Verwoerd and his government, the more effective is the opposition outside South Africa likely to become.

It is a measure of the complexity of South African affairs that both Dr. Verwoerd's most fanatical supporters and his most ardent opponents should have hailed South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth as a victory. Anybody who makes a prophecy about such a complex situation is a rash man. I know that what I felt just a year ago about the possibility of South Africa's ever becoming a peaceful, decent multiracial state now seems to me to be much too optimistic — and not only because of developments in South Africa itself, but also because of the debacle in the Congo and the unfavorable turn of events in Kenya and the Central African Federation. Even a year ago I was far from being an optimist. Now there is only one prophecy which it is safe to make. Conditions in South Africa will have to grow worse before they grow better. The subject forbids one from ending on any more cheerful note.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE COCKPIT



BY SAUL WALLEN

A professional arbitrator and mediator of labor disputes, SAUL WALLEN served as a member of emergency boards appointed by Presidents Truman and Eisenhower to deal with the disputes between the airlines pilots and the flight engineers. Mr. Wallen here gives us his proposals for a final solution to the differences between the pilots and engineers.

THE narrow door that separates the cabin from the cockpit of the airliner that takes you to Cairo or Chicago, to San Juan or San Francisco, conceals a contest of wills and a clash of egos that the government has so far been unable to conciliate and that the protagonists have so far been unwilling to terminate.

The flight crews on the nation's major airlines are deeply divided over the interrelationship of their functions. The pilots contend that the conditions created by the introduction of high-speed pure jet aircraft require a cockpit crew consisting of a pilot, a copilot, and a flight engineer, all of whom should possess the basic skills and orientation of a pilot, and that only with such a crew can optimum safety be achieved. The flight engineers contend that the cause of safety is equally well served by carrying a flight engineer on the aircraft who has specialized training as an aircraft and engine mechanic, and that he need not possess pilot skills.

This issue of whether modern aircraft should be manned by a crew all of whom possess the same skill and pursue the same career or by a crew composed of men of separate skills pursuing separate careers has plagued the airlines for nearly a decade. In February, 1961, it manifested itself in the

most comprehensive and costly strike in aviation history.

Allegedly of the wildcat variety, this strike involved the 3500 flight engineers belonging to the Flight Engineers International Association employed on the six major airlines which man their planes with flight engineers who possess the background and basic skills of aircraft mechanics. Unaffected and continuing to fly were the eight airlines whose flight engineers have the basic qualifications of pilots and who, along with the 14,000 pilots and copilots on all airlines, belong to the Air Line Pilots Association. Both unions are affiliated with the AFL-CIO.

According to Civil Air Regulations, the duty of a flight engineer during flight is to assist the pilots in the mechanical operation of an airplane. The flight engineer monitors the functioning of and makes adjustments in the mechanical, hydraulic, fuel, and electrical systems of the aircraft. He records signs of incipient or actual malfunction in a logbook for referral to the carrier's mechanical maintenance department. Prior to take-off he makes an inspection of the aircraft to be certain that it has been properly serviced.

The pilot and copilot are responsible for flying the aircraft, plotting its course, receiving signals,

and maintaining communications with ground stations.

In domestic commercial air transport, until 1947 aircraft were manned by a pilot and copilot. After the occurrence of several commercial airplane accidents in 1947, President Truman created a special board of inquiry which recommended that the Civil Aeronautics Board hold hearings to determine whether or not additional help in the cockpit was required to assist the pilots of commercial aircraft. The pilots, through the A.L.P.A., advocated adding to the flight crew a third man to assist the pilots in the operation of the large, four-engine aircraft then newly in use. In 1947, the C.A.B., over the initial objections of the carriers, issued a draft regulation requiring that, on aircraft certified for more than 80,000 pounds maximum take-off weight, "An airman holding a flight engineer's certificate shall be required solely as a flight engineer." This regulation affected various aircraft then in use, such as the Douglas DC-6 and Boeing 377.

Some carriers objected to the use of the phrase "solely as a flight engineer" in the draft regulation because it would tend to restrict their "freedom of action in developing multiple function programs for flight crews and better utilization of crew time . . ." As a result, the phrase "solely as a flight engineer" was deleted. As the final regulation was phrased, the airlines could choose whether the man in the third seat should have the basic qualifications and training of a ground mechanic or the basic qualifications and training of a pilot.

OF THE major carriers, American, TWA, Eastern, Pan American, National, Continental, Northwest, and Western utilized mechanic-qualified engineers. On the other hand, Braniff, Capital, Delta, Northeast, and Panagra elected to recruit flight engineers qualified to become pilots and to progress them from flight engineer to copilot to captain. United Airlines maintained a mechanic qualification for its flight engineers until 1954, when it announced a switch to the pilot-qualified flight engineer program. Continental switched from mechanic- to pilot-qualified engineers in 1959, and Western Airlines is in the process of doing so now. These latter three carriers were involved in costly strikes of flight engineers as a result.

The carriers which chose the pilot-engineer route developed flight crews with integrated duties and a career goal in which there was a line of job progression. Those which chose mechanic engineers developed flight crews with specialized and delimited duties and functions and with separate

and specialized career goals. The flight engineer's job was a dead-end job.

The development of the mechanic-engineer specialty and the granting of separate jurisdictions for purposes of collective bargaining have created conflicts of status and clashes of ego. Since their career aims were not integrated with those of pilots, the engineers tended to try to enhance their specialty and play up its importance in order to justify their demands on the carrier for higher pay. On their part, the pilots, keenly aware that the engineer was placed in the cockpit to assist them, were increasingly irked by the pursuit by the flight engineers of separate economic and career goals. The captain has command responsibility, and while the mechanic engineers have always acknowledged it, the increasing rigidity of the job structure of the cockpit crew fostered psychological and emotional tensions among crew members. These tensions broke out into open conflict in 1955, when the mechanic engineers on United struck for fifty-one days against that carrier's decision to require its engineers to become qualified as pilots, and the pilots, ignoring F.E.I.A. picket lines, continued to fly during the strike.

But the truly sharp conflict between the pilots and the engineers broke out with the advent of the jets. Whereas the fastest previous commercial aircraft operated at a speed of 350 miles per hour, the new pure jet planes were designed to cruise at nearly 600 miles per hour. The introduction into the nation's air lanes of these much faster planes created concern about the ability of the traffic control system to handle the jets.

The pilots maintained that the pure jets would impose on the pilot and copilot a significantly greater burden of work and responsibility in flight planning and communications and that the work load involved in monitoring the instruments associated with the plane's flight and in establishing radio fixes to keep the plane on course would be greatly intensified. At the same time, they contended, the new aircraft were designed with many alternative systems and relays which would become automatically operative in the event of a mechanical malfunction, and as a consequence, the work load of the flight engineer would diminish. In addition, the pilots argued that the new planes raised to a critical level the problem of a replacement for the pilot, the copilot, or the flight engineer in the event one was incapacitated in flight. In the negotiation of the new collective bargaining contracts on the major airlines in 1957 and 1958, the A.L.P.A. demanded a provision that the flight engineer be pilot-qualified and that pilots be offered an opportunity to obtain flight engineer certificates.

The F.E.I.A. responded by serving the same

carriers with a demand that the contracts contain a provision that no man would occupy the flight engineer's seat who did not possess, in addition to a flight engineer's certificate, an Aircraft and Engine License issued by the C.A.A. to those who qualify in aircraft and engine overhaul and maintenance. They blasted the A.L.P.A. demand as an attempt by the pilots to force the engineers out of the third seat, so that the pilots, faced with unemployment under the first impact of jet service, could take their jobs.

The carriers were caught in the middle. Each side threatened to strike if its demand was not met. The issue came to a head first on Eastern Airlines, and to forestall a strike President Eisenhower appointed an emergency board under the Railway Labor Act to hear the disputes and make non-binding recommendations on the merits. In a proceeding which lasted nearly six months, this board heard all parties, took testimony from experts, and recommended that flight engineers who serve on pure jet equipment "be required to have pilot qualifications to the extent of a commercial license and instrument rating and the ability to fly and land the airplane in case of emergency." The carrier was to provide the training at no expense to the flight engineer.

Eastern Airlines and the pilots agreed to accept this recommendation, but the flight engineers balked, maintaining that it would dilute their skills and deprive those unwilling or unable to obtain a commercial license and an instrument rating of an opportunity to fly as flight engineers on the jets. In October, 1958, the flight engineers on Eastern struck, grounding the planes with the aid of the mechanics, whose union, the International Association of Machinists, went on strike in behalf of their own wage demands as well as in support of the engineers.

The other airlines flying with mechanic engineers were in the same dilemma as Eastern. All were finally rescued from it by the action of American Airlines. American, anxious to be first in the air with the jets and wishing to avoid a strike of pilots on the crew complement issue (it had signed a contract with the engineers on substantially their terms on that issue while the Eastern case was pending), advised its pilots and engineers in December, 1958, that its experts had concluded that the problems of jet operation and the work load on the jets for pilots would call for the services of a third man with pilot qualifications, but that since it was committed to carry a mechanic-trained flight engineer, it proposed to place a third pilot in the cockpit of the jet. American's crew on jets would consist of three pilots and an engineer.

This move was calculated to meet the pilots'

demand for a fail-safe crew without monkeying with the status or qualifications of the mechanic-qualified engineer. With this proffer, American assumed a multimillion-dollar per year extra payroll cost for what the engineers promptly dubbed a "feather-bird."

This solution was the pattern followed by the other airlines flying with mechanic-qualified engineers, including Eastern, where the engineers' strike was settled on the basis of this arrangement. The result has been that, since the advent of the jets, American, Eastern, TWA, Pan American, Western, and Northwest have had four men in a jet cockpit designed for three crew members and an observer. Those airlines which had from the beginning manned their planes with pilot-qualified engineers or which, like United, had switched from a mechanic to a pilot qualification were able to put their jets in the air with three crew members in the cockpit instead of four.

THE latest phase in the pilot-engineer struggle opened early in 1960. The A.L.P.A. argued that, since the flight engineers on United are pilot-qualified and since their duties are part and parcel of the duties performed by the pilots, the unit for collective bargaining should be the flight deck crew. It petitioned the National Mediation Board for a ruling that would declare the three stations in the cockpit a single class or craft for the purpose of selecting a collective bargaining agent.

The Mediation Board turned this hot potato over to a special committee consisting of three labor relations experts for determination. This committee held hearings over a six-month period, took over 5000 pages of testimony from the pilots, the flight engineers, and interveners, and on February 6, 1961, made the determination that "all flight deck crew members on United Airlines . . . constitute one craft or class for purposes of representation and collective bargaining under the Railway Labor Act."

The flight engineers, outnumbered two to one in any election of this sort, took a dim view of this outcome. The wildcat strike, so-called, which began on February 17, 1961, and lasted for six days, effectively grounding the planes of American, Eastern, National, TWA, Pan American, and Western, as well as Flying Tigers, a cargo carrier, was a protest against this determination. Interestingly, United's flight engineers, although immediately involved in the determination, did not strike. The great majority of them had taken flight training and had obtained, or were on the way to obtaining, a commercial license and an instrument rating. While they continued to belong

to the F.E.I.A., which still remained their bargaining agent, many also held membership in the pilots' union. But the airlines flying with mechanic engineers were grounded, and it took all of Secretary of Labor Goldberg's very considerable powers of persuasion and a promise from the President of the United States to set up a commission to take another look at the whole problem to get the strikers to return. And even the Secretary of Labor failed to persuade the president of Western Airlines to buy this stopgap solution. He fired his 130 engineers in the midst of the wildcat strike and announced his intention to train pilots as replacements.

The presidential commission, headed by Professor Nathan Feinsinger of the University of Wisconsin Law School, a skilled mediator and distinguished arbitrator of labor disputes, is now conducting an inquiry and trying to develop a solution. Its recommendations will not be binding. Nor does the commission have the power to set aside the determination in the United case made by the special committee appointed by the National Mediation Board.

WHAT are the prospects for a final solution of this thorny problem? A recommendation by the presidential commission either that the mechanic qualification for flight engineers be retained or that it be discarded in favor of a pilot qualification will not in itself solve the problem. So long as the two organizations, so sharply divided on this question, remain committed to their antithetical philosophies, such a recommendation is likely to continue to fall on deaf ears.

What about the Civil Aeronautics Board? Could it not exercise its rule-making power to establish either a pilot qualification or a mechanic qualification for flight engineers and by eliminating the possibility of a choice on the part of the carriers, end the pulling and hauling by the two unions? This is theoretically possible, but highly unlikely. Ever since the Civil Aeronautics Board in 1947 ruled that the minimum safety standards it establishes for the industry would be met by having either a pilot-qualified man or a mechanic-qualified man in the third seat, it has found no reason to change its mind. It regards the running battle between pilots and flight engineers as a labor problem, not a safety problem. It is, no doubt, painfully aware that a move by it in either direction would raise a storm on half the nation's airlines.

What about the AFL-CIO? Can it not get its affiliates to merge? President George Meany repeated twice during the recent strike that merger

is the only solution to the problem. Two committees of the parent labor organization had previously recommended merger. The A.L.P.A. was willing to talk. The F.E.I.A. leadership, hiding behind a resolution passed by its governing body several years ago forbidding the officers to meet with the pilots on the matter of merger, has so far refused even to consider this solution. The AFL-CIO is a federation of autonomous unions. Its president and executive council can recommend, urge, exhort; they cannot compel an affiliate to take a course of action it does not wish to take. The only possible cudgel, expulsion, is not likely to be effective here.

It is the view of most detached observers that the acceptance of a pilot qualification and merger of the two unions remain the only answer. And although the F.E.I.A. leadership continues to be obdurate, there are indications of a rising awareness among flight engineers that the tide of events is running against them.

What are the underlying factors that make merger a greater possibility now than heretofore?

The first factor is the economics of the industry. When jet airplanes first hit the air travel market in 1959, there was no difficulty in filling their seats. And the jets proved to be more efficient and profitable than expected. As a result, the cost of carrying the fourth man, the carriers' own answer to their immediate dilemma, could easily be absorbed.

But, with the addition of planes to the jet fleet, seat capacity is growing and load factors are declining. Profits from jet operations are becoming slimmer. The cost advantage enjoyed by United and the other carriers who, because they have pilot-trained engineers, carry three crew members, not four, in the cockpits of their jets begins to look extremely important. The result is the likelihood of increased management pressure for a solution based on a pilot qualification for engineers. Evidence of this trend lies in the decision taken by Continental Airlines in 1959 to drop its mechanic qualification for engineers and fly its jets with three men, all pilot-trained. The company won a strike by engineers on that issue. Further evidence lies in the course of action taken by Western Airlines, which several weeks before the recent wildcat strike announced its intention to require all its flight engineers to become pilot-qualified by next July 1 and to train them to that end.

The second factor increasing the chances of acceptance of a pilot qualification for engineers and merger of the two groups is the growing recognition that the basic conclusions reached by the Eastern Airlines Emergency Board in 1958 and by the 1960 committee appointed by the National

Mediation Board to make a unit determination on *United* are valid and proper. Underlying both these findings is recognition of the extra degree of safety inherent in a cockpit crew accustomed by training, inclination, and experience to the utmost of coordination and cooperation. Having the same orientation, such a crew can work together as a unit more effectively than a crew in which there are two separate and distinct specialties. And with three men in the cockpit able to land the aircraft in an emergency caused by the disability of one, an extra margin of safety is present.

Implicit, also, in these reports is the realization that the cockpit is just too small to house men with conflicting ambitions and aspirations who must make an almost conscious effort, once they step into the aircraft, to bottle up the resentments which their bitter dispute has engendered. Men whose work is as highly integrated and coordinated as that of flight engineers and pilots should have identical career aims, aspirations, and ambitions, not highly disparate ones.

The third factor that is edging the problem to a final solution is the growing resentment of public and congressional opinion against the parties to this fight. The public's concern with safety has been heightened by the recent occurrence of a number of air tragedies. Public pressure for higher standards of safety on the airlines is mounting. Any condition in the cockpit tending toward disharmony and conflict, no matter how well sublimated by the sense of professional duty characteristic of both pilots and engineers, raises fears which thrust the problem into the public domain. A public solution may soon be imposed if a private one is not negotiated. And if one is imposed, the history and economics of the problem point toward the adoption of a pilot-engineer requirement.

A merger of the two unions is vital. To be accomplished, merger terms should embody the following ingredients:

First, they should provide present mechanic flight engineers with an opportunity to become pilot-qualified at the expense of the carriers and to progress to copilot and captain in accordance with the normal rules on each carrier. As pilots, these men would have seniority as of the date they fill a copilot vacancy.

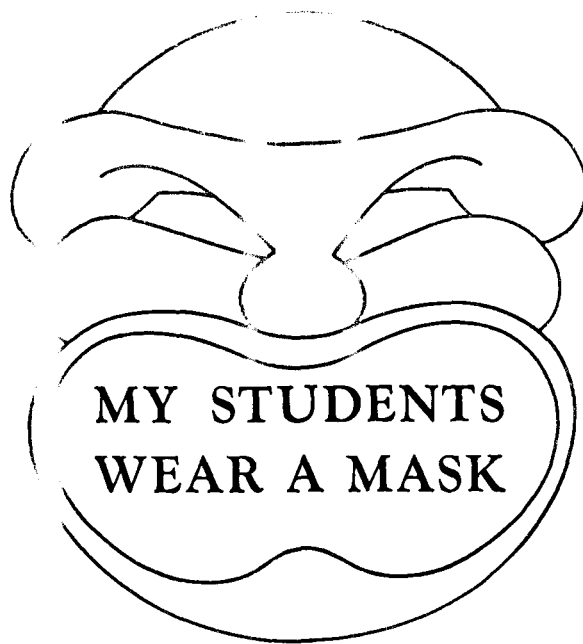
Second, they should protect the job security of the present supply of flight engineers by assuring them that so long as flight engineer work remains to be performed on the aircraft, present flight engineer incumbents will have first claim on it, ahead of the present supply of pilots.

Third, present flight engineers unable to qualify as pilots should be permitted to fly as mechanic-qualified engineers until their normal termination by quitting, retirement, or otherwise.

Fourth, merger agreements should be drawn in such a way as to ensure that their terms cannot later be changed by majority vote of the merged group to the detriment of the outnumbered flight engineers.

If the A.L.P.A. is not engaged merely in a job grab — and, F.E.I.A. claims to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no evidence that this is its motive — it can clearly assent to merger terms containing these ingredients. If the F.E.I.A.'s aim is not merely to retain a skill which no longer has a reason for a separate existence, but to protect and enlarge the career opportunities of the present supply of mechanic engineers while enhancing the safety of aircraft operation, it cannot refuse merger terms containing these ingredients without placing 3500 fine men in danger of losing their careers entirely.

If the carriers wish an end to a problem which they had a hand in creating and which has already cost them untold millions, they should be willing to cooperate with the two organizations in effecting such a merger and in shouldering the training costs involved.



VALBORG ANDERSON

VALBORG ANDERSON, who was born in a small Swedish community in Collton, Oregon, received her B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Oregon and then went on to Brown University for her Ph.D. Now, in addition to her teaching of English at Brooklyn College, she is working on a critical book about the poet Wordsworth.

IT is a college composition course, and there's the rub. In a literature course the student's personality is neither issue nor battleground, and so there is no need for the mask that this particular class assumes when I unwittingly provoke it.

The mask appears suddenly on the faces of these students like a tribal response, and as I watch it flickering down, I realize that I have been seeing it for a long time, but never so markedly as now. Why it should emerge so clearly in this class is one of the mysteries and charms of teaching, but here it is: this detachment which is not withdrawal, this appraisal of the world which is critical but not hostile, this silence which is not exactly passive and distinctly not "Beat," this face biding its own time.

These students enjoy being told that they wear a mask, and they have their own way of accounting for it. They say that they adopted it in high school, when they learned that it was unpopular to be bright. To get ahead in the competitive atmosphere now prevalent in the schools, one has, they say, to work under cover. Although I think that this argument by competition is valid up to a point, I cannot help noticing that it is a favorite one of the older generation; obviously the youngsters do not have to search their own hearts for it. Also, I wonder whether it does not explain other things — for instance, their shameless talk about cheating. If they are not willing to take information, they are, they insist, willing to give it. They

say they have to if they want to be liked. Apparently, among the young, information belongs to the tribe, like the food the hunter brings in, and the man who wants a great deal has to pay wergild, a compensation for killing off his brothers.

The students' explanation of the mask also accounts for their way of pretending that they never study. I suppose that bright students have always, when the occasion called for it, played down the drudgery leading to success, but why does the occasion now always call for it? One day in the English counseling office, I was trying to pacify a girl who was upset over what she called her "stupidity." She had to study, whereas no one else ever did. When I was unable to persuade her that her grades indicated ability, another student broke in to ask her why she was so gullible as to believe that others never studied. Evidently she had taken the mask at its face value.

In the end I am not really satisfied by my students' explanation. I do not think that they can possibly understand their own unconscious processes so readily. Besides, this theory takes account only of the pressure their own generation puts on them, when surely we must look to the older generation for the real clue. We must ask ourselves what we are doing to make our adolescents suspicious enough and strong enough to put this mask between us, especially when we are working so hard to make them trust us.

And what are we doing? We are giving our young people a set of values quite different from our own. No matter how advanced we are, our characters are directed by more or less Victorian morality. Theirs are not. They are the first generation to be brought up on psychological principles as such — for instance, on the revolutionary assumption that guilt is as much a psychological burden as a moral obligation and that in the unconscious all people's motives are fairly black. So they can say that they lie, they are cowards, without regret; that they are brave only by accident. If they are not interested in politics, they feel no special democratic twinge. When we react to their damaging admissions as our training dictates, they grow evasive. And, perhaps, for good reason. Aren't our young people, in truth, much nicer than the picture they give of themselves on the typical questionnaire? Don't they perhaps accuse themselves just to meet the popular demand for scientific clarity and certainty about human nature? Are they evading the older generation, who raise complex questions to which they themselves provide simple, multiple-choice answers?

This generation has had more freedom than any other. It has been allowed to enjoy itself frankly. It has been encouraged to explore the implications, not to say the realities, of sex; to treat school as a second benevolent home; to challenge authority directly. Whether or not we approve of all the freedom our youngsters get, we allow it, apparently in the hope of releasing new power thereby. But we also curiously distrust power of any kind, good or bad, personal or otherwise. We curb the legitimate power of the teacher and the police. We call the intellectual an egghead to banish his power to the barnyard. We cloak the ideal in sentimentality. We wear all sorts of disguises, often comic in the extreme, over our own drives for power. Naturally our students learn to hide from us, but what are they hiding? One day I asked a girl who was sharply criticizing the debilitating effects of American society whether she herself felt as weak as her criticism would imply. The spontaneous reply was, "I feel as if I could do anything. I feel *so* powerful."

Though it is certainly ironic that it should be so in a great democracy, we are also carefully and systematically encouraging our youngsters to distrust their own judgment. Even as college professors — or especially as such — we look with religious fervor for authority outside the self. We yield the creating and constructing powers of the mind to mechanical processes almost automatically. We seem to believe that there is a thought process external to all selves in which we can participate if we discipline ourselves properly, as if

objectivity could be achieved by the will to annihilate the self. In so sacrificing our personal authority, we deteriorate in our human relationships as well as in our judgments. Witness the vicious attacks that distinguished doctors of philosophy make upon each other in faculty meetings or at the lunch table. Witness the medical doctor's assault on the judgment of the patient. Witness many a scientist's inability to recognize the role his own mind plays in his investigations.

In college English departments, the prejudice against individual judgment has had the most curious fruits of all. Though we are teaching literature, with its deeply personal origins, many of us shockingly distrust creative activity. Instead of encouraging our students to develop their own judgments and feelings, we send them to the authorities to learn how to think and feel. Indeed, we often go there ourselves for the same purpose. If our students have any reactions richly their own, they naturally hide them. What else can they do until we learn that the published judgments of scholars are only the judgments of human beings like us? If we are to know a work of art for ourselves, we cannot substitute anyone else's perceptions for our own. All we can do for our students is to teach them to test their perceptions in the light and clarity of ours, and then teach them where to go to test theirs and ours further.

This confusion about the role of individual judgment reaches into every nook and cranny of the teaching of composition. Our students, like many of our scholars, alas, write as if they were not autonomous beings but machines for turning out standard opinions. That is why they write so badly. No one can write intelligibly unless he lets his own mind do the writing. Good writing is as personal as true objectivity: it is dependent on the balance of forces within the individual thinking mind.

All this has helped to develop the mask the new generation wears. Notice how often a student's diction and grammar, not to say his spelling and handwriting, mask his thinking. The possibilities of "maskery" in his English training are marvelous to behold. But the problem of writing is much larger than grammar or mechanics. It is the problem of the personality behind the mask, which can be reached only if we give the dignity and separateness that it is designed to protect a real chance to function.

NO DOUBT, all of us wear a mask. Probably the difference between this generation and ours is only a matter of degree, but it is significant. We are much more self-conscious than our parents were,

and our children have to bear the burden of this awareness. The pressures our Victorian parents exerted on us were comparatively clear-cut. There was hypocrisy, but not this deviousness. We did not have to face a concerted assault from radio, movies, television, and newspapers. This generation has had a longer period of adolescence than we had. During this painful and exciting time, the mask has provided a good place to hide.

The mask, I think, does not mean illness. It may even mean health. I wonder whether the delinquent does not behave as he does just because he has no mask. If you have no armor to wear against the ruthless psychologizing of the age; if you have no personal self to bring your public self back to, no refuge when adults shame you for the very things on which their own records are so shaky; if you have no personal defenses against their exploitation of violence in the public press and elsewhere, or against the threats of sexual freedom they have given you without meaning it, you will probably go berserk. You will join a gang that will give you a code to live by. Bad substitute though it will be for your own defenses, it will be something. The mask works like a vaccine. It protects you from the very vulnerability that generates it.

One reason I am not disturbed by the mask is that I see talent growing behind it. The students of this generation are surprisingly tough-minded. They have that ability to face unpleasant facts that Orwell says the creative personality must have. And when you can force them to use their own voices, you find that they *are* theirs, not yours.

The voice of one freshman I have taught recently is, I think, a true voice of his generation. Writing on delinquency, this young man insists that the good youngsters are in their own way responsible for the terror in the neighborhood. His own passivity in boyhood he remembers as disgusting and shameful. Better to be beaten up regularly than to pay the daily assessments that delinquents levy on you. Fight back, he says, on the side of the good, and there will be no more disgraceful Koreas where young men cannot stand up at all to torture and brainwashing. Be willing to suffer for the good, and there will be less evil.

In the miserable story of his grandfather's life and death, another young man expresses the spiritual strength of this generation. Through eighty years of life, his grandfather was humiliated at every turn, then scorned by all for his humiliation. By all, that is, except his grandson. This boy saw him as a man who had survived the Biblical years of famine, who spent twenty-five years tending a bedridden wife without help from sons or daughters, who did not value material things "the way his family did," whose chief misery came when

he finally had to be supported by his reluctant, resentful children. In the old man's last illness, when his body swelled monstrously, the boy "raged and fumed": "Did his death *have* to be as miserable as his life?"

While he was sick I cried. When he died I sighed with relief, almost thanks. . . . If I hadn't loved him as much as I did, I wouldn't have let death take him from me as easily as it did. No tears, no lamentations.

And when the adults who had derided the old man in life cried at the funeral, the adolescent turned to denounce them openly, only to remember in time what his grandfather had told him: "People do not cry for the dead at a funeral; they cry for the living."

To be eighteen and to look at an unsympathetic world compassionately — isn't that rather remarkable? And to be able already to see that rebellion is not escape also seems remarkable to me, especially when you see with another eighteen-year-old's urbane eyes.

What is the official uniform of the nonconformist? I see, sir, that you are scoffing. Then you must be a conformist. Tell me, then, how do you recognize a nonconformist?

You can't always recognize him by his clothes, although I will say he invariably chooses to wear something outlandish. No, you spot him by his unkempt appearance, his disheveled hair and his unshaven face. You pick him out by his restless attitude and his cynicism, by the kind of music he listens to, by the way he speaks, and by the places he frequents. Stubborn, rebellious, belligerent. Have I got it all? Check.

This young man thinks it a waste of time to go to hear the Beatniks. "They're just a bunch of non-conforms who don't know where they're going." But conformity does not delude him either. One must "voluntarily" refuse to associate himself with either "monstrous fraternity in which everyone has the same face." What a relief to see the will raise its lovely face again!

This kind of writing has to be hunted down. Much that the teacher gets is horrendous jargon. It is as if the taps were bursting open to spit out the meaningless mouthings of the advertised, politicalized, depersonalized world these youngsters have known. They love only the big word they do not understand. Challenged to cherish the plain English word, they put on a real glaze. And why not? Watch their painful surprise when they finally understand that you really do want them to write naturally and simply, to express their own opinions, not society's debased versions of such matters as the high ideals of democracy.

Now that I have begun to recognize this surprise, I see it every day. When I asked an ad-

vanced student in a class in modern poetry whether he liked a particular poem by Yeats, he replied, "Do you want my *personal* opinion of this poem?" And another student asked in dismay, "Do you mean you want *us* to derive a definition of Victorianism from these three novels? How do we know what Victorianism is? Don't you know no one can generalize about only three novels?" The idea that generalizations from whatever source are generalizations made by a human mind, not facts — that there are such things as modest generalizations — undermines their whole intellectual structure. I will never forget the hurt wrath of a young lady when I tried to assure her that anyone who spoke as well as she did could write understandably. "What do you mean? No one in this school has ever been interested in my opinions!"

Though I think we deserve the runaround the students are giving us, I also think they are giving it to us for reasons strictly their own. They will go to almost any lengths to avoid having to inquire into their own natures. They appear to respond generously to all kinds of scientific inves-

tigation, yet they will not put their real feelings down anywhere if they can help it. And, given their own hidden needs, they are probably right. If they are able to separate themselves from us, it is just possible that they will enter adulthood without our particular weaknesses and crippling inhibitions. One sure thing is that these youngsters are not the exhibitionists of the twenties. They wear the clothes of that era like a charming disguise. And, just as sure, they are not the rebels people feared in the thirties and forties. They want order far too much. The bravery they put on against the threatening sky, knowing full well that every ride in that jet plane may be their last, is deeply touching.

For me, the nicest thing about our young people is that when they bring me a poem or paper not written for an assignment, I do not have to retire behind my own mask. So much of what I see is interesting, I cannot help feeling that the youngsters' mask is doing its job. It is giving them a new stance — the privacy in which to do their own work.

MENKE KATZ

A MANIKIN

A manikin in a show window — a mocked bride,
deprived of sorrow, condemned to smile till doomsday.
Children on winged horses of a carousel ride
like little folk of yesterday to her wedding day.
Her wedding gown of mournful white, a starry shroud.
The bridal train, the tail of a longing mermaid.
Each ray, a mirror smashed by the evening crowds.
The show window is a dazzling lake, her heart bait.
The day is rushed into shreds, crushed under tired feet.
The sun, a squeezed lemon hugged to death in subways.
The mermaid tossed through flame and steel, from street to street,
on glorious Fifth Avenue, through skulked byways.
My bride, in the twilight trance, before her last dance.
And I, self-doomed, drunk with death, fall in her fire dance.



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Christmas pantomimes are musicals—usually based on children's stories such as "Cinderella." A stunning girl gen-

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● Look closely at this monumental painting of St. James, at the Beaverbrook Gallery in Fredericton. On the chest of the Apostle's charger you see a scallop shell. In fact, the symbolic heavens surrounding the Saint are studded with shells.

In embellishing his painting with scallop shells, Salvador Dali let history and tradition guide his brush. For St. James is often depicted wearing the scallop shell. And this same emblem, the scallop, became the badge of pilgrims journeying to the Apostle's shrine in Compostela, Spain.

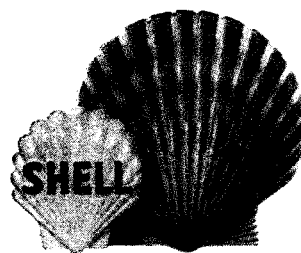
As a symbol of the pilgrimage or voyage or quest, the shell can be traced back to earliest times. It was identified with Venus, born of the sea. It was the badge of Crusaders to the Holy Land—symbol of their quest.

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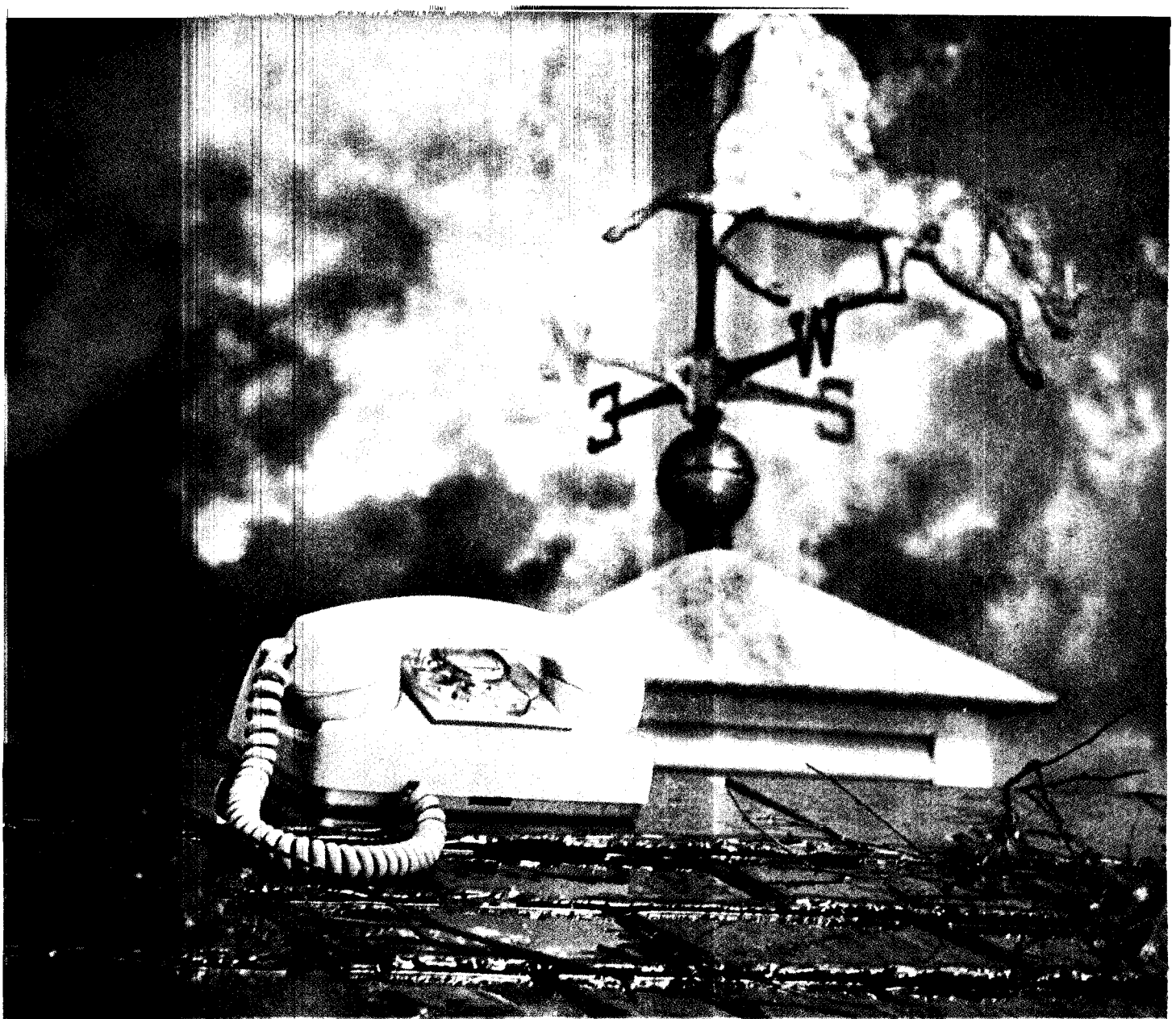
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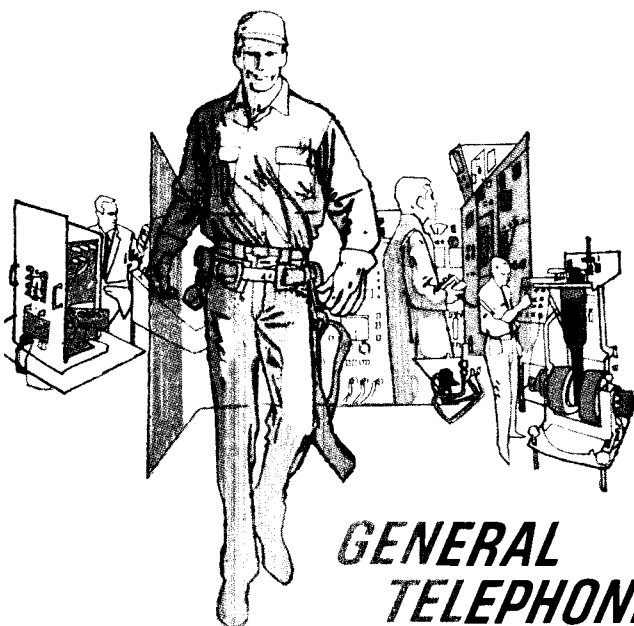
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SUNSET

BY VED MEHTA



VED MEHTA, who was born in Kashmir, came to the United States in his sixteenth year. He graduated from Pomona College in California, spent two happy years at Balliol College, Oxford, and has recently joined the editorial staff of the NEW YORKER. Both of his books, FACE TO FACE and WALKING THE INDIAN STREETS, have appeared under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

I was still very close to Mataji, and in the evening, as always, I looked into her room from the street and could see her large bed covered with a piece of hand-woven green sheet and sagging from being too often sat upon. The bed was placed in front of the only window in the room, and from the street I could see Mataji's strong back bent over the spinning wheel, a staff resting under her left arm, the spindle on her thigh, and both her beautiful hands rising from her lap with lengths of yarn. With each motion of her hands her body gently swayed to the rhythmic clack of the wheel, which spilled into the street like an old grandfather clock, ticking loud and endlessly but never striking an hour. Apart from the bed and the cedar chest of drawers, grandmother's room was furnitureless, and seen through the low window, it was an extension of the quiet street. I shed my shoes under the window and stepped onto the bed, which was piled with ten or fifteen children. Almost forty of her grandchildren were there, and many were forced to sit on the matted floor and compete for chin rests on the bed. "Be blessed, child," she said, and tried to guess my name. "My Sohan has come" — and the voices of the other children sang out in a chorus, "No!" "Then Mohan." "No!" "The little one with long legs!" — and all the children clapped with delight as I took my place on the bed. She patted me and said, "Be blessed."

She always said at meeting, at parting, and often during talking, too, "Be blessed." From her lips, "Be blessed" never seemed repetitious. It was just a pause, a stutter of thought. It gave her speech stillness, a quality of timelessness, her bedtime stories the assurance that darkness would never dare intrude itself in her presence. With open mouths and half-open eyes, we heard her stories, some about good sentries and bad thieves, about Ram, archangel among kings, and Raven, fallen angel among kings, about fairies in glass coaches and goblins cloaked in monstrous spells. We basked in the gentle drone of her voice, which stretched into the night like the sound of a timeless spinning wheel. The tales were perfect, tested and improved during centuries of telling; all mothers and fathers had been brought up on them. We who had exhausted our restless energy during the activity of the day rushed to Mataji like birds going to their nests. When she finished, we straggled home heavy with sleep, unaware of the darkness around us.

I was the oldest of Mataji's grandchildren. My voice was breaking, and my Ayah, who had come to us as a child herself and had been more an older sister than a governess to me, stopped me in the cornfields as I was rushing to Mataji. "You are too old for Mataji's stories," she said. "You will soon be a man." She did not know how long it would be, but she reckoned two or three monsoons,

Photograph by Gilbert Étienne from INDE SARRÉE, Éditions Ides et Calendes, Neuchâtel.

for it would take the gods some seasons' labor to change my voice. "If you don't talk too much, your voice will ripen quickly like the corn in the fields. But if you do," she threatened, "you will be scorched by the sun."

"It is easy for me to keep silence," I said, "because my croakings pain my throat and ears, and grate upon the nerves of the family elders."

"By the bye," she said, "I have good news for you. You have been elected to sit with the family elders. You must not speak in council for many months, but just sit and listen." She sighed. "Go now. You are out of my hands. They are waiting for you."

I could not take my eyes off Ayah. Her thighs were strong, her breasts relaxed and bent like mangoes, and she had a pretty, full mouth. I had often seen her cleaning her teeth with a twig, but until now never noticed the tint the twig gave them. She motioned me to my uncle's house and turned away. I stood there watching her walk toward Mataji's room for long, delicious minutes. It was the beginning of summer, and between the winter day and winter night, the summer had added another period of light, not so clear as a sunny day nor so grim as the dark night. Something in between; something neither pleasant nor terrifying, but absolutely calm. The long sunset over the top of the trees, the soft light in which all the birds darted from tree to tree, the quiet before the storm, the dusk before the night — none of these explained the moment. It was nothing and all: as swift as the walk of my Ayah, and yet as reassuring and wonderful as the daylight which allowed me to see her disappear across the cornfields. I pictured her sitting on Mataji's floor with her feet tucked under her, children crawling over her lap and shoulders, pulling her plaits of jet-black hair.

WHEN I reached Big Uncle's house, all the sons of Mataji except Rajan, the youngest, who was in the army fighting the Japanese in Singapore, were sitting in a semicircle on wicker chairs, and their sons, some my age and some older, were grouped around them on the floor. Everyone was talking with forced lightheartedness. My Big Uncle — that is what we called him, because he was the eldest of Mataji's sons and, next to her, the head of the family — sat in the far right-hand corner, grim and taciturn, countenance growing darker. He took his old and battered watch out of his pocket three or four times and finally cleared his throat, and all were silent. He held the watch in the palm of one hand, and with the other took a paper out of his pocket, unfolded it, and then, with short, gasping words, he started speaking.

"I have bad news. Rajan is dead. Confirmation is in this telegram from his commander himself. Rajan was not taken prisoner, as we had hoped, but tied to a tree and riddled with bullets."

Rajan dead! Big Uncle's words fell like shots. There was so much about Rajan which was living. He dominated the cornfields, the surrounding houses, and Mataji's room, where he always preferred to sit on the floor rather than on her bed, even though he was the oldest among us and our uncle. Everyone older was either brother, cousin, or uncle and demanded his title for its measure of authority; that was the custom, but Rajan did not want any part of it and insisted on being just Rajan to everyone. Before Ayah grew up to take the position of our governess, Rajan was everything to us. He was the kindly peacemaker in any quarrel. He was our best appeal to the elders, and even when he became a family elder, he remained accessible to us.

Sometimes in the evening, when Mataji was busy, Rajan told stories and made us forget her absence. He wove in and out of the cornfields without trampling on a single stalk. He called out the names of birds and told us about them until we learned to know them. He had long legs and could run faster than any of us, but he preferred to come last in the race with the youngest and the slowest.

It was some time before my uncles straightened their backs and lifted their heads from their hands. I stood up from my place on the floor and heard my voice, shaking and hoarse. "I will join Rajan's regiment and fight the Japanese."

"We'll all go with you," supported the young voices from the floor.

Big Uncle stared and motioned me to the floor. I sat down and saw rows of feet before me. "I knew nothing good would come of Rajan's going into the army," Big Uncle went on. "When our father died, Rajan was barely walking. I brought him up like my own son." His eyes wandered over the heads of all assembled. It was sunset over the trees. I felt sorry for Big Uncle. "I must put a question to you," he continued. "Should we or should we not tell Mataji about Rajan's death? Her eyes have been failing, and, as you all know, among our ancestors that is a sign of coming death. I'm afraid news of Rajan's death will kill her."

Some uncles were against the idea of deceiving Mataji; others were for it, but their voices were listless. I thought of Mataji's strong back, straight as a board, and her clear stories. I again stood up. "Mataji can always tell the truth from a lie. She is stronger than any of us. She will guess the truth about Uncle Rajan."

Fathers and sons shifted nervously, and I was

forced to sit down on the floor. The elders voted not to tell Mataji about the telegram. Big Uncle closed the meeting. "I will tell her that Rajan was taken prisoner and will return after the war. By that time, she will be accustomed to living without him. We must all help her to get used to his absence." The meeting broke up. Big Uncle put his arm around my shoulder and said, "It takes a lot of wisdom to judge the question of life and death. When you are as old as your uncles, you will understand." I went to bed thinking of Mataji, Ayah, and Big Uncle. They merged into one another and got confused in the process of thinking.

FOR days Rajan's death remained a silent darkness with us. The elders never talked about him, not even among themselves, because the telegram had to be concealed from the children and Mataji. My croaking voice grew worse, and I began to feel awkward in Mataji's room, but I still went there. Rather than listen to the stories, I watched Ayah, my little cousins climbing on her, using her now as a tree, now as a pony. Between the stories, she made baby sounds, pouting her lips, and the children would chirp and hiccup with excitement. Sometimes I stayed after Ayah and the children had left, but conversation with Mataji did not flow easily. I found the room barren and felt intimidated by my voice. But Mataji did not seem to notice anything different.

One day, after some difficult minutes with Mataji, I was going home across the cornfields and met Big Uncle on the way. He looked grim, as he did at the council, and his torchlight threw eerie shadows against his face. "I am going to Mataji," he said, with too much ease, and beckoned me to come with him. He started walking toward the room, not looking around to see if I followed. I fled toward my father's house, and then the nature of my disobedience stopped me. I turned around, panting. I could barely make out Big Uncle's frame slowly walking into the darkness in the direction of Mataji's house. He vanished and reappeared like a bobbing ghost, and I was frightened.

I wanted to consider whether to follow Big Uncle or return home, but there was no time. He would soon be out of sight, and I would not dare go across the fields alone. I shouted at Big Uncle to wait, but my words came out in a whisper and were lost in the night even before they were spoken. I began running into the darkness toward Mataji's room. Very much later I reached Mataji's window and had a clear view of her and Big Uncle sitting on the bed. Her back seemed a pillar of strength, and I was reassured. I waited

to catch my breath and then went around and entered through the door.

Big Uncle held in his hand a telegram identical to the one he had read at the council. He had changed his mind, I thought, and I wanted to throw my arms around him. Mataji said, "Be blessed, child; come and sit down beside me."

I did, and listened while the telegram was intoned. It was all made up — minute details from Rajan's commander about how Rajan was taken prisoner, how no one knew when and if he would return. In the past, it went on, sometimes wars had lasted for a hundred years. The commander, however, had utter contempt for the Japanese and thought it would take only a few years to knock them out of the war. But, of course, one had to face the worst.

Mataji fell back onto her bed, defenseless. Big Uncle tried to raise her, supporting her back with his hand, but her body crumpled. She shut her eyes, and for some time she was silent. Then she moved to the edge of the bed and sat with her usual strong and graceful posture. She fired a battery of questions — about war, about prisoners, and about the chances of Rajan's returning home. With each insistent question, Big Uncle changed the tone of the telegram, and before she was done with him, he had virtually rewritten it. Rajan was coming home. Big Uncle's head dropped to his chest. Mataji revived and vowed she would pray for Rajan four hours a day until he returned. She brought out wooden prayer beads from the chest of drawers and started going through them one by one. When we left her she was lost in her prayers and barely looked up to say, "Be blessed."

Big Uncle silently walked me home with his torch lighting the way, and when our eyes finally met, at the door, there was more pain in his than I had ever seen before. I went to bed puzzled: whom did I love more, Mataji or Big Uncle? Was Big Uncle right to lie about Rajan's death, or was I right to object to his lie?

I wanted Ayah's help, but when I found her alone in the fields and forced my secret on her, she looked pained and distracted. "You will never get your voice," she said, "if you don't learn to keep your counsel. You must follow the example of elders. You must learn by listening and looking. There is no other way."

I walked the fields with my head hanging low. Rajan's was the first death I was involved in. It was different from other deaths. No one wore black, though some of my aunts said that Mataji was really color-blind and we should wear mourning clothes, at least for the sake of the neighbors. But Big Uncle wouldn't have any of it. My mother tied a black thread under my shirt sleeve, and now

and again I ran my finger over it and knew Rajan was dead.

When I looked into Mataji's room, it seemed someone other than she lived in it. She had stopped spinning altogether because she was tortured by the sound and because she had vowed to pray four hours a day for Rajan. Without the staff under her left arm and the spindle on her thigh, she looked ten years older. I had never noticed her baldness before. She was bent over the wooden beads like a hunchback, and for the first time she looked her seventy years and more. I started rubbing Mataji's back. Her wrinkles were deep, and she felt numb to my hands.

Mataji no longer had her back to the window; she faced it. She prayed with her failing eyes open. A little sound startled her, and her face became expectant. We learned to tiptoe into her field of vision so that she saw us before she heard us and recognized us as her grandchildren and not Rajan returned from war. She still told her stories, but she ran through them rapidly and was easily fatigued. Children begged for more stories and resisted going to bed. She would agree, only to say, "It's getting too dark."

I OFTEN stayed when the other children had gone home, impatiently waiting for the knot on the prayer beads to pass her bony fingers twenty times. The beads rattled softly into the darkness, measuring time. Her concentration kept her dropped eyelids open, and only her stubborn will made her stiffening body supple. I often rubbed her back late into the night. Sometimes I fancied I saw Uncle Rajan from the window, a shadowy figure trying quietly to slip into the room and take Mataji by surprise. She would die of surprise and joy, I thought. Then the spell broke, and I was reminded that Rajan could never come home. I wondered if somehow the secret would escape from my fingers and imprint itself on her.

When the beads were put away under the pillow, Mataji asked me about the latest news, and I read her the Hindi newspapers, with headlines of German losses and Japanese gains, retreat of the European front and advance of the Asian, bombing of Berlin and bombing of Bombay, surrender of Italy and attack on India, blackout in Munich and curfew in Calcutta. The headlines upset her, and she fetched the beads once again, but I persuaded her to go to bed. By and by, I learned to disguise headlines, to retouch them, to dull the sharp edges of the news. When it was brutal, I falsified it. But her eyes and health went from bad to worse and she developed a new symptom, of hearing and not hearing, of being more anxious

to go through the ceremony of listening than of being interested in the newspapers. Her voice became more and more distant. Her eyes frequently remained closed. She brought tears to the eyes of the children.

But Ayah, whom I met mostly in the cornfields, remained unimpressed. "You are not in the wicker chair yet," she said, "so you cannot judge." She brushed my cheek softly, as though to wipe away tears, making me think perhaps she felt more deeply about Mataji than she showed. It seemed to me silly of her not to be more open — to pretend sometimes to be a baby by pouting her lips, and other times an elder by being mysterious and unfeeling. But she was too engrossing, too engaging, both when away and close to me. Her vision drew a curtain across the mind. The mystery of Ayah, the wish to unravel her, to understand the motion of her beautiful hands and arms, burned like a candle in the wintry nights.

And the wintry nights were harshly upon us. The sunny days shrank and shriveled to half their summer size, and more than half our life was lost to the night. Daily blackouts became a matter of course, but newspapers explained that India was not in any immediate danger and blackouts were only precautionary measures. Children were put early to bed, and some evenings they were not told any stories, because the elders decided it was safer for children to stay at home than to be out — even in Mataji's room.

Ayah conceded that since Rajan's death everything had changed; days and seasons ran into one another, and soon it was summer again. She added playfully, slightly embarrassed, "But you should be happy that the time passes quickly, because then your voice will ripen quickly, and before you know it you will be in the wicker chair telling me what to do rather than me telling you." Mataji defied the blackouts. She prayed and slept with her window open. The daylight kept her up late and the birds woke her up early.

One August day when Ayah was sitting with Mataji, I rushed into the room and flung my arms around her and said, "Japan has surrendered. The prisoners will be returning home any day." Mataji's eyes opened as wide as in the days of the spinning wheel. I swept the prayer beads onto the floor, and Ayah caught my foot just as it was crashing down on the beads. "Grow up. Get hold of yourself," she snapped.

Mataji had noticed and not noticed. "Child, you are my messenger from heaven." Straightening her back, Mataji went on, "You must help me to look well again. I don't want Rajan to come home and not recognize his mother. I want him to look exactly the way he did, and he would wish his mother to be the same, too."

Ayah stared at me with horror, and I was ashamed and terrified. "You are the same as always, Mataji," Ayah said.

Excitedly, Mataji began to map out her time. She was going to pray four hours a day and still find time to watch for news of returning prisoners. She took new interest in the newspapers. With unwilling voice I read them from cover to cover, and sometimes, when there was no news about the returning prisoners, she was so disheartened that I was forced to make some up.

PERHAPS it was because of her growing anxiety that Big Uncle chose that winter for her cataract operation. For some time the doctors had advised the operation, but the elders had all been against it. "She will never survive the ordeal," one said at the council. Another remarked, "We can be her eyes," and he added in a soft whisper, "Why does she need eyes as long as she has us?" The other uncles seemed to agree with these feelings, and they eagerly applauded an elder who suggested leaving the decision to Big Uncle. He pressed his brothers to be more definite, but they shunned his attempts, and Big Uncle put off the operation season after season. Now, in the third winter since the doctors' advice, Big Uncle chose to act. For a long while he talked with Mataji about the need for an operation. She did not wish to go into the hospital just then because her Rajan was coming any day. But Big Uncle explained that it would be months before prisoners found their way home and the operation would take only a little while.

Before she went to the hospital she asked everyone, "Will the doctors make me look myself again?", and everyone said, "Yes." She seemed to take their reassurances as a promise of recovered health, and she went gracefully to the hospital. After the operation her eyes were bandaged for days, and we all took turns staying with her. She talked of Rajan all the time, and the thought of his home-coming made her convalescence shorter. When her eyes were unbandaged and the operation was clearly a failure, her sons were disappointed much more than she. She showed surprise at their apologies, as though to say she had gone through the trial just to please them. She refused to acknowledge that the operation had weakened her, and returned to her prayer beads. She was more resigned than in the days of the blackout, but she needed much more looking after, as she was all but blind to the light and tired quickly.

The news of the trainload of prisoners arrived too soon after the operation, striking like a cannon ball and leaving the elders dumb with horror.

There was a long piece in the newspaper telling how all the released prisoners of our village would be arriving midnight Sunday from Calcutta. It gave their names and descriptions of their heroic deeds and bestowed ecstatic encomiums on the parents who had produced such valiant sons. It said war was won at home as well as at the front and that there would have been no front without brave citizens like those in India.

I was forbidden by Big Uncle to read the awaited news to Mataji, and the council of elders was called once again. The debate was embarrassed, because some uncles held that the train should be kept a secret and others argued for a complete confession to Mataji. The decision was a sort of compromise — to tell Mataji about the train of returning prisoners, but not to say anything about the details of the article. Once the trainload of prisoners had arrived, she would guess soon enough that Rajan was dead. But no one was to confirm her suspicions. Because, as Big Uncle said, "The uncertainty of Rajan's death has kept Mataji alive all these years." I stood up and choked tearfully, "You mean it has killed her." But I sat down under darkening frowns.

Mataji's reactions to the coming train were restrained. She tried to appear very excited, but there was something forced about her response which showed under her tired eyelids. But that Sunday Mataji and a few of us went ceremoniously to the station. All the neighbors were there, and as we led Mataji into the waiting room the station was hushed silence, interrupted by pathetic jerks of tongues. I heard one woman whisper, "Why is she here to rob us of our joy?", and I was thankful that Mataji was already in the waiting room. She waited patiently with her eyes shut and her hands still in her lap, her face relaxed. Two kerosene lanterns from the ceiling pierced the wintry darkness and gave enough light for us to hide our faces in trying to read the newspapers. The window looked out on the neighbors and the rails. There were also cartloads of flowers, which seemed to be as much for Mataji as for the victorious soldiers. The train thundered in, pouring forth a circle of smoke which blackened everything — the neighbors, the flowers, the windowpanes. The sounds multiplied, the train roared and cracked, the whistle hissed and screamed, but the neighbors were oblivious. They shouted and danced with improper delight. When the train finally exploded into view, making its darkness visible through our window, the prisoners jumped off into the arms of the bystanders. The coolies darted back and forth, tossing the cartloads of flowers at the prisoners, but Mataji sat dead to the sounds and excitement.

Big Uncle went out and came in and said in an

anguished voice, "Rajan is not on the train." But Mataji did not ask if there was another train to come. She said quietly, "Shall we go home?" We led her out of the waiting room and took her home.

AFTER the eye operation the doctor had expected her to live only a few weeks, but she dragged on. Every time the council met it talked about her in impatient tones. No one was happy with what had happened, but everyone was wrapped in decorous feelings. After the midnight train, no one mentioned Rajan by name. Mataji still sat with her face to the window, prayer beads in hand, but her face now was expressionless and the beads were held stiffly. Sometimes it took two or three days for the knot to pass her bony fingers. She tried to revive the institution of the storytelling, but the children were uncomfortable in her presence. They resisted going to Mataji as they balked at going to bed. The council thought the children were frightened by the enveloping darkness — the wintry nights which enclosed the fields and Mataji's room — and I was asked to escort the children with torches. But they remained stubborn and unfeeling. The scoldings at home, the attentions of Ayah and me did nothing to bring them closer to Mataji. And, worst of all, Mataji became aware of the distracted children. She made Ayah and me carry her sweets, which she stocked for her little visitors, and while telling stories she put out her hand, groping for her grandchildren. But her grandchildren, who no longer remembered the days of the spinning wheel, shrank away. Stretching out her hand again, Mataji would force expression into her stony face and say, "Would you like to play hide-and-seek with my hand?" But her audience remained reluctant.

I learned to daydream and tried to shut out the voices of the elders. I became sullen, and even began missing the council meetings. I took long walks. The rotting lie about Rajan was an obsession with me. I lost Ayah as a friend. She shied from talking to me, avoided my eyes, preferred spending all her time with the children. I hardly ever saw her alone. Once, when I did find her alone, she admonished, "You are an elder now. Your voice is as ripe as the corn in the fields. Like others, you must learn to live with your own unhappiness." She blushed at her words and quickly said, "I am just your servant. I feel as you do. The difference is, you lose all sense of perspective." She said I acted as if Rajan had been the only one to die. I could only force her to admit that some of the time she did too. I shamed her by my sharp memory of our childhood Mataji.

We started keeping a day-and-night watch on Mataji because the doctors gave her only a week to live. I sat with her for hours, eating and sleeping and working in the room. She now needed continuous attention. One evening I was dozing beside Mataji's bed. I woke with a start. She was calling for me in a distant voice. The room was dead quiet, like the time before the corn ripens, but nothing happened. I shouted, "Mataji, Mataji." And then she turned in the bed, her eyes barely moving, her voice a breath. On a childish impulse, when I wasn't certain whether she had already died or was about to die, I blurted out, more to myself than to her, in what I was certain was no more than a whisper, that Rajan had been dead countless winters, that from the start I had been against telling the dark lie, but nevertheless I begged her forgiveness for my part in it and for the million needless prayers she had said for Rajan's return. I had to put my ear to her lips to hear her. "I knew about Rajan's death long before my sons thought I knew it. You must never tell your elders. They were trying to be good to me." She put her hand on my head and blessed me. She said some words for her sons, but I could not hear them. The voice stopped. I shook her again and again, trying to wake her, and then I knew.

I rushed out in the dead of night. I screamed in waking sleep. The fields were familiar. I ran automatically. I dimly noticed something darting out of the cornstalks. From a distance it looked like an animal, yet its form was larger. I sped away from the vague outlines of the form silhouetted against the darkness. Then I crashed to the ground and it was on top of me. From the hollow of the night I heard Big Uncle's voice and cried out for help. And then, as in a waking nightmare, I became aware that I was not pinned by an animal but by Big Uncle. "She's dead, she's dead," I sobbed. "I saw her die. I was there, and she knew it. She knew it. She told me she knew it."

He lifted me from the ground and took my hand. He walked me around and around the fields and brought me to my senses. The wintry stalks of the corn were short and made him appear very tall. Big Uncle said, "Mataji's last wish was that you should not tell anyone her dying words."

"But don't you see?" I cried. "You were wrong about Mataji."

"I don't know," Big Uncle said, with tears in his eyes.

As Big Uncle and I walked toward Mataji's room, overhead the crows were cawing in their ugly, monotonous, hungry way. The pigeons stirred, and the sparrows, hugging their nests, twittered of daybreak.



NATIONAL PARKS FOR THE FUTURE

BY STEWART UDALL

In answer to the question of whether our national parks are in jeopardy, STEWART UDALL, the new Secretary of the Interior, has written the following reply. A native of Arizona, Mr. Udall was admitted to the Arizona bar in 1948 and served in the 84th to 86th Congresses before being appointed to the Cabinet.

IN THE summer of 1953, Bernard De Voto, the Cambridge conservationist and chronicler of the West, made his way through some fifteen of our great national parks. With him traveled, figuratively speaking, some seventeen million Americans who sought, with De Voto, to renew their spirits in the wild and scenic places of our land. On his return De Voto pronounced a verdict on what he had seen, and a disturbing verdict it was to all who knew his deep affection for our national parks. "Let's close the National Parks," De Voto wrote caustically. "Let us, as a beginning, close Yellowstone, Yosemite, Rocky Mountain, and Grand Canyon National Parks—close them and seal them, assign the Army to patrol them, and so hold them secure for a more enlightened future."

De Voto's anger was directed at the rot, decay, and neglect he had encountered everywhere. Sewage was seeping into Yellowstone Lake, and the campgrounds of the park looked like outdoor slums because, as De Voto put it, "they *are* slums." On the breath-taking rim of Black Canyon of the Gunnison, the guard rails had rotted away; not one ranger was assigned to the area, and even the visitor's register had been stolen. Fire, health, and safety hazards were prevalent at every turn.

At about the same time, the *Reader's Digest* warned prospective visitors that "your trip is likely to be fraught with discomfort, disappointment, even danger," and Conrad Wirth, then as now the director of the National Park Service, had to agree that "We actually get scared when we think of the bad health conditions." The *Saturday Evening Post* took its turn at bat and editorialized that the "great canyons, pristine lakes and the endless beauties of nature of our National Parks" were being displaced by "traffic jams on beat-up highways, beer cans in the geysers, honky-tonk commercialism . . . outdoor slums."

America's glory has been its natural wonders; how, then, did we allow our national parks to suffer such disfigurement?

The answer is that up until 1941 the resources of the National Park Service, the custodian of our parks and monuments, were reasonably adequate. But with the onset of World War II, money and manpower were cut to the bone, and when millions of Americans turned to the parks in the post-war period, the rangers were overwhelmed.

In 1940 some seven million people visited the parks. By 1953, the year of De Voto's trek, the figure had more than doubled, and the Park Serv-

Lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

ice, with a smaller ranger force, had to administer eighteen new areas as well.

Today few in Washington would dispute the proposition that the esprit and dedication of the men who run the National Park Service are unexcelled in our government. Yet the post-war years found some rangers and their families living in rat-infested shacks and paying the government a painful percentage of their modest salaries for the privilege. Not only the parks but the morale of the men charged to conserve them had become eroded to the danger point. These were the conditions which in 1956 called into being the restorative work of Mission 66.

RESTORATION

Mission 66 was designed as a ten-year rehabilitation program to accommodate the flood tide of visitors without compromising basic conservation values. A series of master plans was developed for each of the 181 areas administered by the Park Service, and sizable appropriations were obtained from a responsive Congress to enhance maintenance and underwrite new capital improvements. Thus, a frontal attack was made on the conditions that aroused De Voto's ire and caused misgivings in his fellow Americans.

Mission 66 is now at the halfway mark; a new Administration has come to power; and it is an opportune moment to review the scope of the program and assess its work.

The Park Service takes justifiable pride in maintenance systems that now protect the health and safety of park visitors. And, unquestionably, the main new capital development projects — roads, trails, campsites, interpretive exhibits — have made the parks more hospitable and have quickened appreciation of their wonders. But problems of delicate judgment have been created also.

For example, take the problem of roads. In 1924, Stephen Mather, the first director of the Park Service, enunciated the basic guidelines: "It is not intended to have the parks gridironed with roads, but in each it is desired to make a good sensible road system so that visitors may have a chance to enjoy them. At the same time, large sections of each park will be kept in a natural wilderness state without feeder roads, and will be accessible only by trails for the horseback rider and the hiker."

CAMPsites

In the late forties, the road systems in the parks were miserably inadequate and unsafe. However, 653 miles of existing roads have now been improved under Mission 66, while nearly 144 miles

of new roads provide scenic vistas and access to new campground areas.

Camping is one of the more intimate park experiences. To encourage it, 7000 new campsites have been created, and an additional 4000 sites renovated. For access both to the spectacular and the humbler sites of natural beauty, 300 miles of trails have been built or improved. For many visitors, the most meaningful moments in the parks come when they join together around the fire in the evening to learn from ranger naturalists more of the natural history that surrounds them. There are now campfire circles for more than 25,000 persons, and 54 new interpretive centers to encourage the vital educational work of the Park Service.

Yet Mission 66 has inevitably evoked both praise and blame from those who love and use our parks. The truth of the matter is that in 1916 the Interior Department was pitched onto the horns of a dilemma by Congress's directive "to conserve the scenery . . . and the wildlife therein and to provide for the *enjoyment* of the same in such a manner and by such means as will leave them *unimpaired* for the *enjoyment* of future generations."

Examining this singular congressional mandate, Wallace Stegner, the well-known novelist and conservationist, once wrote perplexedly: "Provide for use, but leave unimpaired. Use, but protect. Keep the parks primitive, but open them to millions. Make the scenery accessible with roads, trails, lookouts, but don't scar it up. Provide — invisibly — campsites for millions, lodge and motel accommodations for hundreds of thousands, and the facilities of whole towns to take care of them. . . . Protect and restore wildlife, even wolves and mountain lion, in order to keep the balance of nature, but do it in a show window where millions can thrill to see it."

Over the years, some of the wisest men in the Interior Department have wrestled with this dilemma, and it is not surprising that many policy directives have touched off controversy. There have been mistakes; I would cite Tioga Road in Yosemite and the tower on Clingman's Dome in the Great Smokies as two. But when you view the many Mission 66 projects in perspective, it is amazing that so few egregious errors have been committed.

TO USE AND YET PRESERVE

During the Kennedy Administration, special care will be taken that in the planning of roads, buildings, and village developments, nature will take precedence over the needs of modern man. The Park Service cannot be too zealous in its work to maintain, and raise, the standards of the facilities and the services it provides. No road or lodg-

ing is an end in itself, but exists to enhance the value of the park it serves.

But too often critics have failed to concede that many of the "wrong" decisions have actually been dictated by conditions and compromises which preceded the establishment of the parks. For example, Floridians stipulated a developed area outside its heartland when they donated the land and money which led to the establishment of the Everglades National Park. And the Santa Fe Railroad and others owned land on the rim of the Grand Canyon long before it became a national park.

In my view, wise park administrators must steer judiciously between those who would ignore the park standards and those who construe each alternative according to their personal tastes. In any event, the pressure of tens of millions of people on a limited and often fragile land mass will surely grow more intense. Can our parks be both used and preserved at the same time?

The answer is, they must be if we are to keep faith with future generations and serve the men and women of today.

One concept long respected by the Park Service in its approach to the inherent dilemma has been the development within the wilderness of "zones of civilization" linked by roads. The result is that today 99 per cent of our national park land still enjoys wilderness status, and a visitor need only wander two hundred yards off any road to enter primitive and untouched country.

In Yellowstone, our oldest and most intensively used national park, the road system has been improved to carry the hundreds of thousands of cars that use it annually, but the natural wilderness has not been penetrated one foot farther than when the first motorcar was admitted forty-five years ago. And here it should be borne in mind that Yellowstone is nearly three times the size of Rhode Island. All too few of the millions of visitors venture beyond these paved corridors, yet the opportunity is there for anyone who wants to seize it.

Looking at the vast panorama of our parks, one is impressed by the wisdom with which the Park Service has resolved the conflict between use and conservation. There are no more zealous guardians of our places of extraordinary beauty than those who cherish the purity of our wild lands. Fortunately for all of us, each noble stand of trees, each solitary mountain promontory, each desert canyon has its devoted band of friends. And this is as it should be, because wilderness land, paradoxically, is a fragile asset.

PARKS ARE FOR PEOPLE

However, it is also plain that parks are for people, and not people for parks. And these people

are entitled to what De Voto has called "amiable diversions" in keeping with the purpose of their visit and the character of the park. The test of whether to allow such diversions as winter sports, for example, should be whether participants scar the terrain. Furthermore, we must consistently ask ourselves whether a particular organized activity adds a worth-while dimension to the purpose for which our parks were established.

This brings into focus the central domestic crisis which confronts America today, the fact that population tends to outrun space, and that the very spaciousness which has formed the face and character of our people is now threatened. The most noticeable scarcity in this society of abundance is land. The pressures on our land — especially land suitable for parks and outdoor recreation — are relentless. Another four million Americans will be born into this country this year. Given fair weather each day, another 300,000 acres of countryside will fall to bulldozers, cement mixers, and logging crews.

If we want to save some of this land for parks and for the enjoyment of the outdoors, we must act now. The enemy is time, not people. And time has run out for piecemeal action. The day is long past when a stroke of the pen could create new national parks out of the public domain. The time is now past when we could hoard a few more acres of park land in the West, where it is still relatively plentiful, and hope that some philanthropist would give us a little more elsewhere.

NEW NATIONAL PARKS — NOW!

What is needed today, and needed urgently, is a truly national and wisely balanced program of land acquisition and park development. Last February, within a month of assuming office, President Kennedy spelled out in a message to Congress the broad goals of a national land-conservation program.

We have already come to the second phase of Mission 66. From 1956 to date, we rescued the national parks from rot and erosion; now, quickly, we must round out our park system by the inclusion of the remaining areas of exceptional scenic beauty. But new national parks are only a part of the answer to the exploding demand for outdoor recreation in all parts of the country. Our great national parks represent one of the few remaining opportunities for vacationing families to enjoy the "early morning" experience of the wilderness. We did not set aside our parks for casual inspection. These unique areas were meant to provide what Laurance Rockefeller has called "the cathedral experience" of nature.

Furthermore, most of our finest parks are located

in the Western part of the United States, a considerable distance from centers of population. Yet America's families should have opportunities for outdoor recreation within easy reach of their homes. And, properly, they should rely for such recreation on their state and local governments. State and local action to set aside land for outdoor recreation would take pressure off the national parks, but more important would be the benefits which carefully developed open land would bring to the communities themselves and to their residents.

In most areas of our country, enough land is still available if we act now. But in the heavily industrialized parts of America, the only hope of salvaging what remains lies in inspired, and inspiring, leadership from our governors and mayors.

The challenge is a double one: to preserve the face of our country for ourselves and our children, and at the same time to provide plentiful and varied opportunities for people to enjoy the outdoors.

I should like to see new national parks to protect such unique areas, for example, as the deep, sandstone canyons that surround Rainbow Bridge in southern Utah; the last remaining prairie lands in Kansas; Santa Cruz Island, California; and the proposed Great Basin Park in Nevada. We must

also move quickly to add the Great Beach and adjoining land of Cape Cod; Padre Island, Texas; and Point Reyes to the national seashore system.

Nowhere are the opportunities for outdoor recreation more limited than in or near our cities. What little open country separates the sprawling urban complexes on the East and West coasts is being pre-empted by various "developments." Only bold action can save what remains. For example, at the Delaware Water Gap a magnificently varied recreation area could be created surrounding the proposed Tocks Island Reservoir. This would give nearly one third of the nation's population 75 miles of shore front for outdoor sports and recreation.

America's land and water are on the block. The highest bidder is seldom the wisest user. Short-term developments and short-term gains will be debited a thousandfold against the assets of future generations, whose claim on America is as valid as ours.

Some of us in Washington sense an ever-increasing interest in the land and in man's relationship to it. President Kennedy has already struck the keynote. If we seize the opportunity and act to save the spaciousness and grandeur of our land, later generations may record this period as one of the most significant in the American conservation movement.

THE AFFLUENT LOVER

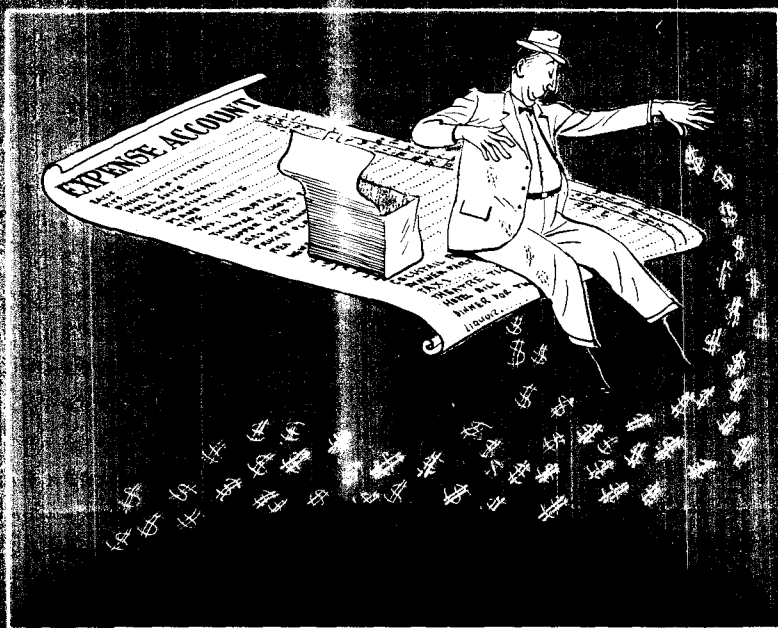
BY DONALD W. BAKER

We gather plenty that we never look for.
We stumble over rosebushes, and when we reach
To keep ourselves from falling, we find peach
Blossoms in our fists. The world insists on more.

The rich man, for example. Can he endow
Enough foundations to finance his death?
Or drown his bonds in libraries when every breath
Sucks money in? He's checked down every row.

Or talented naturalists. In any lot,
Wherever dust prevailed, Burbank could drop
A seed and it would germinate, or lop
And graft a twig and get an apricot.

It's so, thank God, with love. I find myself,
Since you, a Carnegie twice over,
Green-thumbbed and green-backed, rolling in clover,
The astonished victim of flowers and wealth.



Living

EXPENSE accountism shows no signs of receding. On the contrary, it begins to raise the question of where expense ends and simple-mindedness sets in. Does every man in a high executive position enjoy being cheated and playing the chump with the company's money? Just how exquisite must the victuals be when the Majestic Tack and Pushpin Company of America wishes to butter up its distributor from Nirvana (Ohio)? What is a reasonable overcharge for a three-dollar bottle of wine? If the dinner for two costs fifty dollars, how much does one give the hat-check attendant, who doesn't get the money anyhow?

The questions call to mind the textile magnate, on a transatlantic passage a few years ago, who asked me what I proposed to tip the room steward. It was an eight-day boat and the textile man was sharing a double cabin with his general manager. He seemed appalled when I said my tip would be about fifteen dollars. "You're supposed to tip at the rate of five dollars a day per person for everyone you tip," the textile man declared.

"That is, you will give him forty dollars?" I asked. "And your associate will give him another forty?" Correct, eighty dollars from the two

and I said I thought this was much too high.

"What do you care?" said the textile man. "You're on an expense account, aren't you?"

Executive life has become, in recent years, extremely wall-to-wall. A stranger, sizing up the executive amid his French impressionists and blond woods, treading the springy pile of the executive carpet, quaffing the executive coffee as it is presented by the beautiful secretariat — the stranger has no way of telling what this elegant environment contains. It could be a dairy, the Doakes Foundation, a junk yard, or a publishing house, but whatever the activity, only the best will suffice for the executive needs.

The refinements of expense account living are multiplied when the executive goes out to dine. His guest, let us assume, is the Nirvana distributor. There has to be a guest: no guest, no expense account, and the executive would be in the preposterous position of having to pay for his own meal. So, even the Nirvana distributor will suffice — a small account, to be sure, but pushpin sales in the Nirvana area are growing rapidly, and it simply won't do to take the man just anywhere. Let it never be said that Majestic is a

niggardly host or that it can't meet its competition, truffle for truffle.

Dinner, therefore, will be at a little French place the Majestic man has found recently. A man not on an expense account would never dream of going there. Actually, he "found" it in a restaurant column of the *New York Times*, but the Nirvana man reads the *Nirvana Gazette*, and the place has just opened anyhow, so novelty is assured.

The principal novelty in this particular restaurant, to judge from the *Times* column, is its prices: soup, \$2.25; first course, \$4.00; main course, \$8.25; vegetables, \$1.50; and so on. Two wines mentioned in the column, one at \$8.50 and the other at \$14.00, can be had in single-bottle lots at a good Boston retailer at the same price for each, \$3.50.

Note: Mustn't forget to tip the sommelier (not that he won't remind you somehow).

Dinner over, and signed for to prove that it really did cost the fanciful figure on the bill, the diners make their way to the hard-ticket Broadway musical for which Majestic Tack and Pushpin has thoughtfully provided seats. They both fall asleep, expensively, shortly after the curtain rises.

CHARLES W. MORTON

All Heaven in a Rage

BY R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is an English free lance whose poetry and light articles appear frequently in the ATLANTIC.

Ushant was off the starboard bow at 4 P.M. At 4:10 we passed the Porsal buoy, from which the tower on Vrach is seen in a line with Plouguerneau church steeple. There was a moderate sea, and the vessel was rolling and pitching. And I guess it must have been around here that the bird came aboard.

The first time I cast eyes on it, though, was at 8:30 the next morning, and I took it for a small tawny owl. By now we were out in the Bay of Biscay, and the Île de Ré was somewhere near but a long way out of sight. Nothing was to be seen but a lot of blue water when this Breton bird appeared, fluttering wildly about the fo'c'sle. Finally it took refuge in a ventilator shaft and sat inside it peering out, like an old lady in a subway entrance waiting for the rain to stop.

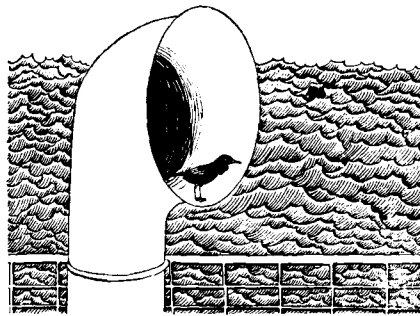
It was a starling, the second mate said. Sailors know everything. Fortunately I had not given utterance to my belief that it was a small tawny owl. But the second mate must have been gifted with second sight, because he straightaway told me a long yarn about a barn owl that had once come aboard at Bordeaux and sailed with them to London. This barn owl had perched under the cross-trees all day, where there was a nice dark hollow and it could pretend it was up a tree. It stayed there for three days and went ashore at dusk at Shadwell, setting course for Shoreditch. Its intention, clearly, was to head over Hoxton, Highbury, and Holloway and hole up, hooting, on Hampstead Heath. It was, in short, a bird of purpose and determination, and although it had probably never dreamed that its perch would sail out of Bordeaux Harbor, once it found itself at sea it settled down as comfortably as it could and thought up its next move.

Less could be said of our starling. The sunshine was dazzling, and the bay was bright blue. If the starling had been the tawny owl I at first took it to be, it might well have been discommoded, but starlings rather care for bright sunshine and are birds

in whom self-confidence normally runs to excess. I was rather surprised to observe that this bird's accustomed bumptiousness collapsed so utterly in an unforeseen situation that it hid in a ventilator shaft instead of perching on the wheelhouse roof and exchanging low wolf whistles with the donkeyman, as one would have expected.

I was also rather distressed. "A Robin Redbreast in a cage Puts all Heaven in a rage," as William Blake so justly remarks, and I did not care to imagine what fury might be aroused in heaven by the sight of a starling in a ventilator shaft. There was the mitigating factor that we had not put it there, but could we be sure that heaven knew this?

However, the sea remained calm, with a long, slow swell coming from



the northwest. We were setting course at 144° and making eleven knots. The second mate was staring at the Decca Navigator, tapping his teeth with a pencil and dreaming of home. The starling was silent and motionless in his ventilator shaft and appeared to be temporarily reconciled to his situation.

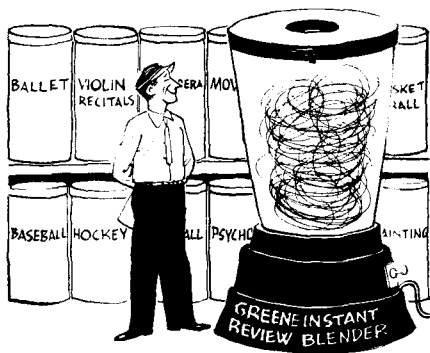
At midmorning I returned to the bridge. The course was still 144°, and the starling was still immobile in his ventilator shaft, but ten minutes later he suddenly took off. The Île d'Oléron now lay to port, but if the starling looked for it he could not see it, since it was out of sight. He emerged from his shelter without a moment's hesitation and flew off to starboard. In that direction lay, three thousand miles away, America, and if he had continued with suffi-

cient determination on his course, west and a little south, he might have come ashore at last at Charleston, South Carolina, though he would have been rather tired. But he lacked even this crazy ambition. Less than half a sea mile from the ship he commenced to swoop here and there among the waves, examining them from close quarters. After a few minutes he reappeared no more, and I very much fear he plunged to a watery grave.

His sudden dash in the wrong direction reminded me of an uncle of mine who, in a long-ago war, was blown out of his trench by a shell. It blew him into the middle of no man's land, where a lot of earth that had been blown with him fell on him and buried him. And that would have been that, except that the next shell, more considerate than most, unburied him again. Finding himself, to his surprise, alive, he picked himself up and ran, without considering in the least where he was running to, and after he had run a short way he fell into the German trenches. Whether this was good or bad luck it is difficult to say, but at least he is alive now and in Durban, which is more than one can say for the starling, who is either dead or in Brittany. It is possible that he may have returned with a trawler to Quimper — I am speaking now not of my uncle but of the starling — or smelled his course up the seaways to Quiberon Bay. But I doubt it.

Within an hour we were off the mouth of the Gironde, with the sacred shores of the Médoc visible in the southern distance. If the starling had only waited a little, he could have gone ashore at the point and become an honest citizen starling of Poitou. And if he were too tired to fly, he could have gone back to Royan with the pilot boat. It is a horrible lesson to us all on the need for patience and faith.

As for me, I callously ate a hearty lunch of roast beef, cabbage, and boiled potatoes, and afterward lay heartlessly in the sun on the deck and in the lee of the wheelhouse, watching the Pointe de Grave slide by and the Tour de Cordouan fading slowly out to sea. "He who shall hurt the little wren Shall never be belov'd by men," as William Blake so truly says, but there are some circumstances in which one feels that starlings simply have to look after themselves.



The Critic Art

BY A. C. GREENE

A few years ago I was appointed a sort of catchall critic on a small-town newspaper. I was worried, at the start, because my reviews seemed to lack the professional aesthetic tone achieved by my big-city and periodical critic compatriots.

As so often happens in life, I discovered the solution to the problem too late to help my own cause, as I stopped being a critic. However, in case others face the need to write (or read) contemporary criticism, let me say that the solution is fairly simple: review one medium in terms of another.

For example, you are doing a criticism of a symphony orchestra concert. Then write in terms of a painting exhibit: "Maestro Pogany worked from a muted palette, applying first an underlayer of brown tones with a somber display of *Tuonela*, then adding pastels with a brace of French modernists."

The technique is even more adaptable to soloists:

"Using lighter strokes as he sketched in the fugue, Violinist Hraknurv flew across the central figures, splashing primary colors as he went, doodling for a moment in contemplation of the coda. . . ."

It is a shame that you cannot simply reverse the process and apply musical terms to painting, but it isn't done. Musical terms have been appropriated by the architectural commentators. (There aren't very many of them, so you might be able to get away with thieving the semantics, if there is no question of your conscience.)

A. C. GREENE lives in Texas and was formerly a bookstore owner and teacher of journalism. At present he is on the staff of the Dallas TIMES HERALD.

"On the other hand, Blatburg often described Shambles House, the now famous étude in tonality which he achieved shortly before the 'Dancing Mud' motif began dominating his composition, as 'staccato in conception but legato in execution.'"

If colored photos accompany the piece, particularly blobby night shots, then another type of architectural-musical vocabulary is used, which, for purposes of identity, I privately call "lifetime" style:

"High above the growling bass of the traffic at its feet, the golden soprano of the Knifegrinders Trust and Mercantile Bank soars into lilting, spatial lyrics of almost Wagnerian power."

Poetry nomenclature is also employed in architectural criticism, but I, for one, think this can be disregarded. Poetry nomenclature is used in just about all forms of criticism. Frankly, I predict that, if it is not already old hat, poetry nomenclature in criticism soon will be old hat—even for small-town newspapers.

Having mentioned painting, I'd best get it out of the way. Working painters usually wear old clothes and go sockless, and I have found that any of the arts which are practiced in this way are usually handled in either psychiatric or philosophical jargon:

"But why this instinctive groping toward womb acceptance in the work of Von Shmier? One must look for total disappearance of entity into the symmetry of his bold withdrawal in rejecting the whole society of his predecessors to achieve the fluid empathy his canvases cry out for with their huge areas of nothingness and inchoate movement."

Now and then, in the thinner magazines, is a tougher, more personal kind of philosophy-art criticism encountered:

"Then this critic said to Normuh Sklizk, 'No, damn it, no. He can't confuse life with living. He absolutely has not the authority to tell me I am a man.' Which, of course, is exactly what *Composition #9* by Northwest tries to do."

Most critics who write in the first person are pretty tough, philosophically speaking, regardless of the field:

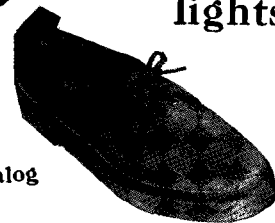
"As music, it schizzed—and I failed to derive inwardness from it. . . ."

please to refrain from accelerating the taxi

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"Sometimes I ask myself, 'Can he have read Kierkegaard? Can he? Can he? And then go on such a metaphysical binge as the spiritual spewings of his quasi-novel, *Spluster's End*?' "

Ballet criticism has preserved a certain purity, but in some instances use can be made (I'm quite serious) of sports writing:

"The corps de ballet, having kept the spectators in the tense mood created when the principals left the field, itself retired, and there was an unbearable moment before Undaluva came leaping onstage in a wild burst of footwork, whirling across the arena until we, whose memories go back that far, were holding our breaths, half believing, half fearing that another Nijinsky was about to score."

Actually, ballet criticism is based on two simple points which, if kept in mind, reduce it to routine: never say anything was bad, except in French, and always mention Nijinsky.

Book reviewing is a troublesome, nonprofit sort of work at best, and for my part, I suggest not dabbling in it. However, on a now-and-then basis it seems best handled, currently, from a tauromachian frame of reference.

"Having disposed, in his first two chapters, of the picadors (rather crudely draped under the Freudian cloak of a double seduction, this reviewer thought), O'Malville then blows a tremendous *deguëlllo* in chapter three, ushering in his beautiful afternoon of *sangre y arena*, leading, predictably, to the moment of truth in which his protagonist sees his own soul, and Dorothy's, passing irretrievably through life, as it were, in a series of poorly executed veronicas."

You may ask, where, then, does the critic use literary terms? Serious students of LP records can answer that instantly — modern jazz reviews:

"Butterball Baker negates the stream of consciousness theory, never deviating from the chapter and verse of Bubba Benson's arrangements. 'I try to choose our literature from the classics in a nonclassic manner. To me, jazz is definitive of mind or it denies its *raison d'être*. The genius virtue of the combo as opus is its keen attention to the penned manuscript.' "

The weakest spot in my theory of

modern criticism is that of the theater. I can't seem to put my finger squarely on its source. The closest I can manage is to say that much theater criticism sounds like someone apologizing for a domestic wine:

"Certainly this playgoer would not recommend *She Can't Can-Can* as the kind of stage for steady consumption — heady as a few draughts may be. Nor will critic ask connoisseur to forget his vintage O'Neill or even good Miller '49 for it. But does one want the bouquet, the richness of the great years, week in, week out? Is it, one asks, after swishing a thoughtful mouthful, theater?"

You must be careful, I will say in closing, not to get into the predicament one of our sports writers found himself in when, for a lark, he wrote up a wedding as though he were covering a track meet. He wound up in a journalistic morass of double entendre and libelous description which was hilariously successful but which cost him his job.

Of course, I must add that sports writers (and critics) do not make a great deal of money on small-town newspapers, so the loss was easily survived.

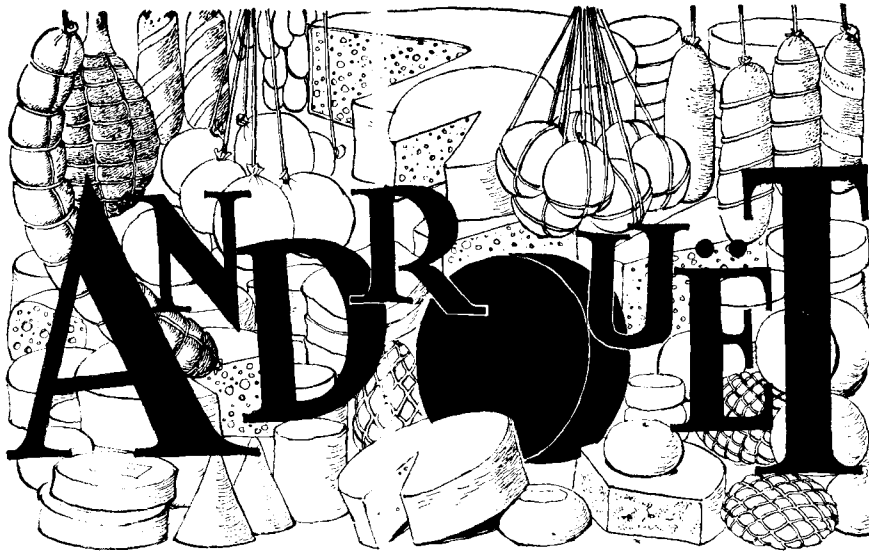
ONCE A PROFESSOR,

ALWAYS A PROFESSOR

BY E. H. TEMPLIN

I climbed, O Petrarch, the peak in
Cap and gown,
Sky-square on my head.
An eagle buzzed the tassel
And I carried an injured fox
In the duck-tail hood
(School colors: phlox white
And lupine blue).
I lettered my name in the lead
Box on the peak — in Latin;
Then perorated on
The dearness to cap and gown
Of academic freedom,
Applauded by both
Featherdom and furdorm.
Granite papers with lichen
Print, please copy.

pleasures *and* places



CHEZ ANDROUËT

BY JOEL SAYRE

Though listed in the *Guide Michelin*, that Dun & Bradstreet of French eating, the Restaurant Androuët, 41, Rue d'Amsterdam, Paris (VIII), doesn't rate even one star. Yet its fat guest book is bulging with testimonials from grateful clients, quite a few of them internationally famous, and most of those French. The opening page contains a paean in the somewhat shaky handwriting of the late Maurice-Edmond Sailland, who produced a number of delightful works on food and drink under the by-line of Curnonsky and was known as *le Prince des Gastronomes*. Did the Michelin restaurant raters (presumably small, begoggled men clad entirely in auto tires) muffle this one?

No, because to the Androuëts (seventy-five-year-old Henri and his son Pierre) the restaurant is a side line. No mean side line, to be sure — the *bistek au poivre*, the *poulet à la vallée d'Auge*, various fish dishes, and the soufflés are delicious. And the onion soup must be among the best in Paris: they plop in a drop of cognac and have a way of handling the cheese crust on top of the soup so that it does not reach the table in those gummy strings that make a man nervous.

Well, when it comes to any dish

concerned in any way whatsoever with cheese, they *should* have a way. The restaurant is one flight up; on the ground floor is a cheese shop; below it are the cheese *caves* (the technician in charge of them is a *caviste*), and there the Androuëts have assembled prime selections of just about all the cheeses that matter to cheese lovers of the Western world. In any case, they mattered so much to Pierre, a graduate of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, that in 1935 he gave up an architect's career to devote his whole time to them.

"We collect and cure," Pierre said, as he led me into the cellar, where the cheeses were stored on shelves nine tiers high. A staggering blast of smells almost blew my hat out of my hand, but I became adjusted to it at once, for there was the wonder of shapes and crusts to goggle at. Touring wine cellars is, to me anyway, not much of a visual treat; the Androuët *caves*, however, were a fascinating kaleidoscope:

A gigantic roped-up smoked sausage of a cheese, taller than a man; cheeses that looked like old potatoes, like pears, like pine cones, like rusty hitching weights from the horse-and-buggy era. Cheeses shaped in pyramids, in cones and truncated cones,

and like rolling pins without handles; spheres, too, of course; flat rectangles, triangles, cubes, half moons. A mathematician could leave his tools at home and give a complete course in solid geometry here.

Cheeses aromatized with garlic, flavored with parsley and pepper, matured in charcoal, pickled in the local applejack, spiced with powdered cloves and tarragon. Cheeses each with a hole in the top for pouring in whatever you want. Others plastered with what seemed to be dead fir needles, but weren't; still others coated with the skins, seeds, and twigs of grapes, the whole exterior a wonderful dark blue. There were oversized marbles of a beautiful red hue, known as Breeches Buttons.

Several of the cheeses had names of Rabelaisian caliber, such as the Soaked Stinker (*Puant Macéré*) from Flanders, and there was a small goat cheese from the Loire with a name even more robust and Rabelaisian than that. There was the Livarot (extra gorgeous when you drink Burgundy with it), its brown crust bound laterally with five bands of green reeds that support it as a girder supports a woman. Its nickname is *le Colonel* because of the five parallel chevrons on a French colonel's sleeve. "Sometimes they travel fifty or sixty kilometers to get exactly the right reeds," Pierre said proudly. There was the Cantal, a big Cheddarlike cheese, the size and contour of a drum, coming from the top of the Auvergne, where the peasants are famous for their dances to drumming — very old type of cheese this, supposed to be more or less what Pliny the Elder had in mind when he saluted the cheeses of the Gauls nearly two thousand years ago. Whenever anybody in Paris (for example, the editor of *Larousse Gastronomique*) wants to photograph a cheese layout, it's the Androuëts who are always called on for help, and no wonder. Not only quality but variety made the family its reputation.

Just how much variety is there in French cheese? Old Curnonsky began his paean in the guest book: "Our France, paradise of gastronomes, offers for the delight of gourmets 800 cheeses, which concentrate their perfumes from the plains and from the mountains, and Androuët is their prophet." *Le Prince* must have had an awfully good lunch under his belt when he wrote that

sentence. Even the figure 300, which travel folders and the propaganda of the French dairy industry, a very zealous body, keep pounding on, is chauvinistic. Perhaps there are that many different cheese names in France; but when it comes to taste, many are so much alike as to be virtual twins.

Take, for instance, Camembert, the French cheese with the greatest international reputation. As every Francophile or cheese buff knows, it comes from Normandy. But it is such a superb invention that other outstanding dairy regions (for example, Champagne, Alsace, the Loire) have produced their own Camembert versions, under different names and shapes. These versions are so excellent that in a blindfold test under optimum conditions hardly any American — unless he were a professional or happened to be that eminent caseologist Clifton Fadiman — could tell the difference. One skeptical expert has scaled the number of truly distinctive cheeses produced in France down to about six dozen, which, at that, is perhaps more than the total of true varieties produced by all the rest of the nations on the planet.

Pierre told me that before the war the shop (which has four branches in Paris and retail liaisons in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy) kept about 200 types of French cheese in stock, counting virtual twins, kissing cousins, the lot. In those days a peasant with cows or ewes or goats took pride in inventing and producing his own sort of what Pierre called "nice little cheese," and many of these were first-rate; but since the war, the big cheese manufacturers have been monopolizing regional milk supplies. Now the Androuët's have trouble in obtaining as many as 150 types.

On our way out of the *caves*, we met the *caviste*, Georges Pissale, who comes from the Jura on France's eastern border, where the inhabitants have cheese genius; he has been with the Androuët's for the past quarter century. Pissale was wearing a beret and washing the subclassification of soft pastes known as wash crusts (Livarot, Pont-l'Évêque, Munster, Maroilles, and so forth) in a warmed saline solution: 30 grams of salt to a liter of water. They must be washed every two or three days, and Pissale handled them as though he were Dr. Spock and they were

incubator babies. Every two or three days the Camemberts and Bries require tending too; they don't get washed, they get turned. Then there are the curing regimens to keep track of; these are complicated, and different for various cheeses.

Before the Androuët's sell Camemberts and Bries, they cure them ten days; Pont-l'Évêques, two weeks; Livarots, a month; Maroilles, six weeks; Époisses, the elegant small cheese from Burgundy, two and a



half to three months. Roquefort is all right for release on arrival. Pierre added that they were having trouble with his father, who was supposed to have retired from all activity but couldn't be restrained from descending to the *caves* at 5:30 A.M. and starting in on the washing and turning.

Henri Androuët arrived in Paris looking for work when he was only fourteen years old. But he was bright and sturdy and, having been raised on a farm in Brittany, knew how to handle horses; so he added a few years to his age and got a job driving a delivery wagon for Gervais. Around the middle of the last century, a widow named Madame Héroult, who ran a dairy farm at Auchy-en-Bray in Normandy, used to make a nice little cheese of the cottage type. A cowhand of hers, Swiss by nationality, suggested adding a small amount of cream just before the curds were kneaded. The sensational result was named Petit Suisse in honor of the cowhand, and there can scarcely be an American who ever visited France without eating one. Madame Héroult — not to be confused with Madame Harel, the alleged inventor of Camembert, who invented it about as much as Abner Doubleday invented baseball — sent her invention to Monsieur Gervais, a prominent cheesemonger at Les Halles, the great wholesale

market in Paris, and eventually they went into partnership. Almost at once Petit Gervais, alias Petit Suisse, became as chic with Parisians as the Gorgonzolalike Bleu de Bresse is nowadays. By 1900, when the fourteen-year-old landed on its payroll, Gervais was a big operation.

Little Androuët became fascinated by what he was driving around. I like to think that if he had become a driver for, say, the Galeries Lafayette, he would have ended up as a department store magnate. Fortunately for cheese lovers, it was cheese conveyance that late steered him into. To learn cheese, he toured France for six years as an apprentice cheese maker, working in all the great cheese-producing regions and studying their products. In 1909 he opened his first shop in the Rue de Pont Neuf; today he is probably the foremost cheese authority alive. A few years ago he was enthroned as Master Precursor by the *Confrérie Nationale Brillat-Savarin du Taste-Fromage*, which is to the National Committee for Dairy Products Propaganda what the Shriners are to American Freemasonry. The cheese calendar that Monsieur Androuët devised, showing the best time of year to eat a particular cheese and what wine to drink with it, is renowned throughout the gastronomic world. But the greatest service he did for gastronomy was to popularize the regional cheeses of France. Most of them had been locally popular for centuries, but it was he who brought them from their regions and introduced them to Parisians.

Number 41, Rue d'Amsterdam is in a section of Paris as bourgeois as can be, back of the Gare St. Lazare and on the way up the hill to the Place de Clichy. The cheese shop is totally without *chichi*, strictly a neighborhood affair. It is usually full of housewives, *concierges*, and a tart or two down from Montmartre; but there may also be a limousine at the curb with a countess getting out of it, and no simpleton she, either.

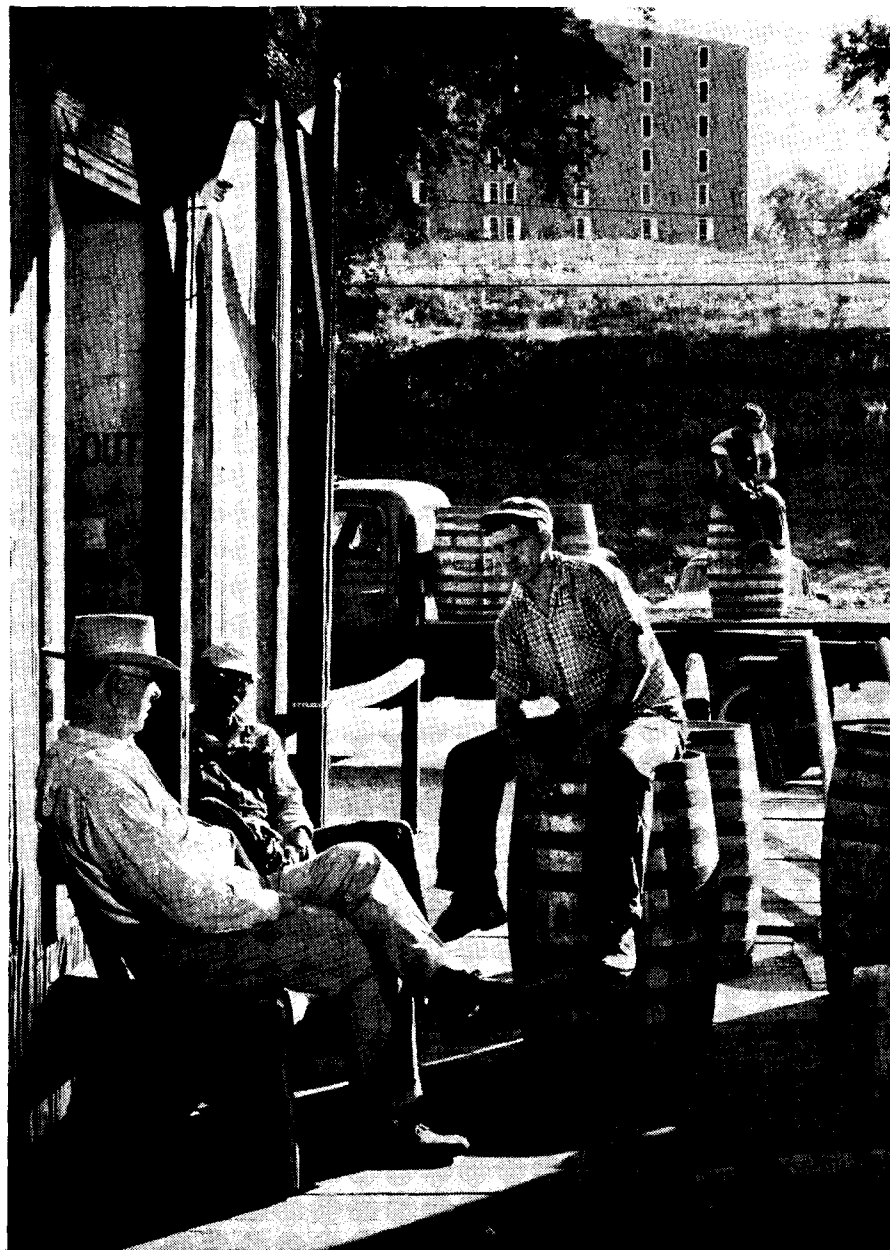
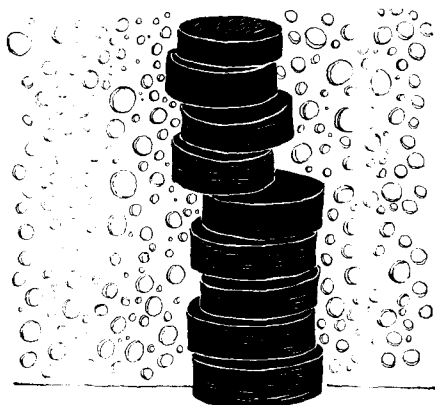
When the cashier leaves for lunch, Monsieur Androuët likes to spell her at the cash register. He has a venerable peasant's mustache and wears a cap on duty and a clean shirt with no necktie. When an old client appears for a meal in the restaurant, he will go up to the kitchen and cook it himself. Very devoted to his old clients, he was telling me about some of them, and when he men-

tioned the name of one who had got bumped off in the roughhouse that went on in Paris after the Liberation, Monsieur Androuët removed his spectacles, took out a handkerchief, and burst into tears.

The real cheese lover in search of an unforgettable experience to tell his descendants about should try the Androuët Dégustation. It consists of eight platters, one after another, loaded with small cheese chunks, each chunk bearing a neat identifying signpost. Every platter contains cheeses of the same school. For example, there will not be a blue cheese or an Emmentaler on the same platter with a Camembert. The third platter consists of an entire Brie mounted on straw, and the wow at the finish is being allowed all the fondue you can hold.

We begin with the soft pastes: Grand Vatel, Suprême, Fin de Siècle, Brillat-Savarin, Trois Épis, Lucullus (78 per cent fat content). And now for the Roblochon, the Echourgnac, the Murol, and let's not miss the Vacherin d'Abondance over there. . . . Easy on that Brie, because here's Number Four coming up with the Coulommiers and the Monsieur Fromage for openers, and after that there'll be the Goats, and after *them*, the Blues and the Swiss.

The eyes glaze, the limbs languish, the breath shortens, the ears buzz. Merely rising from the table becomes a problem, and so does limping downstairs sideways, holding onto the banister. But it's something every true buff should go through at least once, and one can take comfort from what Colette wrote in the Androuët guest book in 1931: "If I had advice to give my daughter (but my daughter doesn't ask my advice), I'd tell her, 'Be careful not to marry a man who doesn't love wine, music, and cheese.'"



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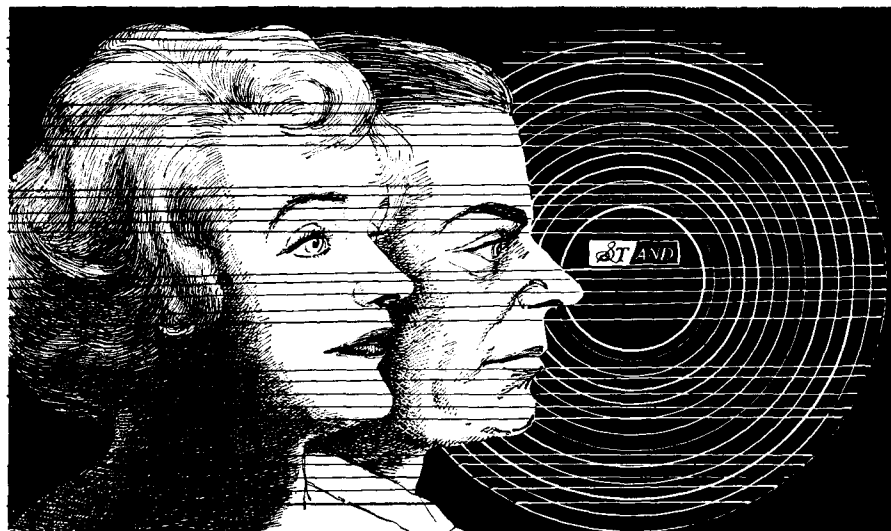
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they shall have

BY JOHN M. CONLY



not exercise. For many a listener and viewer, the Countess Almaviva is, and always will be, Eleanor Steber.

Her husband and partner is a sturdy, dark, brisk man with a keen musical taste, perfect pitch (though he says it is beginning to flag now), and a knack for audio engineering, which he discovered only lately. He has studied singing and was a passable violinist. His own career has been a product of accident and talent, and he says he never could have imagined himself finally becoming a recording impresario.

Born in Orange, New Jersey, he went to Columbia and came forth into a job with Marshall Field, as a merchandise designer in the New York office. He was assured from all sides that he had a great future in this craft, and he retains his aptitude for it. Many of the pleased gasps which have greeted Miss Steber at her appearances on concert stages are owing to dresses designed by Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Andrews, U.S.A. (Ret.).

From merchandise designing he entered the Army as an infantry officer. Serving mainly with the Ninth Division, he made landings under fire in Africa, in Sicily, and on the Italian mainland. At war's end he transferred to public relations, where he served for fifteen years, principally in and around New York, though at one point he was assigned to the military mission at Saigon. It was there he met Miss Steber, who was on a world tour.

The recording business began fortuitously. Miss Steber was asked by the Magnecord company to try, and then, if willing, endorse one of its tape recorders. These were then by all odds the best of the home tape recorders, so this was no burden on her conscience, and Andrews took to the Magnecorder with immediate affection. Miss Steber had a recital scheduled at Carnegie Hall, and Andrews, employing the authority which officers learn, set up the machine to tape the concert.

Although he had no time to experiment, the balance came out exactly right. St/And 401 is Mozart and Strauss, and no one would take it for an amateur recording. The audience was almost supernaturally quiet, except when it applauded. I think Colonel Andrews is almost prouder of the applause than of the performance, and, indeed, the Magne-

When I went visiting in mid-March the two proprietors of St/And Records, a new independent company, they were both in festive mood, and quite naturally so.

They are Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Gordon Andrews, and their place of business is on West Fifty-fifth Street in Manhattan. (This is also their city residence, a domicile marked by appealing taste and adorned with beauty.) The reasons for the festive mood were three. The Colonel was being processed out of the United States Army after twenty years of vigorous service. Their fourth wedding anniversary was the next day. Their fifth record was about to come out, approximately on schedule, in a handsome jacket; and its predecessors had all made money.

It is a considerable privilege, as well as a pleasure, to visit the owners of St/And, because Mrs. Andrews is a very busy lady, indeed. She was, at the time, in the midst of rehearsing to sing the feminine lead in Alban Berg's opera *Wozzeck* at the Metropolitan. Mrs. Andrews is Eleanor Steber, one of the great sopranos of our time, and this tale is about how she got into the record business.

What distinguishes Eleanor Steber from other divas of the lyric stage, and what makes her a good record

company executive, is that she has patently a good supply of brains and an interest in matters other than the roles she sings and the tones she makes. For one thing, she is a musician as well as a singer. Her talent for the art showed first when she was a small child, in Wheeling, West Virginia. Her perceptive parents sent her in her teens to the New England Conservatory, but to study piano, not singing. It was Professor William L. Whitney, there, who discovered her voice and persuaded her to exercise it. Later he transferred her to Paul Althouse, the Wagnerian tenor. She entered the Metropolitan Auditions and won handily. Her first role was Sophia in *Rosenkavalier*.

What endeared her specially to the music lovers among operagoers (and the two genres should not be confused) was her participation in the Mozart group at the Met in the late thirties and early forties. Some readers will remember those exciting days, when *The Marriage of Figaro* began to compete in popularity with *Traviata*, *Tosca*, and *Lohengrin*. In some part, surely, credit must go to the singers who learned and loved the parts: Pinza, Brownlee, Steber, Sayao, Novotna. They sang Mozart as if it were musical drama,



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Here are other fine things that Pennario did and Capitol recorded.

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corder captured the sound marvelously.

At any rate, they brought the tape home, listened to it, and decided, in just a few moments' conversation, that they would be a recording company.

"We took our St/And," says the Colonel. Incidentally, they rather bemused people in Albany trying to copyright a trademark with a slash through its middle, which never had been done before; but the authorities finally decided it would be legitimate.

Colonel Andrews, being both very intelligent and completely ignorant of the hazards of the record-sales business, marketed the first disc directly to dealers, and it made money. He then had one of the best ideas that ever occurred to anyone in a small record business. (It was not, be it noted, inspired by any desire for cash.) Both Andrewses are Christian Scientists, and no one had recorded the hymns of Mary Baker Eddy. Accordingly, Andrews approached the Mother Church in Boston with the suggestion that a selection of these hymns be recorded by Eleanor Steber, with organ accompaniment. The church promptly commissioned one record in English, then asked for another in German, and is now putting forth a French version. The church paid for them, of course, so there has been a dual benison. The St/And company could use the money, and the church could use the hymns, sung by one of the finest concert hymn singers there ever has been.

As proof of this statement I offer St/And 404, entitled *Eleanor Steber Sings Sacred Solos*. It is a breath-taking experience to hear what someone like Eleanor Steber can do with *Abide With Me*, or *Rock of Ages*, or *How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings*. These old tunes and words are not often sung with artistry, and even the artistry is not the whole effect. There has to be an intelligent and simple godliness behind it, and here it is.

Another Eleanor Steber record on the St And list is No. 406, *Eleanor Steber Sings Mozart*, not yet issued at this writing. However, St And has no notion of devoting itself to the singing of one of its owners. Colonel Andrews says, "We agree heartily with the big recording companies as concerns what they can or cannot afford to record. We can work a little differently, without so much

regard to how many copies a record sells and what it brings in. There are a lot of young artists and contemporary composers who deserve a hearing. Some of them we can help to be heard, and we are sure there are listeners for them."

Among the young artists St/And is introducing are a soprano named Polyna Savridi, singing Greek folk and contemporary songs, and a violin-piano team, Felix Eyle and Augustin Anievis, who are making a Schubert album. Anievis also has completed a Liszt disc, which includes the B-Minor Sonata. (In the tape of this, Miss Steber detected a speed fluctuation which everyone else missed, proving that she is not merely a stand-by partner.) In the offing is a new record — stereo, naturally — of Steber singing the delightful and nostalgic *Knoxville, Summer 1915*, which she herself commissioned from Samuel Barber nearly a decade ago. There will be more, now that Colonel Andrews is a civilian.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Wellington's Victory

Antal Dorati conducting London Symphony Orchestra, three period cannons, French and British muskets; Mercury 9000 (stereo) and 5000

Without the slightest repentance, I will claim a good deal of the guilt for this record. I bulldozed Miss Wilma Cozart, Mercury's classical vice president, into making it, simply because I enjoy Beethoven writing war music, however corny, and because I am a former artilleryman who likes gunfire. This has got it: brown Besses from the right, Charlevilles from the left, howitzers in the middle; and apparently none of them blew up. Furthermore, the battle and triumph music is much fierier than Tchaikovsky or William Walton could manage. You know the story: Beethoven and Johann Maelzel planned to celebrate Wellington's epic defeat of the French at Vitoria, in 1813, with a tone poem by Beethoven played on a giant, forty-seven-instrument calliope built by Maelzel. The composition is a great piece of male childishness, and I love it from start to end. Mercury's people loved making it, too. With the stereo version they furnish lit-

the stand-up flags, one for each loudspeaker. On the overside of the record are the *Prometheus* and *Leonore No. 3* overtures, and nicely played, too. The recorded sound beggars description.

**Bizet: Symphony in C
Lalo: Symphony in G Minor**

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting French National Radio Orchestra; Capitol S-7237 (stereo) and G-7237

No one could ever deduce that Bizet wrote his solitary symphony when he was seventeen. It is very seldom played, but it shows with fullness the melodic knack and suspenseful matters that were later to make *Carmen* the world's favorite opera; still it is Schubertian in its classic gaiety. It was one of Beecham's favorite works, and no one played it so well as he except the Frenchmen following his baton here. The Lalo was another of his pets. If less immediately winning than the Bizet, it stands up as well, speaking sturdily for the era between Schumann and Saint-Saëns. Capitol's engineers have abetted the Baronet's efforts nobly.

Schubert: Symphonies No. 5, No. 8, No. 9

Bruno Walter conducting New York Philharmonic and Columbia Symphony orchestras; Columbia M2S-618 (stereo) and M2L-269; two records

Bruno Walter, early in LP days, put upon discs a Schubert Ninth Symphony that was superlative and remained so. Then he was challenged by a wonderful, if different, interpretation from Josef Krips, in better sound (London). We have been waiting for a new Walter version. It is here, and it is magnificent. Krips has repeated also, and with matching merit (London again). Neither man can be beaten at this majestic and entrancing work: it is like the fight in *Le Morte d'Arthur* between Lancelot and Tristram. I'll take Krips; there is a little sunniness in his solemnity that Walter (probably purposely) leaves out. Walter brings out the fatefulness. Both are beyond reproach. This is not the end of the story, though. Also in this Columbia package is the most profoundly moving *Unfinished* I have ever heard. I think the Philharmonic made a labor of love out of this; so much careful beauty is seldom met with. The Fifth is a pleasant, bounding little Viennese masterpiece, and everyone had a fine time with it. The

recorded sound is beyond cavil. The whole thing is a treasure.

Soler: Six Concertos for Two Organs

E. Power Biggs and Daniel Pinkham, organs; Columbia MS-6208 (stereo) and ML-5608

Rarely am I peremptory about records that *must* be bought, but this is one. Especially for stereo listeners, it is an enchantment, the treasure of the year. Mr. Biggs, America's greatest organist, and Mr. Pinkham, who first gave us Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* on records, sat themselves at two organs in the Busch-Reisinger Museum in Cambridge. Biggs's was the Flentrop Baroque reconstruction he had brought from Holland two years before. Pinkham's was a borrowed Hess instrument, made circa 1750. The Flentrop is beautiful. The Hess is impudent. And the two brilliant and genial performers patiently were bent on having the time of their lives. They are discoverers, too. I never knew Padre Antonio Soler (1729-1783) wrote anything like these delights. There is in them every little tune you whistled in Maytime twilight when you were ten years old and the world was full of magic. Fellow magicians have

been the Columbia engineers. You are almost present in person for this performance, and nothing nicer could happen to anyone.

Aksel Schiotz: Lieder Recital

Aksel Schiotz, baritone; Paul Ulanowsky, piano; Richard Dyer-Bennet, guitar; Dyer-Bennet Records DYBX-S2 (stereo) and DYBX-2

It happens that I had something to do with the production of this record, and in part because I was for so long a time an admirer of Aksel Schiotz. Reprints of Schiotz records still sell very well; new as well as old listeners sense his almost unmatched mastery of art-song styling. He suffered a paralysis after World War II and resumed singing slowly. In the interval he lost his "top" (as singers say), so now he is a high baritone, not a tenor. But the insight into Brahms, Schubert, and Wolf is still there; you will not hear a better *Nightingale* than his. The novelty of the record is a set of songs by Carl Mikael Bellman, a Swedish folk-art composer of much charm, in which Schiotz is accompanied by Dyer-Bennet both as guitarist and as coach horn, hooting through his fist. I like it; I shall not say more.

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THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

HUMOR is the most perishable of literary commodities: it does not travel, is difficult to translate, and very rarely lasts from one generation to the next. It defies analysis and survives only by being quoted and read aloud and by its instantaneous power still to provoke uncontrolled laughter. In my generation there have been a handful of American humorists to rank with our greatest — Will Rogers and Fred Allen, who came up from vaudeville, and the three who made their fame in the *New Yorker*, Clarence Day, E. B. White, and the most versatile, JAMES THURBER. This is an attempt to express my more than thirty years of delight in Mr. Thurber.

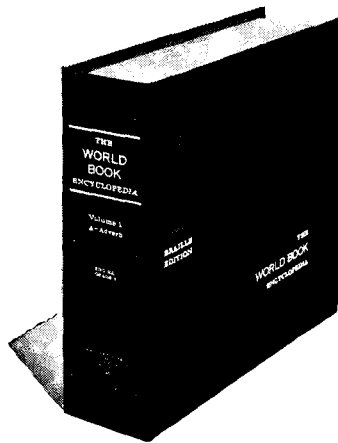
We began with his drawings, which grew on us as they grew on his editor, Harold Ross, who at first rejected them. ("That is not the way a seal looks!") The Thurber dog, he first drew in college; and there is — or was — a room full of these animals in the Faculty Club at Ohio State, pensive, outsize, short-haired, each bearing a faint resemblance to a bloodhound. A Thurber bloodhound. (Remember *The Bug and the Dog*?) Then we were caught up in the war between the sexes, the lumpish, overbearing women and the defensive, leering little men, dancing wildly, drinking aggressively, or keeping each other awake, preferably unclad, much as Freud was showing us to ourselves, and leading in time to that incomparable visit to the nudist colony. Two pictures of this vintage are my special favorites, the Seal in the Bedroom and the drawing of the first Mrs. Harris, so watchful from her post on the top of the bookcase. When we begin to study the animals, Thurber's "fauba," I am irresistibly attracted to the Owl in the Attic, the fish with ears, and Mr. Jennings' Bear, and to those improbable creatures, Pritchard's olf and the waffle-crested bly, which ought to be in Bronx Zoo if they are not. What is so striking about the simple black lines in all these drawings is not so much their incongruity or their

absurdity as their impudent freshness, which time does not diminish. They regale you as if you had never seen them before.

In Thurber's prose, as, indeed, in his drawings, there is a wild quality peculiar to himself and productive of conversations as mad as anything in Lewis Carroll. The talks that take place at Tim Costello's between 1:00 and 3:00 A.M., the torture Mrs. Maxwell is subjected to at one of those devastating cocktail parties in Connecticut are uninhibited, very funny in their allusions, and totally unpredictable. The best portraits Thurber has ever written are those of his parents in *The Thurber Album*. He says of his father that "he was plagued by the mechanical. . . . Knobs froze at his touch, doors stuck, lines fouled, the detachable would not detach, the adjustable would not adjust. He could rarely get the top off anything, and he was forever trying to unlock something with the key to something else. In 1908, trying to fix the snap lock of the door to his sons' rabbit pen, he succeeded only after getting inside the cage, where he was imprisoned for three hours with six Belgian hares and thirteen guinea pigs." The chapter about his mother entitled "Lavender with a Difference" probes deeper and is more endearing, and the account of her visits to New York when she was nearing eighty and when her son was famous make me feel I know her, and I wish I might have. I have a tender regard for this piece, and close beside it, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." In a special category I should put his book about his friend and editor, *The Years with Ross*. The one shortcoming in Thurber's repertoire is his inability to write literally or amusingly about children, and, as he seldom tries, it doesn't matter.

In *LANTERNS & LANCES* (Harper, \$3.95), a new collection of twenty-four pieces, three of which appeared in the *Atlantic*, the comedy of the early Thurber has been blended with a more serious satire. The wildness is here, especially in the

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reveries that attack him as he lies awake before dawn ("I am a three o'clock waker"), such insomnia being a penalty we all pay after sixty-five for the fourth Martini. I particularly applaud his tirades against television English and singing commercials. Thurber has a prodigious memory; he can play back by ear the Ohio accent of his boyhood, the linguistic monstrosities of Madison Avenue, and the piffle which comes to us in the singing commercials with excruciating accuracy. He takes great delight in the pun; he enjoys using words playfully and precisely; and when he wants to be serious, as in "The Wings of Henry James," his criticism is penetrating and a credit to his wide reading and uncanny recollection. He has lost none of his relish for verbal warfare, and when a chapter entitled "The Saving Grace" begins with this beautiful opening: "'I have wanted to argue with you since 1951,' said a woman who sat down next to me, around midnight, at a recent party in Connecticut," you know that Thurber is going to lead her astray, and your ears prick up at the possibility. "I am, *au fond*, a mellow foxy grandpa-type philosopher," he tells Mrs. Thurber at the end of this triumphant evening. "While we finish the nightcap, I shall count your lucky blessings, name them one by one."

"'Then,' she said, 'we'll only need a short drink.' And she made us both a short one." Here, as elsewhere in his writing, his wife emerges as a woman of considerable endurance and terse good sense.

INDIA'S POTENTIAL

BARBARA WARD's new book, *INDIA AND THE WEST: PATTERN FOR A COMMON POLICY* (Norton, \$4.50), is in many respects the most important she has ever written. The qualities which she brings to her writing — her gift for historical analysis, her explanation of difficult economic problems, and her reasonable faith in the initiative of the free world — were never more needed. Since 1953 the West has been steadily losing ground and, what is more, the power to influence the new nations arising from the old colonialism. For most of those eight years, Miss Ward herself has lived in the new nations: in Ghana, where her husband, Sir Robert Jackson, has been an invaluable counselor, and India, which she has studied in depth and with sympathy. "It is still to be proved," she writes, "that any ex-colonial territory can reach effective economic strength within a liberal framework. Moreover, it is not at all certain that the Western nations feel any further responsibility for their former colonies' future advance." There is the mainspring of the book. For she believes that India, with its long liberal

indoctrination, can expand its industrial strength to a point of self-reliance, but only if our aid is prompt.

India and the West divides into two halves. The first half is a brilliant exposition of the economic growth in the West, of how a century of Industrial Revolution built up the strength and the savings which made private enterprise possible, and of how capitalism readapted and refreshed itself when the prophets of doom, Marx and Lenin, were sure it was finished. She speaks of the new concept of a "mixed economy, part public, part private," and she shows that when government took to regulating hours and inspecting conditions of work, it did not undermine capitalism; it undermined Marx. She is more critical when she comes to examine the importation of capitalism to the colonies. This involves her in a confrontation of Lenin's *Imperialism: the Highest State of Capitalism*, published in 1916 and the bible of Red China today. Lenin's belief was restated by the Chinese paper *Red Flag* a year ago: "Communists believe in the absolute correctness of Lenin's thinking; war is an inevitable outcome of systems of exploitation, and the source of modern wars is the imperialist system." Miss Ward does not minimize the threat of this shrewd assessment; she realizes that Communism exercises its most irresistible influence in the earliest stages of modernization, and she knows that there are leaders in the developing nations who frankly envy Stalin's ability to carry his country from the wooden plow to the atomic pile in forty years. This example is infectious. Is there another, more in keeping with the West?

Miss Ward believes that there is. She has seen at first hand the great potential of the Indian democracy, and she is reassured by the ability of the various elements — the wealthy entrepreneurs, the disciples of Gandhi, the believers in public ownership — to work out a fluctuating consensus. Her diagnosis of India's dilemma and her blueprint for the country's awakening, which form the second half of the book, are masterful; here speaks the former editor of the *Economist* with swift perception and in a language that laymen can understand. Tea, jute, and cotton textiles — the common staples — are not capable of any rapid expansion. It is heavy industry, "the great multiplier in any economy," which must be expanded and serve the markets of 500 million. India, she tells us, is as short of trained minds as it is of roads, steel, and power, yet today there are a million university students, and not only must that number be multiplied, but the direction of their learning must be changed, away from the arts and toward science and technology. Only so will it be possible for this great nation to emerge in its own

Atlantic



1960

1961

Prizes

40th ANNUAL CREATIVE WRITING CONTESTS

COLLEGES

PRIZES: **Best Story — \$100.00** James A. Moran, Boston College, Boston, Mass.; *Leonard Casper, Instructor*
Best Poem — \$100.00 Diane Divoky, Trinity College, Washington, D. C.; *Sister Thérèse, S.N.D., Instructor*
Best Essay — \$100.00 Ann Walko, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Emily G. Irvine, Instructor*

Stories: **SECOND:** Harry Bledstein, Pomona College, Claremont, California; *Edward R. Weismiller, Instructor* — **THIRD:** Gerald F. Walsh, Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; *Leonard Casper, Instructor* — **FOURTH:** Bella Kalter, University of Cincinnati, Ohio; *William S. Wabnitz, Instructor* — **FIFTH:** James A. Moran, Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; *Leonard Casper, Instructor*
Poems: **SECOND:** Kathleen Earl, Mount St. Mary's, Los Angeles, California; *Sister Laurentia, Instructor* — **THIRD:** Christine Carenbauer, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister Mary Jeremy, Instructor* — **FOURTH:** Mary Louise DeWald, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Maura, S.S.N.D., Instructor* — **FIFTH:** Doris Odhner, Academy of the New Church College, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania; *Professor R. R. Gladish, Instructor*
Essays: **SECOND:** John Huffman, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Miss Helen Siml, Instructor* — **THIRD:** Catherine Cieri, College Misericordia, Dallas, Pennsylvania; *Sister Mary Denise, Instructor* — **FOURTH:** JoAnn Keltie, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Miss Helen Siml, Instructor* — **FIFTH:** Merlin W. Inniger, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Miss Helen Siml, Instructor*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIPS — Bread Loaf School of English of Middlebury College, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1961 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Ann Walko, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa., for her essay "Our Boarders"; and one to her instructor, Miss Emily G. Irvine.

HONORABLE MENTION:

Harry College, Mary Kate Frost — Beloit College, Deborah Barron — Boston College, Vincent M. Cannistraro, Raymond James Crean, Jr., Peter Dee — University of Cincinnati, Bella Kalter — Evansville College, Jerome F. Winterman — Gettysburg College, Ann Holoka — Incarnate Word College, Carol Kettler — Lamar State College of Technology, Ray W. Toronjo — Lindenwood College, Emily Simmons — College Misericordia, Judith Ann Fenstermacher — Mount St. Mary's, Kathleen Earl, Sister Mary Seán, C.S.J. — College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Mary Louise Dewald (3), Meg Preis (2) — University of Pittsburgh, Alton M. Schadt — Pomona College, Harry Bledstein, Ray Lindquist, William Stephenson, Linda Thompson — Rosary College, Dorothy Hunt, Patricia Mulcahey, Veneta Scott, Kathleen E. Toomey — College of St. Catherine, Patricia Holly — St. Stanislaus Seminary, William E. Becker — St. Mary's College, Andrea Benkowski, Susan Eyerly, Margaret Louise Munsch — St. Mary of the Springs, Sister Mary Mercedes, O.P. (2), Rosalie Rizzo, Rosemary M. Teichert — Stephens College, Jane A. Culis — Trinity College, Elizabeth Ann Schmick — Washburn University of Topeka, Patrick M. Scanland, Jackie Slawson — Wheaton College, Vonla Signe Burman, Lauri A. Hutchings, JoAnn Keltie, Judson Ray Scruton.

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Stories: **SECOND:** Helen Morrison, Concord Senior High School, Concord, N.H.; *Miss Muriel S. Kendrick, Instructor* — **THIRD:** Lars G. Kampmann, St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass.; *Winifred Hare Chatfield, Instructor* — **FOURTH:** Brina Caplan, Cheltenham High School, Wyncote, Penna.; *Mr. Albert E. Weston, Instructor* — **FIFTH:** Elizabeth B. Tener, Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.; *Miss Sally Clark, Instructor*
Poems: **SECOND:** Ben Achtenberg, Southwest High School, Kansas City, Mo.; *Miss L. V. Welch, Instructor* — **THIRD:** Howard F. Shattuck, III, St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H.; *Mr. John Earle, Instructor* — **FOURTH:** Kathleen Emmons, Calumet High School, Chicago, Ill.; *C. H. Good, Instructor* — **FIFTH:** Sharon M. Loughheed, Maumee Valley Country Day School, Maumee, Ohio; *Mr. Arthur B. O'Leary, Instructor*
Essays: **SECOND:** John Schmidt, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Ill.; *Mrs. Barbara Pannwitt, Instructor* — **THIRD:** Sharon Lee Robinson, Lincoln High School, Tacoma 8, Washington; *Ramona Haltom, Instructor* — **FOURTH:** Sheryl Ruskin, Southwest High School, Kansas City, Mo.; *Miss L. V. Welch, Instructor* — **FIFTH:** Elizabeth Ann Shapiro, The Winsor School, Boston, Mass.; *Mrs. Ellen Forbes, Instructor*

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH SCHOLARSHIP — The University of Pittsburgh awards a four-year scholarship (free tuition) to Helen Morrison, Concord Senior High School, Concord, New Hampshire, for her story "Ice Blue Day."

HONORABLE MENTION:

Alaska: Anchorage High School, Kathy Kirkpatrick — California: Ramona High School, Edwin T. Mason, Diane A. Dawson, Sharon L. Shaw — Connecticut: James Hillhouse High School, Lewis Markoff, Phyllis Bruskin, Diana Cohart; The Ethel Walker School, Francesca Morosani, Alice Coogan, Mary Bugbee, Patricia Constance Moser — Florida: Everglades School for Girls, Carol B. Kelley — Hawaii: Hilo High School, Corliss Matsuyama — Illinois: Evanston Township High School, Barbara Kaplan, Nancy Peters, Barbara Hunter; Rich Township High School, René Ruffner — Indiana: Shortridge High School, Barbara Ruth Cohn, Steven R. Gellis, Thaddeus Perry — Maine: Stephens High School, Albert Dekin — Massachusetts: Abbot Academy, Julie Owen; Brookline High School, George Goverman; Lexington Senior High School, Julie Ester Coryell; Reading Memorial High School, Robert W. Taylor; Sharon High School, Prudence Bradford; St. Mark's School, Julian Harvey, Wellesley High School, Peter L. Sargent; The Winsor School, Susan Contratto — New Hampshire: Phillips Exeter Academy, Peter Delacorte, Randall Conrad — New York: Bethlehem Central High School, Margaret Cunningham, Cheryl L. Shaver; Friendship Central School, Ronald O. Decker; Emma Willard School, Linda M. Flagler — Ohio: Chagrin Falls High School, Katharin Alcorn — Pennsylvania: Central Bucks Joint High School, Anne Ellen Nuse; Cheltenham High School, Michael Novack; Duquesne High School, Philip Furia; Mt. Lebanon High School, Alice F. Schade — Rhode Island: South Kingstown High School, Sandra L. Baldwin — Texas: Abilene High School, Alison Tartt; Lamar High School, Hamilton Beazley, Jr. — Washington, D.C.: Woodrow Wilson High School, Stephen A. Block, Jo Ann Hirschorn.

strength. She believes that, given our aid, with the impetus of a moderate-sized Marshall Plan, it will be possible for India to make the transition to industrialization without adopting the brutal methods of Communism.

WHITE WATER

When the French ruled Canada, each spring after the ice went out of the St. Lawrence great brigades of trading canoes left Montreal bound for the west. Thirty-five feet long, built of birch bark, cedar, and spruce, decorated with gaudy designs, each canoe was manned by a crew of ten, and each brigade was under the command of the Bourgeois, the boss, who would be responsible for the navigation, the fur trading, and the return. For two hundred years the *voyageurs* ran the rapids, marked the portages, held off the Indians, and explored the lonely land. It was their story which prompted SIGURD F. OLSON and five of his friends, four Canadians and the Netherlands ambassador in Ottawa, to retrace the *voyageurs'* trail through the hazards of the Churchill River, a thousand miles northwest of Lake Superior. The record of this rugged contemporary trip Mr. Olson has told in *THE LONELY LAND* (Knopf, \$4.50), with attractive illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques.

The former president of the National Parks Association, Mr. Olson, the "Bourgeois" in charge of their three Peterborough canoes, had had years of experience in the north before they embarked. He had the best maps available and such meager advice as the Crees could give them, which wasn't much. Since he was the cook, he was the first up and usually the last to bed. They lived on dehydrated foods and the fish they caught, and on one memorable day when they landed three twenty-pound northern pike within seconds of each other, he sat late over the campfire smoking the fillets for their luncheons to come. They averaged twenty to thirty miles a day and lived for the thrill of the white water, the sight of the virgin country, and moments of rum and reverie which brought them closer at twilight.

The lonely lakes at dawn and sunset, the unexpected little islands where they pitched their tents, the relief of finding a sheltered cove on an outcropping of the Canadian Shield for a landing in the pelting rain, the ancient Indian campsites, and the prehistoric rock paintings are what made their days, and what constantly impresses the reader is the order and resourcefulness with which the trio kept going. Mr. Olson writes with affection for this lonely land, with only a mild trace of humor, with an eye for creature comforts, and with modesty about the more dangerous encounters.



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

Many of us, on occasion, have experienced the frustration of the lady who complained to James Thurber: "So much has been written about everything that you can't find out anything about it." However, one is periodically surprised by the discovery that some subject of the most obvious importance has *not* been adequately written about. GEORGE F. KENNAN, for instance, points out that there exists as yet no comprehensive, authoritative study covering the entire span of Russia's relations with the West. Meanwhile, Soviet historians have been busily engaged in mythmaking, and their fabrications are playing an important part in Russia's campaign to discredit the West. To fill, in part, this gap in Western historiography, Mr. Kennan has shaped lectures he delivered at Oxford and Harvard into a book entitled *RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.75). Mr. Kennan, well known as one of America's top specialists in Russian affairs, has won three prizes for historical writing, and the present volume will probably earn him a fourth. It makes a major contribution to scholarship and is readable enough to be the June Book-of-the-Month Club selection; anyone with a serious interest in this phase of history should find it enthralling. Kennan maintains a judicious balance between dispassionate scrutiny of the record and the expression of personal opinions. And his chronicle is so rich in fresh perspectives and challenging ideas that nothing short of an essay could begin to do justice to it.

Kennan believes that World War I — mistakenly prolonged by Allied insistence on complete victory — was *the* great catastrophe of Western civilization and that the havoc it wrought is the key to understanding much of the subsequent history of the West. The Allies' all-absorbing preoccupation with the defeat of Germany prevented them from grasping the fateful urgency of the political upheaval in Russia, and the bankruptcy of their policy in the early stages of the Revolution may have been the determining factor in the triumph of Bolshevik extremism. The various Allied interventions in Russia, initiated with

the illusory hope of reopening the Eastern front, degenerated into half-hearted and confused support for anti-Bolshevik factions, and their effect was to strengthen the hand of the Communists. But, deplorable though these interventions were, the much-publicized Soviet version of them is a travesty of the facts: they were chaotic side shows, not a deliberate, all-out military effort to overthrow the Soviet government.

Kennan's study of the period between wars sheds a bright light on the amateurism, complacency and disunity of the Western Allies in their dealings with Russia; on their short-sightedness in behaving shabbily toward the Weimar Republic; on the role the Communists played in the destruction of German socialism, a role dictated by Stalin's conviction that the road to a Soviet Germany lay through Hitler; and on Stalin's personal pathology and its effect on his policies.

In his scrutiny of World War II, Kennan concludes that the fear which prompted the West's disastrous concessions to Stalin, the fear Russia would sign a separate peace, was greatly exaggerated. He rejects the overworked thesis that Communist penetration into the U.S. government was a major factor in our softness toward Russia; and he points out that the Yalta Conference, granted it was a sorry affair, did not "hand over" Eastern Europe to Communism — Eastern Europe was already occupied by and lost to the Russians. Among the other topics searchingly examined are American sentimentality and fantasies about China, and Russo-Chinese relations. The complete victory of the Chinese Communists, Kennan maintains, was a frustrating setback for Stalin: he wanted a satellite China and found himself saddled with a potentially dangerous ally, to whom he had to concede most of the Far Eastern gains he grabbed at Yalta.

The period Kennan has chronicled has been one of tragedy for the West, and for its share in this tragedy, American statesmanship has much to reproach itself with. Why, Kennan asks, has it made so many blunders? And these are his answers: It has been self-righteous, parochial, and uninformed. It tends to think in terms of total virtue versus total evil, and therefore in wartime has committed itself to the doctrine of unconditional surrender, which

Kennan considers the source of many of our ills. Above all, Americans are unwilling "to occupy themselves soberly and respectfully with the phenomenon of power [and to] probe the depths of human motive that cause other governments to behave the way they do." Much of Kennan's analysis remains in the domain of controversy; much that has been controversial has been made less so by his presentation of the record.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

To turn from Kennan's book to **WILLIAM J. LEDERER'S A NATION OF SHEEP** (Norton, \$3.75) is to pass from a plane where the complexity of things is constantly in view to one where things are neatly oversimplified. Mr. Lederer reports that, since the publication of *The Ugly American*, he and its co-author have received thousands of letters inquiring what the average citizen can do to improve the posture of the United States in foreign affairs. His present book is an attempt to answer that question.

If social utility were the only relevant yardstick, Lederer's brisk treatise would deserve almost unqualified praise. He documents in hard-hitting detail the thesis that, in the sphere of foreign affairs, our government is sometimes inexcusably ill-informed; that its coyness about acquainting the public with unpalatable facts has left the nation appallingly ignorant and is undermining the democratic process; and that, with some exceptions, the newspapers are doing a sloppy and skimpy job of covering foreign news. We are living, says Lederer, "on a shifty and slippery foundation of self-deception and misinformation." These accusatory sections are good crusading journalism about a vital issue. And they are followed by specific recommendations of what could be done by government and by the individual to improve the situation.

Unfortunately, it must be added that Lederer overplays his hand and displays, too, considerable ingenuousness. He maintains, for instance, that if only the ugly facts about Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee had not been withheld from the American public, this country would not have made the mistakes of continuing to back Rhee's corrupt dictatorship and of committing itself to keeping Formosa safe for Chiang. Now, for one thing, the facts in ques-



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tion have been repeatedly circulated by some newspapers, many influential magazines, and a raft of books. Secondly, Lederer seems to take it for granted that people, confronted with the relevant data, will reach the conclusions he considers enlightened; he forgets that a kilomegaton of facts will not convince William Buckley, Jr. — or, indeed, many thousands who espouse a saner conservatism — that Chiang Kai-shek is not a hero to whom we owe unstinting support. Lederer's book is weakened throughout by his faith in an exploded dogma, the assumption of the Enlightenment and of nineteenth-century liberalism that man is a perfectly rational being whose errors are due solely to ignorance.

"THE SMOOTH DEAL"

THE NEW AMERICA (Basic Books, \$4.50) by **KARL E. MEYER**, a Washington newspaperman, is a work of social criticism which cleverly and waspishly embroiders the theme that we are living in the "age of the Smooth Deal." Mr. Meyer begins by noting that Eisenhower has been made the scapegoat for a trend in American politics, to which, Meyer contends, the Democratic leadership also subscribes: the trend toward middle-of-the-roadism, avoidance of controversy, indifference to ideas, and heavy reliance on the black arts of Madison Avenue. The latter, Meyer asserts, have so corrupted our political system that the candidate is now looked on as "a product," the campaign as a promotion drive, and issues as "themes." The pervasive preoccupation of Washington has become not politics but the *methodology* of politics. The primary concern of the politician has become his "image," which implies that appearance is much more important than substance. (Lincoln's image would be rated "dismal" by the image makers, and Harding's, as a candidate, "perfect.") Nowadays, the customary flabbiness of the proceedings on the floor of Congress is in striking contrast to the hyperactive job of self-promotion which our lawmakers are doing with the help of the Robotyper, the more versatile Flexowriter, the Autopen (which signs letters), and the film clip made at bargain rates in the studios of Congress.

Meyer goes on to complain about the bland reasonableness of the new breed of political pundits, the in-

creasing loss of diversity in American life, the decline among the intellectuals of the spirit of radical protest, and other matters. Some of what he says is genuinely interesting; much of it is fairly familiar. His book seems to me, ironically, a characteristic product of the "age of the Smooth Deal." It is cleverly packaged, eminently "consumable," and it has an appearance of seriousness. But it is really quite lacking in ideas of any depth or originality. It maintains a running fire of generally, though not invariably, persuasive criticism; but it does not bother to inquire what basic forces are causing the changes which the author deplors.

A FRENCH SATIRIST

MARCEL AYMÉ, currently represented by **THE PROVERB AND OTHER STORIES** (Atheneum, \$4.50), has been highly praised by American reviewers, and I find it a bit puzzling that he should have so limited an audience. He is, to be sure, an oddity among contemporary French writers, but his oddity is such as might be expected to recommend him to American readers. Aymé has never become involved in literary and ideological cults; he is an old-fashioned individualist, more interested in people than in ideas. He is, moreover, a born storyteller, one of the best practicing in any language, and even in translation his prose is elegant and extremely readable. What possibly disconcerts some Anglo-Saxons is that Aymé's satire and farce grow out of a profound and tolerant cynicism. He distrusts or finds ridiculous high-minded idealists, revolutionary middle-class intellectuals — in fact, people of all kinds who want to remake the human animal or bowdlerize the truth about his nature. For Aymé, hypocrisy is more vicious than the natural vices of man, and one senses in his work a strong affection for life as it is. Within this framework, his range is wide. In addition to being consistently amusing, he can be gay, tender, cruel, horrifying, or sardonic.

A couple of stories in the present collection are memorable examples of Aymé's distinctive combination of fantasy and down-to-earth realism. "The Life-Ration" describes, through the diary of a novelist, the consequences of a wartime law

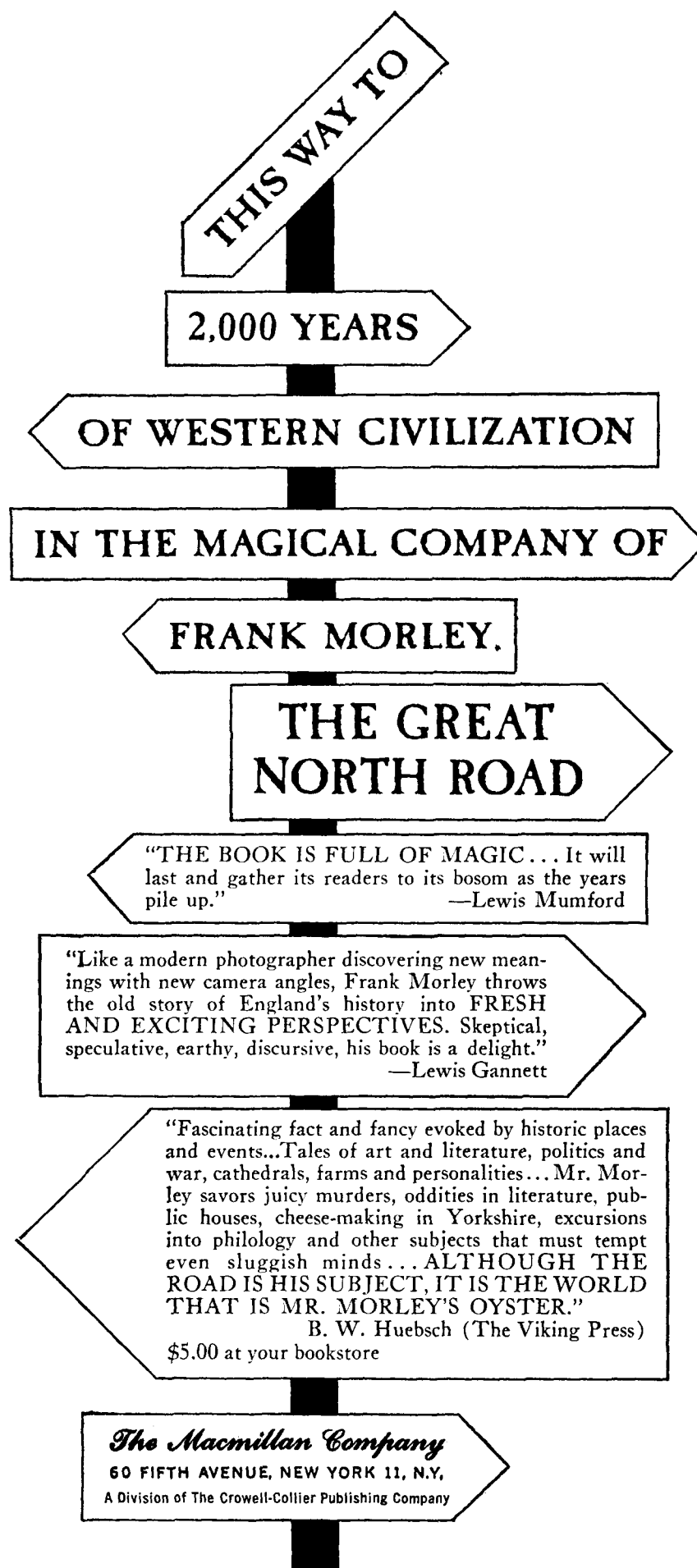
high rations people to so many days of existence a month according to their usefulness. "*La Bonne Peinture*," which seems to me a masterpiece, begins with the discovery that the canvases of a minor painter are physically nourishing as *la grande cuisine* and ends with the satirization of a French utopia: all of the arts have become "effective," and France is fed by painting and heated by poems and novels, its people are made beautiful by looking at sculpture, and its machines are driven by music. "The Bogus Policeman" is a grisly parody of the idealistic slogans of "purification" which swept France after the Liberation. And "Backwards" parodies the French *matée* of opinion, which makes it prudent and fashionable for the very rich to represent themselves as specialists and champions of the masses.

There are twelve stories in the book, and more than half of them are outstanding. Among the readers who have so far missed Aymé's work, there must be a good many who would find this volume an entertaining introduction to the fictional world of a first-rate writer.

SERENITY HOUSE

Farce of the higher order—a literary commodity which has nothing in common with the synthetic products of the professional funny-man—is a genre which has had many distinguished practitioners in England: Wilde, Beerbohm, Firbank, Powell, and Waugh, among others. It continues to flourish here, but in the United States it is something of a rarity. It is therefore pleasant to find that LOUIS KRONENBERGER, a man of letters both gifted and versatile, has taken holiday from drama criticism and biography to turn out an extravagant comic novel entitled *A MONTH OF SUNDAYS* (Viking, \$3.75).

Mr. Kronenberger has devised a delightfully exotic setting and has populated it with a genuinely bizarre cast of characters. The place is Serenity House, a \$1500 a week ostelry with a French chef, a resident psychiatrist, and a luxurious annex to accommodate its customers' personal psychoanalysts. Serenity's policy is: "No guests with nightmare lives—only guests with dream ones." Its select clientele is composed of persons who are "a





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tiny bit off their trolley . . . but from the right side of the tracks." Old Mrs. Rawlings pretends to be afflicted with tremors because she enjoys knocking things over. Lord Festilent tells weird tales of how his ancestral seat simply vanished from the earth. Miss La Fosse, a young woman generally mistaken for a nymphet, has had a little salon "for writers and artifacts and people who were rather unhappy"; it was "kind of pre-Beatnik," just a few drugs, readings of Yeats, and elderberry wine.

The story describes a disastrous dinner party, a ball of lunatic opulence, an abortive wedding ceremony, and a venture into television which proves so successful that the Serenity House program, "Up The Rebels," wins sponsorship on a national hookup. The book is full of happy inventions, and much of it is extremely funny; but the parts are better than the whole. Kronenberger's burlesque of some of the zanier aspects of contemporary life does not achieve the sustained élan, the effect of purposeful coherence behind the chaos which are needed if farce is to be a really telling comment on the follies of the age. Still, *A Month of Sundays* is a richly imagined and sophisticated divertisement, in which everything is touched with a glint of the fantastic. And that is something to be thankful for.

THE POLITICS OF LOVE

IGNAZIO SILONE's new novel, *THE FOX AND THE CAMELIAS* (Harper, \$3.50), needs to be approached with a few words about the course along which the author has been traveling. Silone's body of work is at once highly representative and highly individual. Like many European intellectuals, he made a deep commitment to, and a searing withdrawal from, the Communist Party. But in contrast to a Koestler or a Malraux, Silone grew up in a "medieval world"—a village in the Abruzzo, whose only culture was a primitive Christianity. And although Silone himself was not a believing Christian, it was a religious impulse rather than Marxist ideology which made him a revolutionary; he became convinced that, since formal religion had lost its authority, political action was the only channel through which the love of man could be made effective.

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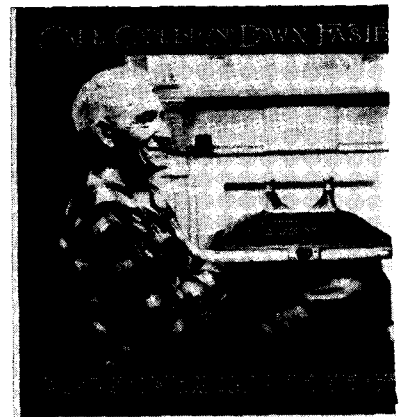
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After his departure from Communism in 1931, Silone pursued a course similar to that later chosen by Albert Camus. He has shown that the abstractions of ideology inevitably lead to inhumanity and nihilism, and he has asserted that the brotherhood of man is a human myth; Camus finds it rooted in the universality of man's revolt against his fate, Silone in the universality of suffering. Thus there is an ironic self-awareness in the words which Silone puts into the mouth of one of his characters, who says to a former revolutionary: "You have the sadness of one who set out to go very far and ends up by finding himself where he began." But Silone's journey has not really been circular. He has arrived at the position that politics is the dragon which consumes friendship and love, and this is the theme which is unobtrusively dramatized in *The Fox and the Callias*.

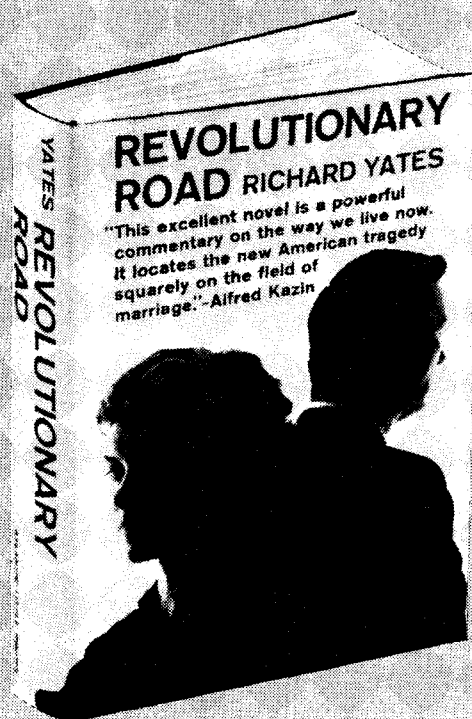
As a young man, the hero, Daniele, left the farm of his stiff-necked father in the Italian part of Switzerland and went to work in a city, where he became involved in underground activities against the fascist dictatorship across the border. Now, after his father's death, he has returned to the farm with his wife and two children to preserve his inheritance. His political commitments have left him little time for family and have made him an austere and solitary man, but on the farm and his elder daughter become devoted companions. This relationship is painfully disrupted when she falls in love with a young Italian, a visitor to the valley, whose bourgeois, conformist background Daniele finds unacceptable. Meanwhile, Daniele learns that the dictator's agents have arrived in the valley, and presently his whole apparatus is endangered. At this point, the themes of love and of politics become intertwined and move to an altogether surprising climax.

Although it is a beautifully wrought tale, *The Fox and the Callias* gives the impression of being a distinctly modest work, and one might conclude that it represents a lessening of Silone's powers. But the effect of modesty is, I think, deliberate — a formal expression of the author's modest credo, which rejects the intoxication of doctrinaire politics for the sober, humanizing politics of charity and love.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

MORTON N. COHEN's biography of RIDER HAGGARD (Walker, \$6.00) is more interesting than the literary reputation of the subject would imply. Afflicted with a bullying Victorian papa and an unheroic lisp, young Haggard was considered the dunce of a large family and hastily shipped off to Africa. There he did very well indeed, holding various posts in the entourage of the lieutenant governor of Natal and meanwhile stuffing his memory with the color and racket of life on the edge of Zululand, the solid detail that was later to add something like verisimilitude to the fantastic doings in *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*. Haggard is remembered for these wild, and still read, yarns, but he was no woolly-witted dreamer. His first book, published at his own expense and no profit, was a political treatise on England's annexation of the Boer territories, and the troubles that he foresaw in 1882 have duly come to pass.

When political common sense got him nowhere, Haggard took to giddy fiction and awoke to find himself famous. His success was not due to any great skill as a writer. Haggard's prose was competent at best, and at worst, plain ungrammatical. But he wrote about Africa at a time when that continent was much in the news, and he had a knack, which he apparently could neither understand nor control, of writing out of the unconscious depths of his imagination and reaching readers at the same level. Mr. Cohen has resisted the temptation to pursue this aspect of Haggard's work at length, which permits the reader who is an amateur psychiatrist (and who isn't, these days?) to diagnose ad libitum, a highly satisfactory arrangement.

Lawrence Durrell's translation of EMMANUEL ROYIDIS' POPE JOAN (Dutton, \$3.50) is a fine, crisp, witty version of this famous Greek satire. Anticlerical, antisentimental, anti practically everything that the nineteenth century held sacred, *Pope Joan* is a wonderfully amusing book.

SOME PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS

THAT WILL NOT APPEAR IN MY NOVEL (Harper, \$3.50) is J. CHEEVER's glory-hole title for a collection of short stories. They vary widely in plot and setting but are all united by Mr. Cheever's smooth, deceptively conversational style and by an underlying point of view about the ways of the world and an attitude that may best be described as well-mannered fury.

HAROLD NICOLSON has written the first volume in a historical series edited by John Gunther and called *The Mainstream of the Modern World*. Sir Harold's contribution, *THE AGE OF REASON* (Doubleday, \$5.95), is naturally, about the eighteenth century. Sir Harold's book is focused on individuals, an animated portrait gallery through which romp a few distinguished personages as Peter the Great, Benjamin Franklin, Caesar, Dr. Johnson, and Madame de Barry. The actions and conversations of these people tell quite as much about their times as any amount of economic analysis and do it so amusingly.

AESOP WITHOUT MORALS (The Yoseloff, \$5.95) is just that, the tales put into brisk modern language by LLOYD W. DALY and illustrated with pleasant pseudo-Celtic illustrations by Grace Mascarel.

The text of PERSIAN PAINTING (Skira, \$22.50) is a clear, straightforward history of the development of miniature painting and manuscript illustration in Persia from the thirteenth century to the late nineteenth, when printed books put an end to this lovely school. The author, BASIL GRAY, is Curator of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum, and he goes at his subject with enthusiasm and a resolute avoidance of technical jargon. The illustrations, from the bouque of disapproving owls on the title page to the coquettish lady in green at the end, are irresistibly delightful.

The COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT HILLYER (Knopf, \$4.75) suggest that this poet is at heart closer kin to the Cavaliers than to any of his contemporaries. He prefers grace to force, melody to volume, and we can probably be a bit embarrassed if one of his readers leaped from his chair with hair on end, moon-struck and Muse-struck. But within his chosen limits, Mr. Hillyer is a master of delicate sound effects, subtle emotional shadings, and technical proficiency.



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